THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

35 CENTS FEBRUARY 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE®

ALL-STAR ISSUE

LUCIAN CARY
describes
THE MAN WHO INVENTED TERROR

JOHN STEINBECK
tells about
A RAGGED CREW

VANCE PACKARD
reveals the secrets of
THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS

PAUL GALLICO
recounts
MY GREATEST FISHING DAY

DAN MANNIX
discusses
MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH A TARANTULA

RICHARD GEHMAN
exposes
THE PRESSURE PEDDLERS

BOB FELLER *says* **SATCH PAIGE** *is*
"THE GREATEST PITCHER I EVER SAW"

VIP'S HUMOR *and* **BUCHWALD'S BEST**

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EARLY TIMES

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. More than a decade ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience, the professional know-how, and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then—illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings—we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. This course is accredited by the Accrediting Commission, National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

"Your course has been the difference between failure and success for me," writes Robert Meecham of Ontario, Canada. "I've come from an $18.00 a week apprentice to where I now own my own house, two cars, and hold stock in two companies."

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising-art-studio business and earns *seven times* his former salary.

Elizabeth Lincoln—mother of six—now teaches art classes in her Massachusetts home. She's building a tidy nest egg for the education of her children.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a Montana cowboy—studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

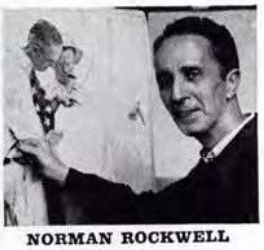
Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE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Charting the Charges

I am writing in regard to Max Gunther's article *Never Trust A Woman With A Charge Account—(Dec.)*. All state legislative bodies should consider making it mandatory that the income producer of the family acknowledge over his signature that he accepts any charge account carried by a member of his family.

—J. R. Burnett, M.D.
Effingham, Ill.

You'd better see a doctor, Doc.

I have just finished reading Mr. Gunther's article and I am disgusted. He apparently sees the adult female as a blind, senseless nitwit.

—Mrs. Sheila Williamson
Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Gunther used neither the term "blind" nor "senseless."

So who started charge accounts? Men!

—Mrs. Bonnie Star
Buffalo, N. Y.

I think someone should come to the defense of the women. When Max Gunther says "the average woman is a nitwit and a compulsive shopper," I think he is off his rocker. If he had his way about making everybody pay cash, I hesitate to guess what the cost of most items would be. Our entire mass production economy is based on consumer credit, whether we like it or not. So, please, let's give the little woman a break and don't take all her charge cards away.

—G. K. Longenecker
Credit Manager
Furchgott's
Jacksonville, Fla.

Your article on charge accounts should be required reading for every married couple. I only had charge accounts for a couple of years, and never really went wild. But I could have, so I dropped them. Now my husband handles all the money, our savings look healthy, and I always get more money than I ask him for. I think all wives should do the same.

—Mrs. J. J. Kelt, Jr.
Huntsville, Ala.

You're the girl we've always been shopping for.

Condolences to you for all the indignant letters you will probably receive as a result of Mr. Gunther's article. While all women are not quite as bad as those in the article, generally speaking, they are "financial nitwits." Women reason less and are more emotional, and we sorely need a man's detached logic to guide us in most things.

—Mrs. John F. Benninger
Albuquerque, N. M.

Beauty and Brains

Now you've gone too far, picking on the Miss America pageant *(It's a Man's World—Dec.)*. I think the pageant is one of the most exciting events of the year, and I've attended many of them. When you propose that the contest be conducted all in swimsuits, forgetting talent and personality, all you have in mind is a lot of ogling. I think the girls are prettiest when they're wearing evening gowns.

—Mrs. Paul Dennison
Newark, N. J.

And there you have the reason why women aren't asked to judge beauty contests.

I disagree with your thoughts on the Miss America pageant. I believe that a girl's beauty is totally a product of her personality and education. I think the whole swimsuit portion of the pageant is overrated and should be eliminated completely.

—Charles H. Brown
El Paso, Tex.

Good grief! Charlie Brown!

If a girl is truly talented, let her perform, but why subject the untalented ones to embarrassing displays of basket weaving and screeching arias? I agree with you completely, why not judge beauty where beauty is? A girl, is a girl, is a girl.

—Anthony Neville
Baltimore, Md.

Bouncing Bounty

In his article, Mr. McKee *(New Clues to the Bounty Mystery—Dec.)* seems to leave the reader with the impression that Captain Bligh died, or rather ended in obscurity and failure, after his mutiny in New South Wales. Quite the contrary is true. Bligh was vindicated for his actions as Governor of New South Wales and went on to continue a highly successful and respected career, retiring as a Vice-Admiral of the Blue—no mean accomplishment in that era, considering that it was the same rank held by Lord Nelson. In addition, history accords Bligh with the honor of being one of the greatest navigators of all time. He was with Cook on his voyages of discovery and unsuccessfully attempted to save the latter's life when the natives attacked them in Hawaii. William Bligh was a stern disciplinarian, as were most British naval commanders. Nordoff and Hall played him as the villain in the first book of the trilogy; and I'm afraid that unfortunate reputation has remained.

—C. J. Beasley
U.S.S. Samuel B. Roberts
F.P.O., N. Y.

I found no new clues in the article, unless you believe it to be the oft-repeated, but highly improbable idea that Christian returned to England from Pitcairn. In those days, any man taken aboard any seagoing vessel, especially in the Southern Ocean, would, by law, be subject to investigation under debarkation and the incident would be given full entry in the ship's log.

—Kenneth C. Dick
New York N. Y.

Your Captain Bligh must have had nine lives. I recall a story about the sinking of the *Grosvenor* in 1822 in which Bligh was involved. So when did he die, 1822 or, as reported in your magazine, 1817?

—W. E. Benson
Angola, Ind.

Alexander McKee's extensive research into the subject, reveals that Captain Bligh died on December 6, 1817.

[*Continued on page 4*]

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This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns $95 a week.

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making $8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

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□ Soothes muscular aches and pains. □ Reduces fever.
Alka-Seltzer—to help you feel better while you're getting better.

at the first sign of a cold take...

[Continued from page 2]

Heart Problems

Regarding *New Cure For Sick Hearts—(Dec.)*, I recently had what was diagnosed by two different doctors as a heart attack and was ordered to the hospital. I refused to go and the doctor in charge said he would have nothing to do with me. I told him about your article and he brushed it aside. I tried to explain to him that putting me to bed or in the hospital for a few weeks would be no rest period for me. I have always been so active that it would be like parking a car in the garage and racing the motor. I believe in your article. It makes sense to me, but am I fighting a losing battle?

—Floyd Giordani
New London, Conn.

The article clearly states that a physician's advice comes first in the treatment of any heart condition, and definitely so before a course of exercise is attempted.

Trading Punches

It was worth my annual subscription cost to read and enjoy Jack Powers' article *(Back When Boxing Was A Man's Sport—Dec.)*. The hilarious description of the 1940 bout in Spokane involving the kid with the false teeth, outsized black mouthpiece, basketball shoes and basketball pants, together with the wild and unorthodox fighting style "broke me up." A truly funny yarn!

—Allen B. Conroy
San Francisco, Calif.

Just finished Jack Powers' boxing article. It is a whale of a good story, but even better, it's told by a master. He brought the old fight days right to you—and especially the humor that was there. Mighty fine.

—Roy M. Niel, Jr.
Virginia Beach, Va.

Legion Courage

I have just read Jack DeWitt's article *(65 Against Bad Odds—Dec.)*. It might be of interest to your readers to know that Captain Danjou, who commanded the Legionnaires at Camerone, had lost his left hand in the Crimean War. The hand had been replaced by a cleverly articulated artificial hand made of wood to his own design. The wooden hand was taken from his corpse at Camerone and is, or was, still preserved at Sidi Bel Abbes, capital of the French Foreign Legion until the Legion was withdrawn to France in recent years. Each year, on April 30, it is presented with full ceremonies to the massed ranks of Legionnaires. During the ceremony, the recitation of the battle is read. The battle of Camerone has become typical of Legion courage.

—Gordon D. Shirreffs
Granada Hills, Calif.

Hot Grid Iron

Why does your publication continue to treat fellows like Marchetti *(The Long, Slow Burn of Gino Marchetti—Dec.)* like national heroes? Obviously anyone who harbors a life-long grudge and continually takes out his animal-like aggressions on the football field needs help.

—Mrs. C. H. Enright
Davenport, Iowa

"Good grief, man—it's only a game!"

What a coincidence: Al Stump's story on Gino Marchetti and VIP's cartoon on "all-out" football in the same issue.

Don Lewis
—South Weymouth, Mass.

Bamboozle Experts

Please correct me if I am wrong, but in *The Billion-Dollar Bamboozle—(Dec.)* you stated that 64 acres was four square miles. Anyone connected with surveying or engineering knows that one square mile is 27,878,400 square feet and 64 acres is 2,787,840 square feet.

—John B. Forbis
Freeport, Grand Bahama Is.

Truth is we had 64 "square" editors.

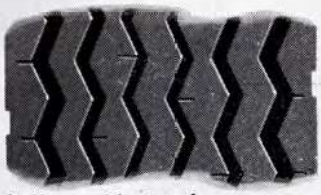
In this sprightly tale of gullibility and rascality, there is mention of a Law of Adverse Possession which puts a definite limit to the time that land can be reclaimed once it has been taken. In one case in New York legal history such a law apparently had not yet been passed. As the results of a court battle clearly showed. Before the Revolutionary War, the Morrises—husband and wife—held a life interest in an enormous 50,000-acre estate. Siding with the British, they had to flee and their estate was seized by the State of New York and sold to several hundred farmers. Shrewd old John Jacob Astor bought the Morrises' claim on the land for $100,000 and in 1827 he forced the State of New York to pay him $500,000 in stock for his claim!

—George Mihaljan
Saugus, Mass.

[Continued on page 8]

yes, outwears!
yes, any other!

The new Goodyear Super Hi-Miler outwears any other truck tire of its kind! Here's why:



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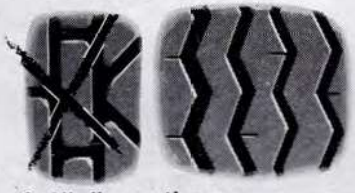
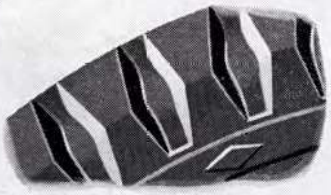


2. All ribs continuous.
Not broken into lots of small segments that squirm and scuff away mileage. Wear is smooth and even.



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4. All grooves full depth.
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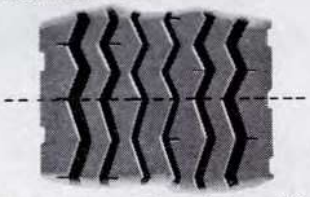

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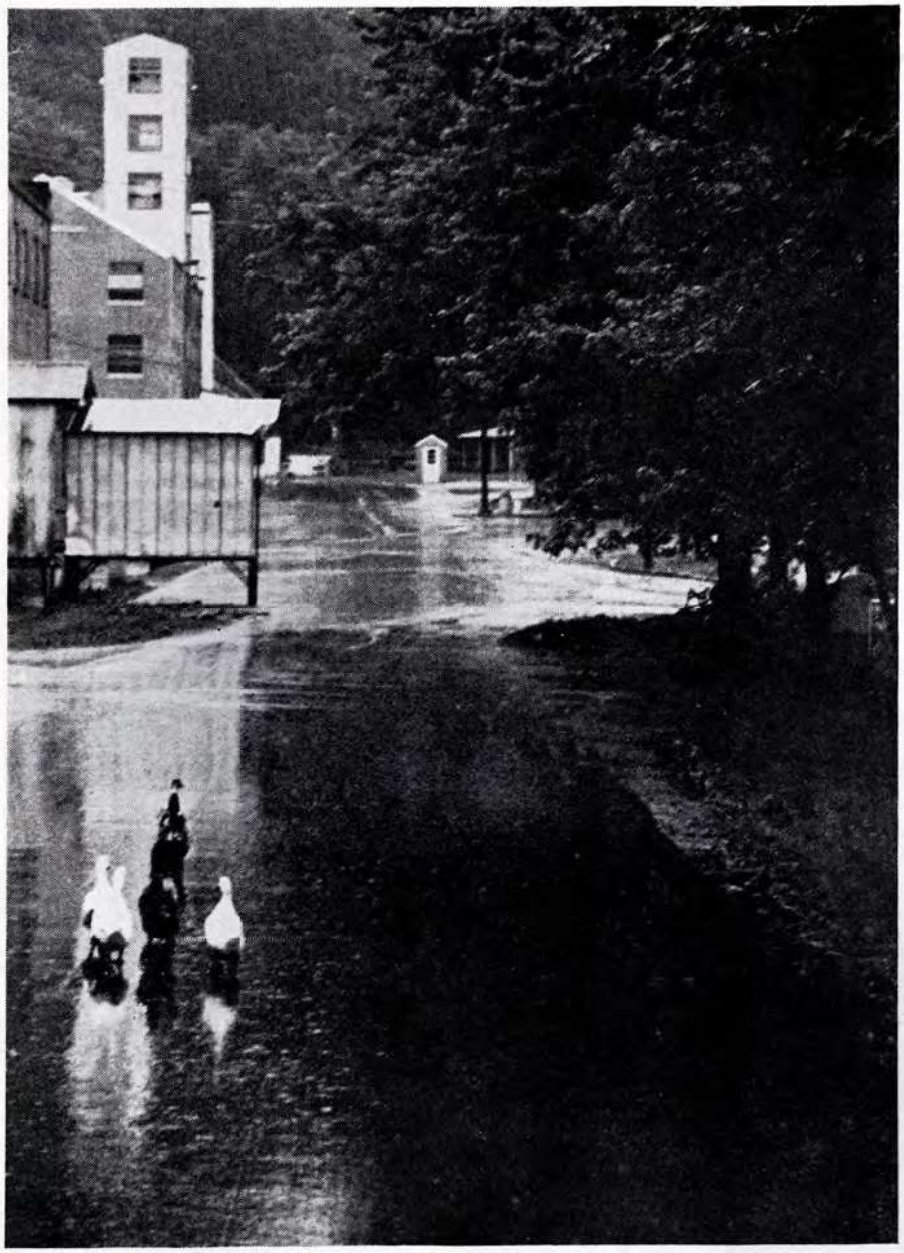

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DROP

BY DROP

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. **Byron**

FEBRUARY ◆ 1963

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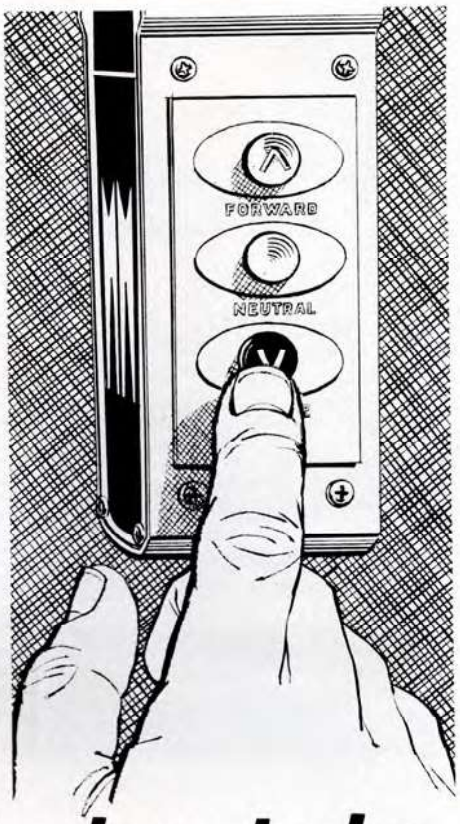
FEBRUARY 1963



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[*Continued from page* 4]

Beauty Speaks

Why do you people continually knock women? I'm considered attractive and well proportioned by all of my friends, and I, personally, resent it.

—Virginia Evenston
San Francisco, Calif.

You do?

Romping Rover

Couldn't help noticing the retriever on page 65 (*The Case of the Shotproof Ducks—Dec.*). As an Eastern Shoreman who has fooled around with dogs a bit, I've got to ask who let that retriever out in the field without locking his collar? Around here, we never work a dog with a choke collar unless that chain is secure against fouling on something and trapping the dog. A choke collar is locked by taking both rings in one hand so that the collar hangs in a loop, then bringing the loop up and dropping it through the rings. Then the collar can be slipped over the dog's head as usual. If you try this, you'll notice that one ring is still free enough to snap a leash on, if necessary, but this way if the collar fouls it can't choke the dog. I don't know whether locking choke collars is common practice everywhere, but it should be. It may only save you one dog in a lifetime, but it's worth the little extra trouble if it does.

—Thomas F. Norton
Easton, Md.

More on Coloring Books

Moral standards have dropped some more, I see (*The Girl Watcher's Coloring Book—Nov.*). Has your magazine become so unpopular that you have to resort to the use of pornography in order to entice your readers back to the fold? As the mother of a 19-year-old son and a 14-year-old daughter, I must say "shame on you" for adding to the already large problem of delinquency.

—Mrs. Michael Gebion
Huntington, N. Y.

Congratulations on a consistently fine magazine. Yours is one of the few magazines being published today that I can allow my children to read.

—Mrs. Mary Hawthorne
Bridgeport, Conn.

Logan County Re-visited

If I were Myron Cope, I wouldn't come back to West Virginia, especially Logan County, without a gun to protect myself. I have a feeling that he may have messed up the hair of some of those political "big wigs" (*Cash and Carry Politics—Nov.*).

—Herb Henking
Madison, W. Va.

I am a resident of West Virginia and feel that I am entitled to an expression of my opinion. I can't deny that this state has its illegal practices, but these constitute the minority of the people, not the majority. There is no state in the Union which is free from some illegal actions by its residents. I have less than a year to serve in the Navy and I intend to return to West Virginia when I have completed my tour of duty. Although it has its drawbacks, to me it is inhabited by the friendliest, most healthy-minded individuals with whom I have come into contact during the past three years, serving my country. I would appreciate it very much if my opinion might be expressed to the people of our nation, so misinformed of the actual conditions of the average, normal American citizen who is or has been a resident of West Virginia.

—Eddie Lee McLaughlin, USN
Dunmore, W. Va.

Your campaign speech is impressive. We wish you best of luck in your political career.

Myron Cope's discovery about "cash and carry politics" in West Virginia is roughly comparable to the momentous discovery that water will not run up hill and that apples

[*Continued on page* 13]

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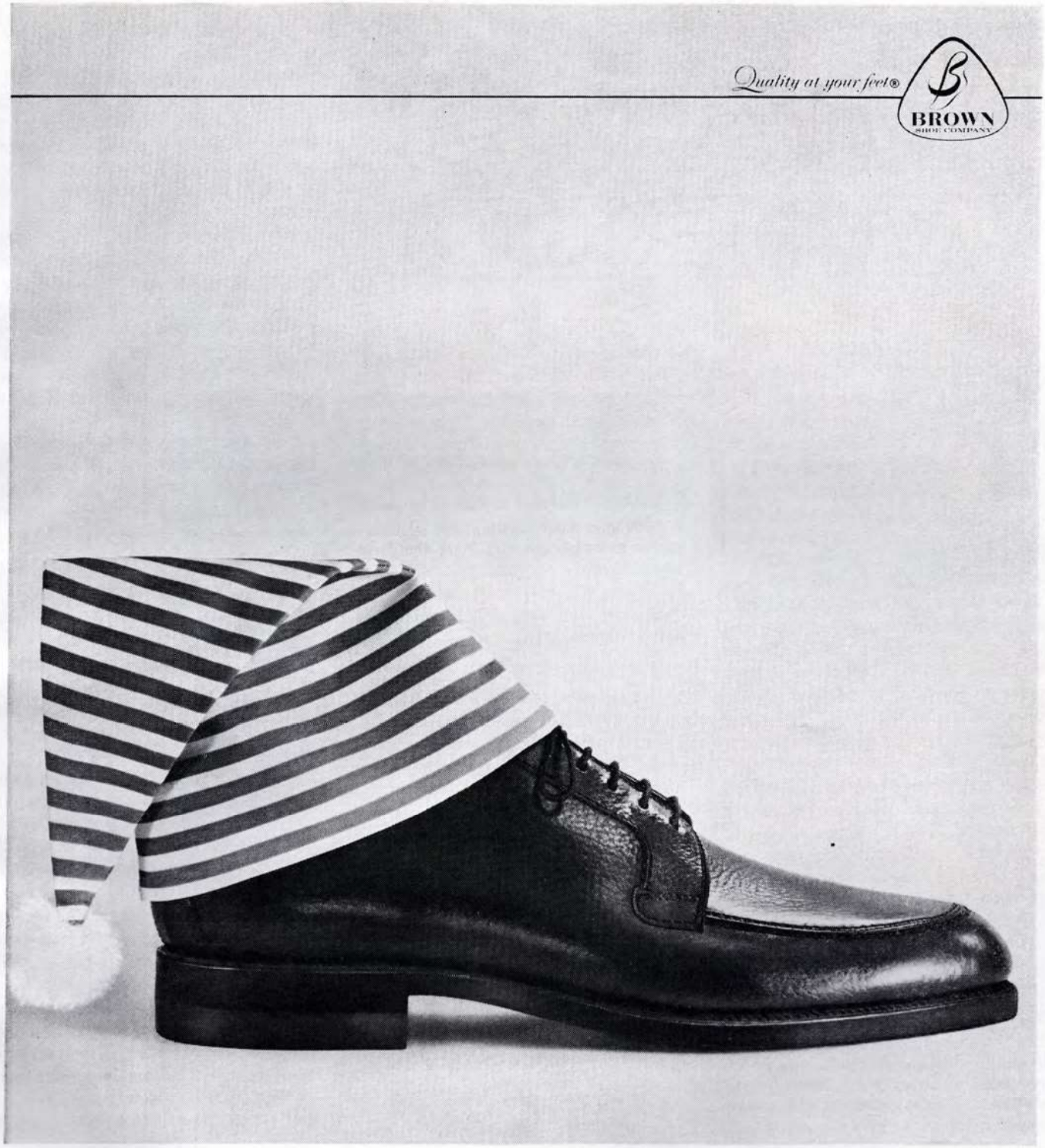

So comfortable you could sleep in it

If you don't see anything unusual about the Roblee in the picture (aside from the fact that it appears to be getting ready for bed), that's understandable.

It looks like a business shoe, and it is. Handsome. Trim stitching. Clean-cut lines.

What you'd never know just by looking at it is that it's also the most comfortable business shoe you'll ever wear.

Take the leather in the upper, for instance. It's Bavarian grain leather that's been rolled and crushed till it's soft and mellow.

Inside is a deep foam rubber insole that acts like a soft mattress—cushions your foot from your toes to the back of your heel. And outside—a lightweight, completely flexible outersole.

You *could* sleep in this shoe. But that would be a terrible waste of walking comfort. Unless you walk in your sleep.

Shoe illustrated, 15.99. Most styles, 10.99 to 18.99. Higher Denver West.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

LICK THOSE STAMPS!

There are heartening signs that the trading stamp craze is waning, done in by Lincoln's statement that you can't fool all of the people all of the time. Thousands of women with glue-coated tongues may get their taste buds back, as more and more merchants stop giving stamps when they find that the gimmick adds mainly to the cost of doing business. Some merchants do better by selling items formerly "given away" as premiums. Some discount-houses now advertise that their prices are as much as 15 percent lower because they don't give stamps. The consumer pie has to be cut thinner and thinner by stamp outfits that have grown like crab grass, and the battles between competing stamp companies are fierce.

Women take it for granted that their trading stamps belong to them. Innocent wretches! Shrill outcries from women scorned will rise if they read fine print in stamp savings books to the effect that their only right is to paste the things in and present them for redemption. This is aimed at preventing swap-companies from exchanging different books for a small fee. Whether stamp company contentions that they own their stamps perpetually will stand up in court is being tested by a big discount-house that accepts any old trading stamp book in exchange for its own. Anyway, tell a woman that her trading stamps don't really belong to her, and her screams will raise the roof. Ladies, we're telling you; that is the contention of stamp companies which you have been confusing with charitable institutions.

One line of trading stamps unquestionably gives full value. They're Puce Stamps, created by Walt Kelly, the Pogo cartoonist. Puce Big Zero stamps are Guaranteed Absolutely Worthless. A catalog lists gifts that the stamps can't be exchanged for. The Puce creation confirms that cartoonist Kelly is a social commentator of the first order.

CHEAP CHEAT

Adultery is a bargain in South Korea and is probably cheaper there than anywhere except where it's free. A Korean movie actor and actress, arrested on charges of adultery, got out quickly on bail. The tab: $154 apiece.

THE SLOVENLY SEX

Did you know that there's a difference in the quality of paper products supplied to the men's and women's washrooms of public buildings? There's an interesting reason why. Women are much more slovenly than men and are always stuffing up the plumbing. Our informant, a man we would say is destitute of illusions, is sales manager for a big paper manufacturer. His outfit sells paper towels and tissues in carload lots to offices and plants.

"You know the first sign that one of our products is in trouble?" he asked.

We said we had no idea.

"Some building manager complains that the plumbing keeps getting clogged up. Where? Always the women's lavatories. Never the men's. Women throw anything they can lift into the john. Pencils. Ink bottles. Paper. Magazines. Junk. What causes a plumbing stoppage? Women, nine times out of 10. It's a well-known fact in the paper industry. Naturally we don't publicize it. You think we want to antagonize customers?"

"You mean men are tidier than women?"

"Some guys are slobs. But the average man just wants a paper towel to dry his hands. One good one will do the job fine. That's the kind we put in men's rooms. But this towel has guts. It's not made to go to pieces fast in water. A man tosses a used towel into a wastebasket or near to it and no harm is done. We can't trust women with a man's paper towel. They'll use a dozen to remove lipstick and wipe off cold cream and throw the works into the john along with a pair of stockings that got a run or an old hat they're tired of."

"How do you solve this vexing problem?"

"We give the women instant disintegration. Soft stuff. It's no damn good for drying hands. A man would swear at it. But women are going to use two or three dozen pieces anyway, so we give 'em flimsy stuff that practically dissolves in water. You can't give women credit for sense. You have to outwit 'em."

The girls look mighty pretty when they come out of the powder room, but our friend's scandalous industrial espionage has given us kindlier feelings toward harassed plumbers.

POLE TAX

It will cost you $425 to knock down a light-pole with your car in Cleveland, Ohio. This is a pretty steep tab for a moment's fun, but it doesn't seem to discourage sportive motorists who knock down an average of 21 light-poles a month on Cleveland's West Shore Drive. Distraught city fathers are trying to lessen the carnage by decorating the targets with a spiral barber-pole design, using special paint that glows brightly in automobile headlights at night. As old poles are knocked down, they will be replaced by new ones having a 10-foot instead of a 4-foot overhanging arm. It remains to be seen whether a 10-foot leeway gives any protection against women drivers.

BUMPERS AND ROLLERS

We have faint memories of Minsky strippers on 42nd Street, but never got a chance to compare them with the current crop of teasers on Bourbon Street in New Orleans until recently. Insofar as a tottering memory is reliable, we'd say that the Bourbon Street bumpers have the edge. Not that they grind better. It's just that Minsky kept his strippers in the theater, but in Bourbon Street's dimly-lit bars the girls prance on platforms placed strategically to give sidewalk passersby an eyeful. Spielers

(Continued on page 12)

PICK FOUR CARDS

WIN $10,000 FIRST PRIZE

plus a week in Las Vegas for two – in the Hoyle Official Pokerstakes

2ND PRIZE $3,000 · 3RD PRIZE $1,500 · 4TH PRIZE $1,000 · 5TH PRIZE $750

ALL WITH EXPENSE-PAID WEEK IN LAS VEGAS FOR TWO · 495 OTHER MERCHANDISE PRIZES

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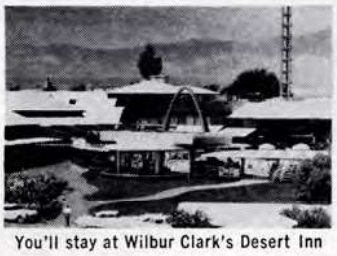

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2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, March 31, 1963 and received no later than April 7, 1963.

3. All entries become the property of Stancraft. None will be returned. No responsibility can be taken for entries lost in the mail. Entry in this Pokerstakes constitutes full permission to publish name and address of winners.

4. Winners will be selected by A. C. Nielsen Company, an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the contest, will be final. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the Pokerstakes closes. In case of ties, additional Pokerstakes hands will be played to break each tie. Only one prize will be awarded to a family.

5. Liability for Federal, State or other taxes imposed on a prize winner in this Pokerstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner.

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HOYLE PLAYING CARDS
by Stancraft, Div. of Standard Packaging Corporation, St. Paul 4, Minn. G

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
in red jackets hover at the entrance, grab your arm and urge you inside with the promise, "You only have to buy one drink." At the time we were there the joints were supposedly subdued by a crackdown on B-girls by District Attorney Jim Garrison, who isn't against sin per se but hates to have guys fed Mickey Finns and rolled for their wallets in an alley. We couldn't help wondering what the street was like before Garrison. Last we heard, Garrison was cited on defamation charges by some judges who got their dander up over his references to "racketeer influences." We hope he beats the rap.

THE DECISION MAKERS

So who's sneakier, men or women? Women, by long odds. We do not state this as our opinion. The evidence is furnished by William J. Colihan, a vice-president of Young & Rubicam, Inc., who did one of those depth-research jobs for which advertising agencies are famous.

The little matter of who wears the pants came out, we can tell you, in our favor. When they think they can get away with it, wives claim they make all sorts of family decisions that they don't. During interviews when husbands were absent, women claimed authority for making 26 percent of certain decisions. When the same questions were asked with husbands present, the wife's authority suddenly dropped to 12 percent. Even that is too high and is something we should work on.

If a man can't afford a new car he's likely to say so frankly. Women are more likely to say that they just love the old car, or anything to give the impression that money has nothing to do with it. We men decide what kind of car to buy, but we're often generous enough to let the wife pick the color. Women talk a lot about dieting (and everything else; men use fewer words in stating facts) but when it comes to diets, it's men who stick to them without making a production out of it.

Unfortunately, a couple of male weak spots, attributable to our soft-heartedness, showed up in Colihan's research. Half the men in the country wash dishes and two-thirds of them wash windows. This is the inevitable consequence of doing something competently just once, a natural temptation to newly-wed husbands but one to be resisted by fair or foul means. Too many men don't learn the priceless value of domestic incompetence until it is too late. Every bridegroom should be told that it is vital not merely to profess incompetence but to demonstrate it forcefully, else a lifetime of hanging cuphooks, polishing silver and washing cupboards lies ahead. An excellent start for a happy marriage is for the groom to break a cup the first time he helps to wash dishes, to shatter a platter the next time, and a saucer the next, until the wife boots him out of the kitchen. The cost of replacing busted crockery is nothing compared to the lifetime value of having your wife think of you as a helpless butterfingers.

DUTCH TREAT

It seems to us there's less to a beautiful woman than there used to be—or anyway, it's distributed differently. The new world standard of female beauty is 37-23-37, which isn't a quarterback's count, but a 37-inch superstructure, 23-inch Plimsoll line and 37-inch keel. These are the dimensions of Catharina Lodders, a Dutch girl who picked up the title "Miss World" in one of those never-ending rounds of beauty contests that must irritate the hell out of the ordinary woman. Old Venus de Milo had a "perfect 36" waist and a pretty low center of gravity. This ideal of Greek beauty, of course, originated before all those diet drinks. The wonder is that the modern girl's supposed figure-shrinking appetite is never exhibited when you expose her to a menu in a fancy restaurant.

WANNA BET?

The W. C. T. U. has not yet contributed to the bartender's union, and the D. A. R. hasn't quite conceded that people who came to this country after the war of 1812 are Americans, but things almost as strange have been happening. The New York City Federation of Women's Clubs recently came out for a national lottery, the proceeds to be earmarked for hospitals. Legalized gambling is gaining support from respectable quarters. The big reason is taxes. Communities are scraping the bottom of the tax barrel. Taxes are breaking the backs of property owners. Many respectable people would rather let persons who want to gamble pay part of the freight than hold still for higher taxes. Scratch a human being and an economic animal begins to bleed. There's nothing like a desperate need of funds for worthy purposes to modify hard-nosed ideas of morality.

Mayor Wagner of New York City is trying again to legalize off-track betting and put bookies on a par with brokers. Betting at the tracks has long been legal in many states that get a cut of the take. Vernon K. Smith made a good run for governor of Idaho on a platform calling for statewide legalized gambling. An Oakland, California tax-relief group is plumping for a constitutional amendment to permit gambling in a strip along the California-Nevada border, profits to pay school and welfare bills. Mexico, a country with one of the most famous and best-run national lotteries in the world, has been dead set against casino gambling, but a former President, Miguel Aleman, is working hard to establish a casino at Acapulco. The Irish Sweepstakes has supported hospitals for years without making Eire a nation of depraved delinquents.

Not long ago, at an impromptu press conference in Las Vegas, Harry Truman came out strongly for a national lottery. "When the Federal government gets behind it, and everyone knows it's absolutely fair, it isn't gambling," he said. That's the ticket, Harry. Gambling is a dirty word and we must get rid of it. Instead of a national lottery, which would raise a lot of hackles, how about a lottery called "The Federal Institute for Paying Off the National Debt"?

WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

• If you go on a hunting or camping trip where somebody may break an arm or leg, you can give first aid in the wilderness with the help of a plastic splint that is almost weightless. It is made of two layers of plastic sheeting, sealed so that when it is blown up by mouth it gives rigid air-pressure support to the broken limb.

• Home craftsmen are turning out a lot of boats these days. The craft naturally must be christened, ordinarily by women who, we hope, have little experience in swinging a bottle. Now a bottle that shatters easily without scratching paint or endangering bystanders is available for launching parties. The thing spouts chemical foam instead of champagne and costs $4.95.

THE EDITORS

[Continued from page 8]
do fall from trees. I have observed the same brand of politics in practically every state in which I have resided, and they are many. In one state, which can be hit with a rock thrown from West Virginia, a business acquaintance, newly elected sheriff, proudly boasted, "These people really like me. I was elected even though I could only afford one dollar a vote while the competition was paying two."

—Harry E. Schutte
Aiken, S. C.

Backtalk on Blackmail

On an airplane recently I read with considerable interest your article entitled, *Legal Blackmail (It's A Man's World—Dec.)*. My immediate conclusion was that responsible editors of a magazine, enjoying national circulation, could and should use space more objectively. You mention the woman who consorts with a number of men and finds herself pregnant and then fingers one of them. Your heart appears to be bleeding for this male, since he may or may not have been the one who deposited the effective germ. Supposing this same woman got her kicks by robbing banks and had engaged in same on a number of occasions, each time with a different man. Would your heart then bleed when she got caught and fingered just one of her accomplices?

—W. E. Spradlin
Kansas City, Mo.

We hate squealers!

Future Space Man

I am an 8th grade student at Minoa High School, and I am writing in regard to your *Man To Man Answers—(Dec.)*. The question asked is: In orbital flight, how can the capsule be considered weightless when it is still subject to the earth's gravity? You have as an answer: Weightlessness occurs when a balance is achieved between the outward tug of centrifugal force and the downward pull of the earth. This is wrong. Weightlessness occurs when the forces of gravity and inertia are balanced. The law of inertia is as follows: A body in motion tends to stay in motion in a straight line at a constant velocity unless acted upon by an outside force.

—William Greiner
Minoa, N. Y.

Your theory is weightless. Inertia is present only when an object—at rest or in motion—is acted upon by an external force. The same object becomes weightless only when it is free to move through space without encountering resistance. Nonetheless, we think you'll go far, Bill. Straight up.

"You put on the coffee while I put up the Apache..."

Apache Chief, $525 F.O.B. Lapeer, Michigan

"Coffee ready yet?"

Want to see something fast? Watch this . . .

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. . . Take yours black, or with cream and sugar?

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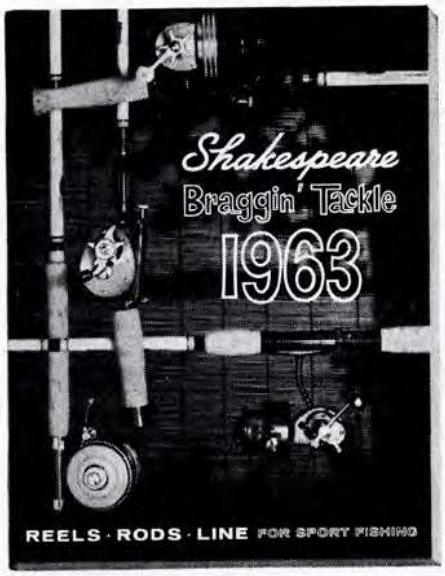

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Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

Lending a wife to a guest, a primitive custom practiced at one time or another by all the world's peoples, wasn't just deplorable morals. Often it expressed what today is a noble ideal—the brotherhood of man. In ancient times, a wife was a possession to be shared like any other essential of life with a deprived fellow tribesman. As tribes spread, and men made journeys, such hospitality came to include strangers who stopped for food and shelter. For a host to make his guest thoroughly comfortable became a point of honor that kept wifelending alive even in some European societies: historians record survivals of it in medieval France and in seventeenth-century Ireland. Seventh-century Arabs, however, already secluding their women, faced psychological conflicts. Arab tradition then still required female entertainment, so custom was respected by lodging the guest in a wife's tent—but the host grimly sat outside through the night, holding a drawn scimitar and listening for suspicious sounds; wise guests, therefore, simply slept. In the Dhahaban region, the guest embraced his host's wife, with one kiss, while the host glared with hand on dagger. Yet as late as 1800, an isolated Arab tribe, the El Merekede, clung to the full tradition, though with an oddly unbrotherly twist. They expected the guest to be appreciative no matter how elderly or ill-favored his host's wife might be. If, in the morning, the bottom of his robe was seen to be slashed off, it was a mark of her disappointment, and the women and children hooted him out of camp in disgrace. *By Wilson L. Appleton, Cambridge, Mass.*

When the Bank of England was amassing in its deep London vaults much of the wealth that flowed from the then-expanding British Empire, its directors one day in 1836 received an anonymous letter. The writer told them he could enter their bullion room any time he pleased, and perhaps they'd like to know how? They ignored the letter as a hoax. But others followed, with sober assurances of good faith, and finally they sent an answer naming a night and hour for the test. At the appointed time, with lanterns in hand, officials locked themselves in. Punctually, noises came from under foot; floor boards were displaced without much trouble, and a man in rough working clothes stood before them. He was a sewer repairman, he explained, and he had discovered that an old, unused tunnel ran close beneath the bullion room. Astonishingly, only one man's honesty had prevented untold wealth from going down the drain. They rewarded James de Maid with £800 and gratefully plugged the leak. *By R. M. Fellowes, Portsmouth, N. H.*

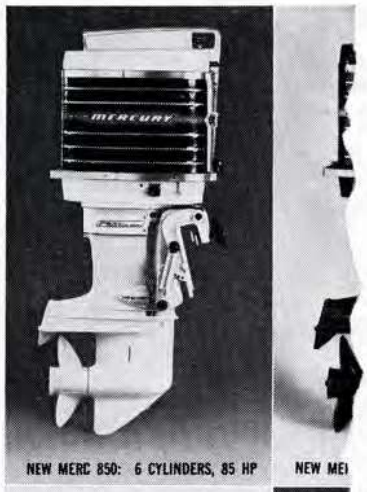
The cost of being costive—that is, constipated—in the sixteenth century was then, as it is now, the purchase of laxatives to relieve the condition. Thrifty burghers of that day saved money by investing in an "everlasting pill." After the initial capital outlay, this bizarre remedy cost nothing to use. The everlasting pill was a small ball of the recently discovered silvery metal, antimony. Swallowed, it emerged intact with almost explosive effect, to be recovered and washed for use again when needed. As a prized possession, a family's pill descended through successive generations. For doctors, the indestructible pellets had great fee-earning capacity; a lady who swallowed a physician's pill and became alarmed when it didn't reappear was told not to worry, it had passed through 100 patients without difficulty. The everlasting pills didn't endure, however. Doctors came to realize that the magic action of antimony was actually the irritant effect of a metal poisonous to the human organism, and by the end of the seventeenth century antimony pills were discarded

and forgotten. *By Philip Heintzel, Kansas City, Mo.*

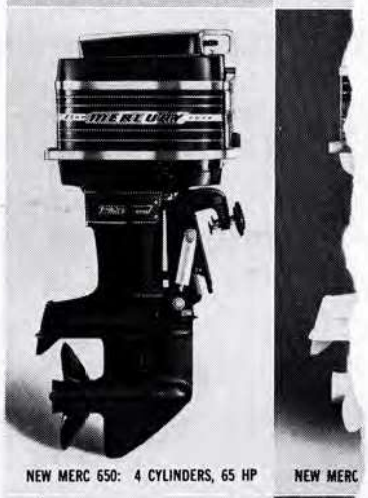
The popularity of popcorn is no new thing in America, though only recently has consumption swelled to a stupendous 300 million pounds a year, mostly by moviegoers. Pre-Incan Peruvians popped corn a thousand years ago on hot stones and in boiling oil, and esteemed it so much that they buried bags of popcorn with their dead. Aztecs not only ate it but strewed it before their gods and strung garlands of it for girls' hair. Indians of Massachusetts Bay donated a bushel of the snowy stuff to the Pilgrim colony's Thanksgiving feast in 1630. Yet not until the present generation of technological enlightenment had anybody really known why popcorn pops. Microscopists have found instead of a simple splitting of the shell, many ultra-tiny particles create the explosion. When heat changes an infinitesimal amount of water in each starch grain into steam of sufficient pressure, all 10 million grains of starch in an average kernel let go simultaneously . . . in effect, a miniature atom bomb. *By Herbert C. Muller, Vicksburg, Miss.*

History repeated itself in France some 400 years ago with two of the most uncannily repetitive blows of fate that ever bloodied royal heads. Both occurred, oddly, in sport. In 1521, King Francis I, rollicking with his court on a winter vacation in the country, one night led a mock assault with snowballs against a nobleman's house where a gay party was going on. The merrymakers in the windows defended with baked apples and hard-boiled eggs, and when that ammunition gave out, the Count de Montgomery, captain of the King's Guards, threw a wooden torch. It hit the king on the head and gave him a bad gash that for days caused grave concern. Francis attributed the wound to his own foolishness, however, and said the count shouldn't be blamed. The second blow came in 1559. King Henry II, son of Francis, took part in a jousting tournament at Paris. He rode against a reluctant opponent, the young Count de Montgomery—now, as his father had been, captain of the King's Guards. The count's lance broke, the jagged end caught in the king's visor, and splinters penetrated his head. This time the wound was mortal, and Montgomery fled, though the king, before he died, absolved him of any blame for the accident. But the count was less lucky than his father. Years later, Henry's widowed queen obtained him as a prisoner of war and vindictively had him tortured and beheaded. *By William P. Connery, New Bedford, Mass.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

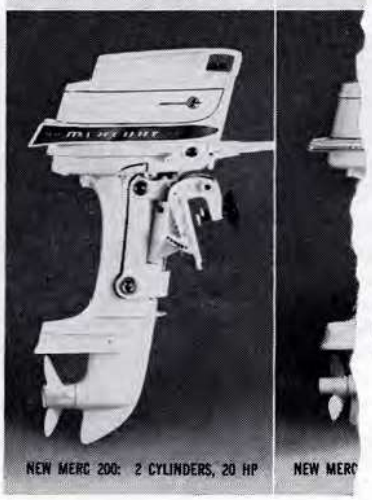


NEW MERC 850: 6 CYLINDERS, 85 HP NEW MEI



NEW MERC 650: 4 CYLINDERS, 65 HP NEW MERC

NEW MERC 350: 2 CYLINDERS, 35 HP NEW MERC


NEW MERC 200: 2 CYLINDERS, 20 HP NEW MERC

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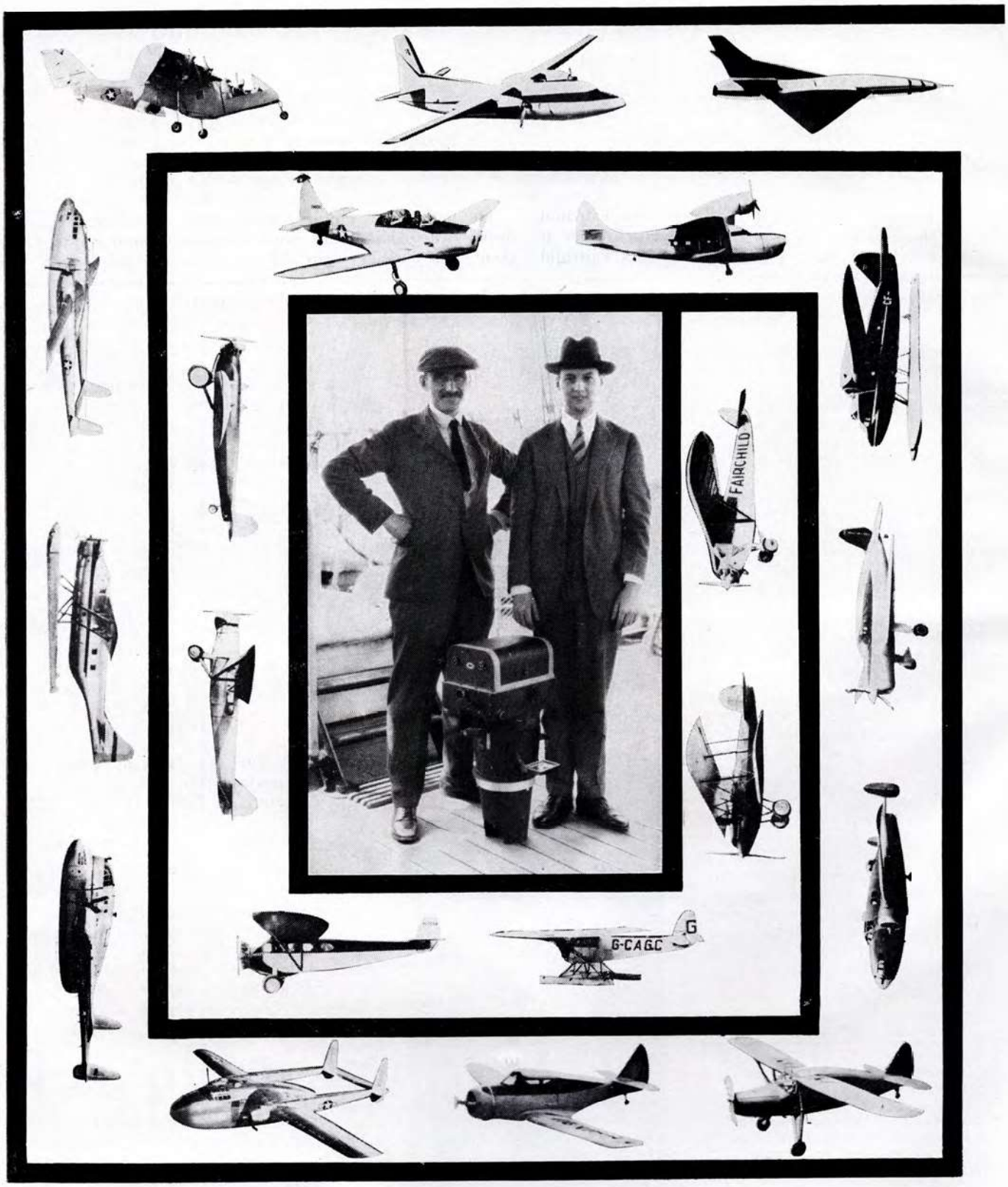
TRUE'S WHO

SHERMAN FAIRCHILD

RIDDLE OF THE RICH



AND RESTLESS INVENTOR

BY ARTHUR HERZOG

He has founded three companies, yet he's called an incompetent businessman. A pioneer in aviation, photography and sound recording, he wastes his time inventing new bottle caps. Even his friends are baffled by this oddball millionaire

NEW YORK

■ Not long ago I was discussing Sherman Mills Fairchild, founder and board chairman of Fairchild Stratos Corp., Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corp., and Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp., with a high official of one of his companies. In newspapers and magazines Fairchild invariably has been portrayed as an inventive genius, a modern Edison, an expert at corporate organization and a big wheel of industry, and I hardly expected one of his employees to start an argument.

"Listen," he said, "you *really* want to know about Fairchild? I don't care what the stories say, he's a damn nuisance. He pesters his company presidents to death. He can distract whole engineering staffs with his crazy ideas. We've actually had to tell him to stay the hell away from our research people. And what's more he's the worst businessman I know of."

That blast from one of Fairchild's upper-level boys stopped me in my tracks. If he was right, Fairchild obviously had been vastly overrated. On a hunch I called Lewis Gilbert, the fiery representative of small stockholders who makes it his business to shatter the kind of corporate images manufactured by public relations men. Gilbert has been following Fairchild's career for more than 20 years, he told me. "He's amazing," he said. "He's got an astonishing capacity for being pushed around. He's naive. Because he's basically good he thinks others are basically good, too. In some ways he's a genius. He's also a class-A riddle."

The mystery deepened when I checked with the chairman of I.B.M., Thomas J. Watson, Jr., who has known him for years as Fairchild is a member of I.B.M.'s board of directors and the company's largest individual stockholder. Watson could have made a mild and meaningless comment. Instead he said, "Sherman's been a very effective and imaginative director. He's an excellent judge of men. I think he is one of the most gifted people I know."

Here were three prominent men of the business world contradicting each other flatly.

The pattern was repeated as I talked with others who have watched Fairchild in action. Most agreed on only one point—that Sherman Fairchild is a puzzle, an enigma, a sphinx.

Fairchild has been called "somebody from another time." He is an incurable tinkerer, a tireless dabbler in the mechanical arts, a lone wolf in these days of research teams and group efforts, a man fascinated with everything from space platforms to cellophane tape. A newsmagazine called him "the epitome of the new scientist-businessman-inventor who is the driving force behind the success of the growth and glamor stocks."

But it's also true that Fairchild is one of the oddest businessmen around. It's hard to think of another industrialist who reads magazines or falls asleep at board meetings, as Fairchild's intimates say he sometimes does, when the subject bores him. He is also easily distracted. "We used to hold meetings at Fairchild's house," another associate told me. "If the plumber, say, happened to be working there, you could see Sherman's attention begin to wander. Pretty soon, right in the middle of a discussion of corporate finance, Fairchild would head for the basement to talk about pipes."

Still another intimate says that at least one of his company presidents had a foolproof method of distracting Fairchild when he didn't want him to see unfavorable financial reports. "He would invent a research project and start telling Sherman about it, describing the problems that had to be solved. Sherman, of course, can't resist the word research. Five minutes later he'd have forgotten the original report entirely."

Fairchild's business associates will also tell you that he spends most of his time on trivia. "He invents matches

◄ *Surrounded by Fairchild-built aircraft, a mustached explorer and the young inventor pose with first aerial camera.*

He is constantly on the town with one beautiful woman or another but has never been married.

Fairchild's modernistic house—part lab and part gadgeteer's paradise—contains many of his ideas.

Despite lavish country estate and $750,000 annual income, he claims to believe in "living simply."

that won't blow out in the wind, car locks that won't rip your coat, pill bottles that won't spill open in your pocket, nonsense like that."

Fairchild has long enjoyed a reputation, bolstered by the gossip columns, as being a fast-moving playboy of the old champagne-and-roses school. He does give spectacular parties, and has taken out countless beautiful and well-known women. He still likes to kick up his heels, although a newspaper columnist recently took a somewhat critical view of Fairchild's skill at the Twist, dubbing him "Slogging Sherman."

He owns a lavish country estate, copied from a Louis XIII chateau, and there are always plenty of pretty models among the weekend guests. I talked with a few of them who've been there, and they all cooed dutifully, "Sherman is charming."

One, however, was somewhat less guarded in her appraisal. "I think there's more smoke than fire in the idea of Sherman as a playboy. He just likes to have glamor girls around to build up his reputation. At a nightclub he'll latch on to somebody in a technical field and start drawing diagrams on the tablecloth. He's very polite but gets you home by midnight."

Before visiting Fairchild I had boned up on his record and knew that in his early 20's he had designed and manufactured the first aerial camera. From this he had gone on to become the pioneer in aerial surveying and then into airplane manufacturing. "The fact that things had never been tried before, or seemed mechanically complicated, never bothered him in the least," an airport authority of the period wrote.

In those days it was believed that pilots had to feel the wind in their faces in order to judge the air currents. Fairchild challenged the idea of the open cockpit and produced the first enclosed monoplane, which he had his pilot demonstrate while wearing a bowler hat.

His early planes also had the first hydraulic landing gear, brakes, folding wings, comfortable interiors and landing lights. He was among the first in air transport, one of the early associates at Pan American, and his company developed both the in-line engine and the Flying Boxcar.

From planes he'd gone into sound, producing the first commercially successful stereo cartridge. A lot of Fairchild's ideas haven't made money but one of the companies he founded, Fairchild Camera, has had one of the most spectacular growth rates on the New York stock market in recent years.

I'd been warned, too, that Fairchild was extremely close-mouthed, that he sometimes forgot to answer questions, that he would talk about the business side of his career but never about himself. "Sherman," a man said, "is like a chest of drawers. He's got a drawer for everything and no one has looked in them all."

Fairchild does not look like a particularly mysterious person. When I first met him he seemed somewhat rumpled, like an unmade bed, his pockets jammed with wads of notes and technical papers. He is still handsome at 65, an inch or so over six feet, powerfully built, with a strong nose, dark solemn eyes, slightly snaggled teeth and the kind of sideburn haircut you get at small-town barbershops.

He began by saying that he had received a good deal of mail as a result of a recent story about him, and didn't want to answer any more. Would it be possible for him

to take an ad in TRUE saying that as much as he'd like to he couldn't answer mail?

I said that I knew of no magazine which had ever taken such an ad. The conversation was cursory for a few minutes. Fairchild was plainly eager to be helpful, so at the risk of sounding crude I asked him how much money he had.

"I really don't know. A magazine said eighty million dollars. It might be a hundred now."

I pointed out that my own calculations brought the sum to double what the previous reporter said, or $160 million. Later, I checked the figure with Fairchild's financial advisor, and he confirmed it. It makes Fairchild one of the country's richest men.

I asked him what his yearly income was, and he said again that he didn't know, but he was sure it wasn't as much as people supposed. His business expenses were high. In fact, he didn't live as well as some of his friends thought he should. He had no yacht, no polo ponies, no private plane and no chauffeur—he drove his own car, a Chrysler. "I believe," he said, "in living simply."

I said that my figures, derived from dividends of stocks I knew he owned (Fairchild takes expenses but no salary from any of his companies) showed his income to be about three quarters of a million dollars a year.

Fairchild virtually gasped. "Do you mean it?"

I was incredulous at the idea of a man taking in that much money in hard cold cash and not realizing it. I checked with one of his friends.

"It's true," he said. "Sherman doesn't know how much money he has and I don't think he really cares, other than proving that he's made the big-time."

Fairchild is remote, almost shy, and occasionally a closed-shutter look crosses his eyes, no doubt signifying that his mind has departed for the realm of higher technology. But when he shows you his basement shop he suddenly warms up. He talks proudly and animatedly about the ideas he's working on: a phonograph arm that slides in a slot instead of being fixed to a pivot, a scheme for putting all the mailing addresses in the U.S. in code so that mail can be handled by data processing machines, an automated process for color film developing, a movie projector that serves as its own screen, like a television set—the film would be in a clip and would never have to be rewound.

Fairchild's friends think that his curiosity is his worst enemy as well as his greatest asset. His interest in technical matters is unceasing and unbounded. He approaches problems in the same spirit as a mountain climber—because they're there—and it doesn't matter to him whether the problems are big or small. His curiosity has made him one of the most powerful businessmen in the country; it also keeps him tied to relatively unimportant projects like Prometheus chained to his rock.

One of Fairchild's two secretaries told me that he buys and reads 30 technical books a month. He subscribes to 235 foreign and U.S. technical journals with such catchy titles as *Microtechnik, Aperture, Journal of Cost Accounting* and *Tool Engineer*. "Fairchild doesn't read foreign languages," an associate said, "but he doesn't need them. All he needs are the diagrams."

She told me too that Fairchild sends out 200 requests a week for product information. He has become a connoisseur of dictaphones, typewriters, colored pencils, fruit-picking machines and potato sorters. He can be as fascinated with a battery-operated eraser as a child with a new toy. Almost anything he encounters in daily life is a fit subject for investigation. He has become, for instance, a self-taught expert on office procedure. He not only designs his filing systems but is working on an idea for office partitions. He called all over New York to find a particular kind of sticky cellophane label because he'd heard it came off the roll easier. He once spent two months looking for a typewriter with a face small enough to type the pages of his pocket calendar.

It may be that Fairchild's interest in office systems has made him a little overorganized. Although he maintains a Wall Street office to take care of his finances, including personal ones, he put a line of letters on his checks to make it easier to file them into categories. Each letter stands for one of Fairchild's spheres—P for photography, T for tennis, E for eats. There is also a space where he can jot down the exact sales tax, which he carefully deducts from his income tax.

There probably hasn't been a new camera on the market in the past 20 years that Fairchild hasn't bought and taken apart to inspect the features. He spends thousands of dollars a year on photographic equipment but gets most of the money back; when he's finished studying a camera, he sells it to a secondhand camera store.

When Fairchild catches hold of a problem he just can't let it go. Not long ago, for instance, he was comparing the windowed envelopes which he designed with those sold by the post office. Fairchild decided that his acetate windows were easier to see through than the post office's glassine ones. He sat down and composed a long detailed letter to the Postmaster General, then Arthur Summerfield, explaining precisely why acetate was superior to glassine. The post office replied that the glare from the acetate hurt its employees' eyes. Fairchild considered this a highly inadequate excuse, and is still writing letters about it.

Fairchild carries out all of these varied projects from a strange house which, while it has won architectural prizes as a house is more of a combination laboratory and gadgeteer's paradise. The living room, for instance, is really a sound studio with auxiliary controls hidden in the coffee tables, an acoustically balanced teakwood floor and a fully equipped control room that comes into view when shutters are folded back.

He is intensely proud of one of his money-saving projects—a $17 motor which he salvaged from a junkshop and

[*Continued on page* 24]

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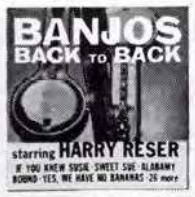

419. 30 hits by banjos tuba, rhythm. *Bill Bailey, Dem Golden Slippers,* etc.

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395. ThunderingToccatas, thrilling Prelude and Fugues by master organist.

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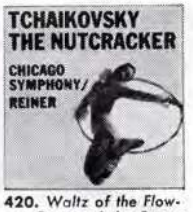
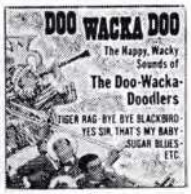


420. *Waltz of the Flowers, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy,* 11 more.

394. Includes *Deep River, Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring, Evening Prayer,* others.

292. Also *Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up,* 18 Western gems.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393. Slide whistles, washboard, auto horns—dixieland ad *infinitum!*

267. Side-splitting Southern comedy act—recorded "in person!"

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378. Brubeck star plays *Like Someone In Love, I've Got You Under My Skin.*

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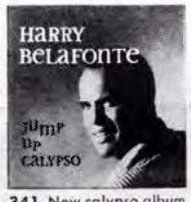

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327. Lilting Strauss waltzes and overtures in true Viennese style.

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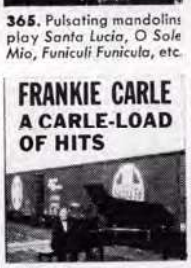
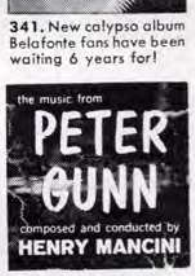


364. Pianist plays 25 great hits—*Stardust, Candy, Solitude,* etc.



2. The original TV action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz.

125. *June is Busting Out All Over, Carousel Waltz,* other great show hits.

254. Arnold sings his all-time hits again—in new hi-fi sound!

89. Powerful native African percussion! "Fascinating," says *Variety.*

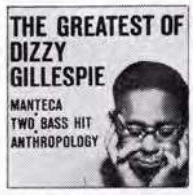
362. *Anytime, Oh My Papa, I'm Walking Behind You, Thinking of You.*

140. Hear the big Caruso arias: *Vesti la giubba, La donna e mobile.* more.

191. Dreamy all-time hits. Franklyn MacCormack recites. (Reg. L.P. only)

212. "Mr. Guitar" plays for dancing. *Night Train, Sleep Walk,* etc.

243. The ever-delightful Romberg score, beautifully performed.



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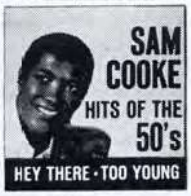

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391. *I Love You, Let's Fall in Love, Almost Like Being in Love,* 12 in all.

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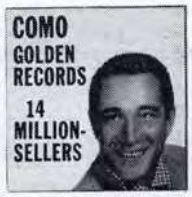
102. *Muskrat Ramble, Tin Roof Blues, Blue Prelude;* 12 in all.

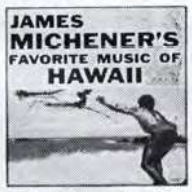
4. *Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening,* 13 more hits.



124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation,* more "golden hits."

145. Also *Kalamazoo, String of Pearls, Tuxedo Junction,* 6 more.

183. Also *Temptation, Dancing In the Dark,* etc. (Reg. L.P. only)



227. Polynesian hits selected by the author, recorded in Hawaii.

214. Also *Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp,* 6 others.

226. Cannons, gong roars, massed strings and bands. Dynamic!

215. Definitive versions of Gershwin's two most popular classics.

221. Plus *Peg O' My Heart,* etc. New versions of 12 great instrumentals.

220. Best-selling modern jazz album from the TV adventure series.

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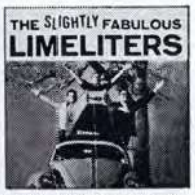
281. And 8 more of his top Latin dance band hits in "new sound."

280. Guitar virtuoso plays *Lullaby of Birdland, Marie, Whispering,* more.

279. Youthful idol sings durable song hits. We *Kiss in a Shadow,* more.

273. Also *Mazeppa, Rakoczy March.* A high fidelity showpiece!

348. Won 2 Academy Awards—for Best Score, Best Song, (*Moon River*)!



347. Hilarious, intimate, "in person" concert by top folk-song/comedy trio.

1. Also 10 more soothing instrumentals—*While We're Young, Estrellita.*

382. With voices, strings. *Your Last Goodbye, Hang On, Unchained Melody.*

377. *Young and Foolish, Younger Than Springtime, I Love You,* 9 others.

375. *Born To Lose, White Silver Sands, Camptown Races, The Last Letter,* etc.

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[*Continued from page* 19]
rigged up to raise and lower the louvered windows which front the house. Another Fairchild innovation is the use of ramps instead of stairs. When he came up with this idea he attacked it in his usual scientific way. Wanting to have the slope exactly right for comfortable walking, he had an adjustable scale model ramp built. The grade he finally selected turned out to be the same as the ramps in Grand Central Station.

The problems that Fairchild can't solve at home, he tackles at his country estate, where he has what a photographer describes as "a more advanced darkroom than almost any professional photographer in New York," or to the fully-equipped machine shop that he maintains at Huntington, Long Island, complete with a full-time, $14,000-a-year professional engineer. These elaborate facilities are sometimes used to produce something as mundane as a new bottle cap. But he has gotten some important results.

Not long ago, for instance, he was inspecting a new I.B.M. product. Fairchild remembered a somewhat comparable but smaller European device, and suggested that I.B.M. miniaturize its own. When the company said there were too many technical difficulties, Fairchild went ahead and figured out how to overcome them. The product, which is still a secret, will be on the market soon, and I.B.M. has high hopes for it.

As my conversations with Fairchild progressed, he began to inundate me with reams of information about himself. He sent me letters; a half-inch-thick pile of his comments—usually critical—on previous stories written about him; and 37 pages of single-spaced notes. One chapter of the Fairchild saga had seemed so vital to him that, he said, he had gotten out of bed at 4 in the morning to dictate it into a machine. "My whole life," he said, "has been spent in finding new and better ways to do things."

He went on to strike a rare personal note. As a child, he says, "I wasn't in very good health and my parents were away a lot. If there was any one factor that influenced my future life, it was that I was pretty much on my own."

His father, George W. Fairchild, was a congressman from New York and one of the founders of I.B.M., and Fairchild had the run of his father's plant. Becoming fascinated with mechanics, he began bringing home old equipment to tinker with. "I had a complete shop with lathes and millers, and I was able to make all sorts of devices. I also had a complete photographic library and a chance to use and take apart the best cameras of the times."

Fairchild's early experiments sound like something out of Tom Swift. He designed and built a small dam that worked so well that it flooded out a section of state highway. He also designed and built a new kind of bobsled with which he tried to clear a ditch, ending with a broken leg. (One leg is still larger than the other and Fairchild's trousers have to be specially tailored.)

Later on, at Harvard, he decided to try taking sports photos at night. Experimenting with loose powder to use as a flash—flashbulbs didn't yet exist—he succeeded in burning off a substantial part of his hair when the powder went off unexpectedly. Somewhat mangled, he proceeded to a fight arena in Boston where he set up his camera and flashpan in the aisle. This time the flash went off without causing injury, but the fighters were temporarily blinded by the glare and the fight had to be stopped. Fairchild escaped with his equipment and sold the picture to a newspaper. It was probably the first action picture taken at night.

Fairchild says that he could have had a snug future at I.B.M., but he wanted to be his own boss. He had invented an aerial camera with a between-the-lens instead of the focal plane shutter which was then used, and he began manufacturing it in a tiny New York shop. Needing to find a stable enclosed platform for his cameras, Fairchild enlisted the help of aeronautical engineers and designed a new type of plane. If other people had had faith in Fairchild's ideas he might never have become a manufacturer at all, but in most cases he produced them himself because nobody else was interested. Fairchild saw the potential of the new design but couldn't arouse the plane manufacturers, so he set up a small factory. His favorite selling stunt was to have the pilot leave the controls and join Fairchild and a potential customer in the back seat, scaring the customer out of his wits but showing that the planes were so stable that they would almost fly themselves. Within the next few years Fairchild planes were top favorites in the U.S., and accounted for half the aircraft in Canada. They were rugged jobs, and no comic strip about the North country was complete without one. Fairchild, still in his 30's and immensely proud of what he had done, was wont to interrupt conversations by pointing up and shouting, "That's a *Fairchild!*"

He tried to expand his operation and build a "General Motors of the air," a company with a finger in every aeronautical pie, but left it when he and the other directors didn't get along. Things were thin during the depression, but he managed to survive without family help, one reason, perhaps, because he never gave anything away.

When the Italian pilot Italo Balbo arrived here on a goodwill mission with a fleet of planes, he stopped to refuel at a Fairchild facility. Fairchild was courteous but wanted to know who would pay for the gas. Balbo, evidently short of money, skirted the question. Assuming such a conversation would be an honor, Balbo got Mussolini on the long-distance phone and turned *Il Duce* over to Fairchild. Fairchild's first words were, "Who's going to pay for the gas?"

Fairchild's relationship to his companies is something like that of a proud but anxious father whose sons have struck out on their own. Originally the camera, airplane and recording enterprises were divisions of the same company, but they are now independent and autonomous corporations. Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp., which he owns outright, has until recently been a consistent money loser.

Fairchild's camera and aircraft companies made money during the war, but since then they have had their ups and downs. The camera company produced mostly military and industrial equipment; it now does a thriving business in specialized cameras and, though nobody will say so officially, the aerial camera used in the U-2 was apparently a Fairchild.

The Stratos corporation makes one plane—a new medium-range turbo jet,

[*Continued on page* 28]

TRUE

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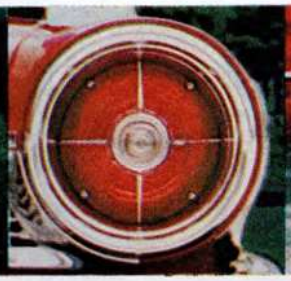

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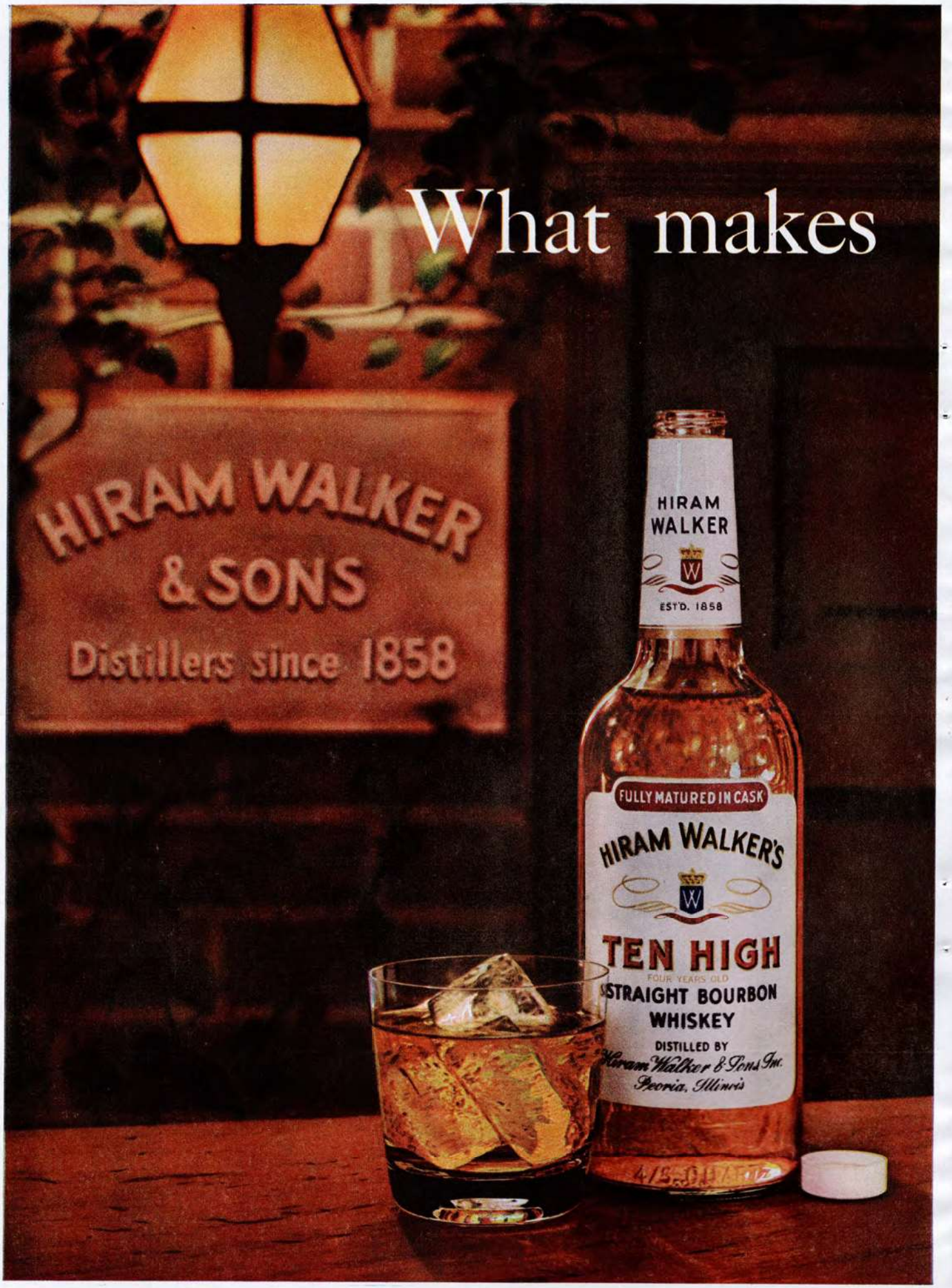
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[*Continued from page* 24]
the F-27—and other, non-related products. Fairchild feels he's been a good executive as well as idea man, and he told me that last year he brought Fairchild Stratos from losses to profits in a matter of months through a complete reorganization which he conducted himself.

He says that he tries not to butt into the affairs of his companies unless absolutely forced, a statement many of his associates will argue with, but in 1949 he blew up and touched off one of the most dramatic proxy fights in modern times. Fairchild didn't like a pension plan the Fairchild Stratos board had voted the president, J. Carlton Ward, and eventually challenged the management, although he owned only four percent of the company stock and the betting odds on Wall Street were about 100-to-1 against him.

"I analyzed the conventional proxy," Fairchild said to me, "and concluded that the type was too small and the language too complicated. Even the paper color was wrong. A white proxy was likely to get lost on a cluttered desk, so we printed ours on colored paper. I had a battle room with a map of the United States and little flags showing the location of every stockholder. I noticed that a lot of flags were in the diamond district in New York, and went over there and banged on doors all day. I had a special post office box and an airlift of two planes to fly the proxies to Hagerstown, where the plant is, and a battery of girls to sort them. We beat the management two to one."

"What the hell," a former Fairchild man said, "he didn't have to get into that. He didn't have that much money involved. But he's got a fatherly feeling toward his stockholders. Most important, it was his own company and his pride was at stake.

"Still, it is a strange situation when a man who has founded a company has to stage a proxy fight to get it back. It's Fairchild's fault for going in too many directions at once and not tending to his own backyard."

And they say too that Fairchild has suffered as a businessman because he has too much money and could afford to simply drop ideas when he lost interest. Before the war, for instance, Fairchild had the aerial survey business pretty well sewed-up; today his company has only a fraction of it. And in the early 1920's he invented the first coupled exposure-and-stop camera, but never defended his own patents. Today, the mechanism is used on almost every expensive camera on the market.

"He's had ideas, yes," one of his men said, "but his businesses would all have gone to pot if he hadn't found men like John Carter, at Camera, to run them for him. He just won't concentrate. With his brains, and the companies and research staffs he assembled, he could have been the number one man in missiles, jet engines, tape recorders, airplane manufacture—the gods know what all."

Dr. Gabriel Giannini, a noted physicist who has been associated with Fairchild for years, said something quite different. "Maybe he wants to do too much himself, but that's all. Without Fairchild we wouldn't have had the aerial camera when we did, we wouldn't have had the planes he's designed, we wouldn't have had a lot of things."

One of the oddities of the career of Sherman Fairchild is that he would have been a much richer man today if he had never done a lick of work and simply lived off his dividends. Fairchild's father left him $2 million, half of it in I.B.M. stock. Over the years, Fairchild has sold I.B.M. stock and stock rights to support his enterprises. If he'd left his I.B.M. untouched and exercised his purchasing rights the stock would have been about $350 million today.

Despite having more money than he could ever use, and no wife or children to leave it to, Fairchild is unable to stop working. He not only stays on the job days, nights and weekends—he won't even take vacations. Sickness doesn't stop him, either. When he had typhoid fever, and was forbidden to use his eyes, he decided to do something about the quality of the coffee served in one of his plants. He phoned coffee processors all over New York to ask how the best coffee was made, passed on the findings to the offending chef, and this plant now turns out as good a cup as you'll find anywhere.

Even Fairchild's closest friends find him a difficult person to sum up. To many he has given the impression of being aloof, yet even those who criticize him most bitterly admit that he gives unendingly of himself and his knowledge to others. And one of his early pilots, Beckwith Havens, told me, "When I was sick in Florida and wondering how I could pay the hospital, Fairchild somehow found out about it. He called to tell me that he'd not only pay the bills, but would fly me to New York to see a specialist."

He is one of the most important businessmen in America today, yet he is nothing like the ordinary executive. He dresses in a casual, sometimes even sloppy, manner. He has no battery of secretaries, no plush office, none of the let's-stop-all-this-talk-and-get-down-to-business attitude. It may just be, I suppose, that these maverick qualities are responsible for the fact that so few of his contemporaries understand him or like him.

Perhaps Fairchild can best be summed up by what an old friend of his told me. "I think he's half child, half genius," he said. "He's forever up in the clouds, but maybe that's where the big things are done. He's often unrealistic, but that could be his real talent. He just doesn't think like other people. He even looks at death as just another problem to take down to his workshop. Do you know what he said to me one day? He was talking about the future. 'If I die,' he said. Have you ever heard anything like it? *'If* I die. . . .'"

—ArthurHerzog

TRUE

"Have a nice day, dear, and promise you won't go too far to the right."

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the man's mixer

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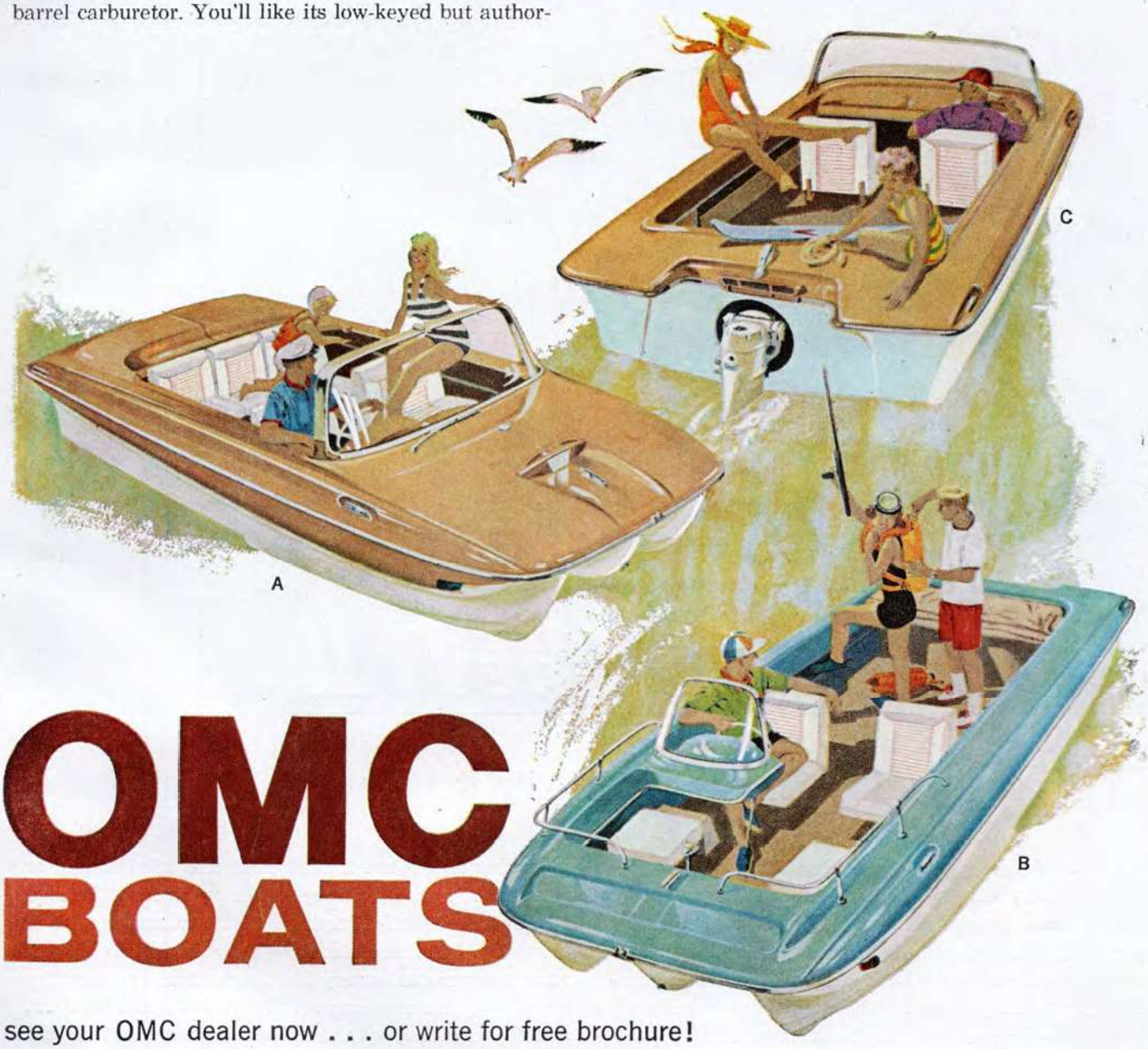
Opposite page: OMC 17 Dual Deluxe A — OMC 17 Deluxe B — OMC 17 Seasport C — OMC 17 Custom



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'63 Chevy II Nova 400 Station Wagon—roof luggage carrier optional at extra cost.

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On the basis of load space alone, this Chevy II is a lot of station wagon for the money. Stow all the gear you'd ever want to take along and there's *still* plenty of room for people. And with all of its spaciousness, look at its other good features. Its easy ride, for example, thanks to independent front suspension and Mono-Plate rear springing, choice of 4- or 6-cylinder engine in most models, practical bolt-on front fenders, crisply styled Body by Fisher. And the Chevy II is built to stay as young as it looks: The rocker panels (where most rust begins) are flushed clean and dried as rain or wash water is forced through them by air from the cowl . . . brakes are self-adjusting . . . the exhaust system is extra durable . . . the Delcotron generator adds to electrical reserve power and battery life. Choose from ten sparkling new Chevy II models at your Chevrolet dealer's today . . . and if you *must* play chess, like our two friends in the picture, better bring your own board; it's about the only option we don't offer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

KEEPS GOING GREAT

By JOHN STEINBECK

A RAGGED CREW

For every major, well-publicized battle of World War II, there were thousands of lesser, often unrecorded actions. They were no less dramatic or no less important to the men who fought and died in them...America's Nobel Prize winner recounts one of these

■ *December 1, 1943*—When the plans were being made to capture a German radar station on an Italian island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, 40 American paratroopers were assigned to do the job, 40 men and three officers. They came to the naval station from somewhere in Africa. They didn't say where. They came in the night sometime, and in the morning they were bedded down in a Nissen hut, a hard and ragged crew. Their uniforms were not the new and delightful affairs of the posters. The jackets, with all the pockets, and the coarse canvas trousers had been washed so often and dried in the hot sun that they had turned nearly white, and they were ragged at the edges.

The officers, two lieutenants and a captain, were

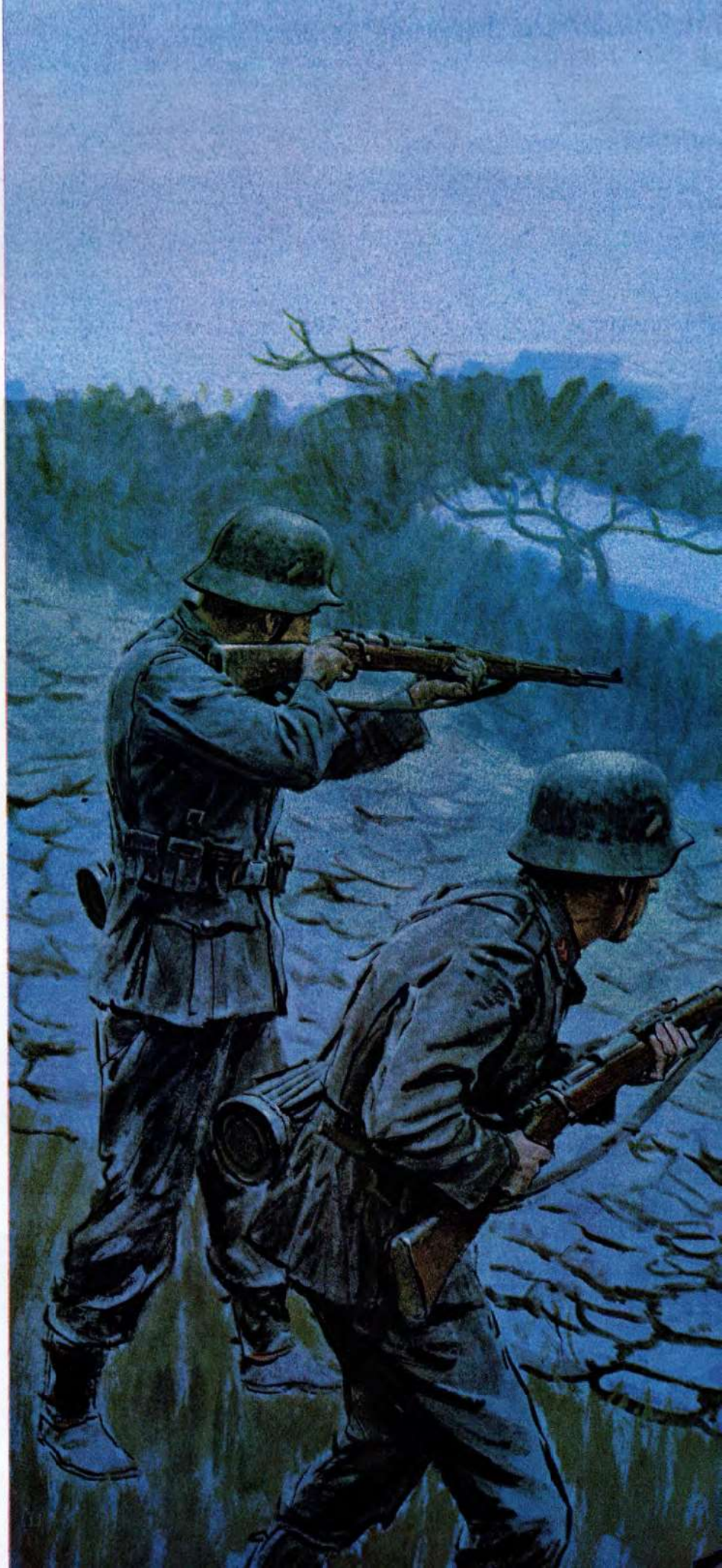
dressed in no way different from their men, and they had been months without their insignia of rank. The captain had two strips of adhesive tape stuck on his shoulders, to show that he was a captain at all, and one of his lieutenants had sewed a piece of yellow cloth on his shoulders for his rank. They had been 10 months in the desert, and there was no place to buy the pretty little bars to wear on their shoulders. They had not jumped from a plane since they had finished their training in the United States, but the rigid, hard training of their bodies had gone right on in the open desert.

There had been no luxuries for these men, either. Sometimes the cigarettes ran out, and they just didn't have any. They had often lived on field rations for weeks at a time, and they had long forgotten what it was like to sleep in a bed, even a cot. They had all looked somewhat alike, and perhaps this is the characteristic look of the paratrooper. The eyes were very wide set, and mostly they were either gray or blue. The hair was cropped, almost shaved, giving their heads a curious egg look. Their ears seemed to stick straight out from their heads, perhaps because all their hair was cut off. Their skins were burned almost black by the desert sun, which made their eyes and their teeth seem very light, and their lips were ragged and rough from months of the sun.

The strangest thing about them was their quietness and their almost shy good manners. Their voices were so soft that you could barely hear them, and they were extremely courteous. The officers gave their orders almost under their breaths, and there was none of the stiffness of ordinary military discipline. It was almost as though they all thought alike so that few orders were necessary at all. When something was to be done, the moving or loading of their own supplies, for instance, they worked like parts of a machine, and no one seemed to move quickly, but there was no waste movement and the work was done with incredible speed. They did not waste time saluting. A man saluted his officer only when he spoke to him or was spoken to.

These paratroopers had as little equipment as you can imagine. There were some rifles, some tommy guns, and the officers had the new carbines. In addition, each man had a knife and four hand grenades, painted yellow, but they had had their grenades so long that the yellow paint was just about worn off. The rifles had been [*Continued on page* 79]

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



Using a white towel as a flag, the American approached the German positions.

Call them liqueurs or cordials, they satisfy a man's tongue, calm his stomach and stir the red blood in his veins

CORDIALS

THE ALCOHOL OF ADVENTURE

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6. Cherry Kariso
7. B and B
8. Creme de Cafe
9. Cointreau
10. Forbidden Fruit
11. Triple Sec
12. Creme de Noya
13. Creme de Menthe
14. Tea Breeze

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

Blackberry Brandy 15.
Drambuie 16.
Chartreuse 17.
Apricot Liqueur 18.
Tia Maria 19.
Kummel 20.
Cherry Heering 21.
Grand Marnier 22.
Parfait Amour 23.
Pernod 24.
Gold-O-Mint 25.

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

■ "The stinger, it is the absolutely perfect cocktail for the after dinner," said André, head bartender at New York's famed restaurant, Le Pavillon. Pouring three ounces of cognac and one of white crème de menthe into a thick glass of cracked ice, he clapped a metal lid over it and swung the glass hard, up and down, a long time. He told me a client sometimes asks what he puts into his stingers that make them taste so marvelous, and he replies that he has a secret ingredient. [*Continued on page* 85]

the case of

THE MURDERING CHILDREN

Papa was a good target for murder. His son-in-law hated him; his daughter needed money; his mistress had a husband. And still it took four years to nail the killers

By GEOFFREY BOCCA with INGRID ETTER

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

■ When Josette Bauer entered the court flanked by two guards in tricorne hats, the elegant spectators packed tight in the galleries breathed hate at her, hot, as though an oven had opened. "*Sale bête,*" (dirty bitch) a woman muttered audibly. "Pity there's no more hanging in Switzerland," said another.

Josette looked around nervously. Her hair was pulled back in a severe bun, her huge brown eyes sunk deep in their sockets, her lips bloodless; she was a mere wraith of the girl she had been, but her fragile prettiness had not deserted her. With her timid, bespectacled husband she was on trial for murder, as fearful and unnatural a murder as had ever been committed in Geneva's criminal history, and it had rocked that prim city to its soul.

The brilliant looking glass of Switzerland has, by now, been smashed into incalculable years of bad luck. The image of a land of cuckoo clocks, cowbells and industrious burghers is gone and scarcely remembered. Switzerland, today, to the outside world, is a Tangier-type state of numbered bank accounts and unsavory financial arrangements, where murderers like Brian Donald Hume can find refuge; it is the land of Jaccoud, the former chief judge who murdered a perfect stranger in 1959, the land of suicides, tax dodgers, and crazy religious cults. It is the land of Josette and Dicky Bauer.

Because Josette embodied the new Switzerland of spoiled indolence and worthless wealth, the public demanded her blood. Officially she was on trial for a murder committed before she was 21. In fact she was also on trial for upsetting the Geneva rotten-apple cart.

What had she done? The story began when she married Dicky Bauer in 1953—she was 17 and he 21. Neither she nor Dicky was the kind of pastoral yodeler one reads about in Swissair travel brochures. Both were spoiled in different ways, and both ways had succeeded in ruining them as human beings. Josette was the daughter of a rich, self-made engineer named Leo Geisser, a big, rough, savage man who had divorced Josette's mother, re-married, re-divorced, then settled down to a succession of mistresses. Unable to give Josette a home and love, her parents separately showered her with money and gifts, so that by the time she was 17 she was hopelessly extravagant.

As the Geissers were rich petty-bourgeois, the Bauers were rich aristocrats—refugees from Vienna. Doctor Bauer had been Austrian consul in Tientsin and later in Geneva, and had taken Swiss nationality after Hitler annexed Austria. Old Doctor Bauer, having drunk deep of Oriental study, dressed in Oriental clothes and educated his son with sadistic loathing. He called him a "coolie," and would say mockingly, "Come, boy, show me what a man you are." Dicky's mother comforted him, in turn, by petting him and giving him everything he asked for. Once when Dicky had to collect money as a Boy Scout, he came back with the largest sum of all his troop. He had been too shy to go out and ask for it, so his mother had given it to him to save her little darling from being laughed at.

Poor Dicky, wilting under this combination of cruelty and mothering, grew up with a pathetic stammer. He wore spectacles and was slightly deaf. To compensate for the miseries of real life he made for himself a Walter Mitty dream world in which he was a dare-devil pilot, a crack shot, a bank robber, a man without fear. Hard work, a responsible job, might have ironed out some of Dicky's problems. But his father was a man of means and reserved himself the last refinement of cruelty by giving Dicky enough money to rot instead of redeem himself.

Dicky met Josette at a students' dance in Geneva when he was perfunctorily studying law. [*Continued on page* 68]

VANCE PACKARD TELL$ HOW TO $UCCEED IN BU$INE$$ BY REALLY TRYING

ROBERT MORSE, STAR OF "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING," WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRIEDMAN-ABELES.

■ While there are no agreed recipes which set forth the personal characteristics that will assure success in the modern corporation, there are areas of consensus in the findings and observations of certain knowledgeable people.

Here is my impression of the personal characteristics that seem to have particular pertinence in helping a person become an effective and successful executive —granted that the person is reasonably dedicated, loyal and presentable. Also, that he is agreeably situated and politically adroit.

There are seven abilities that seem to count heavily in helping a man stand out. The list obviously is not a guaranteed recipe for success. If an ambitious young manager wishes to tuck it under his pillow for a nightly reminder, however, I am sure that it will not do him any harm. And it conceivably might help. Some of the abilities are essentially built-in but most of them can be developed or at least enhanced.

1. THE ABILITY TO MAINTAIN A HIGH LEVEL OF THRUST. This is quite probably the number one secret of executive success. It shows up in some form on 15 of 16 lists of executive characteristics I have analyzed. And it was emphasized repeatedly in discussions. Most executives of promise have a built-in go, go, go. They have energy to burn. An official of the American Management Association commented of the executives he sees: "They drive, drive, drive all the time."

Three Harvard staff men studying executives in action observed: "If any one element is common to all businessmen from the outset of their careers, it is simply 'drive.'" Lyle Spencer, who made a study of the members of the Young Presidents' Organization and whose company, Science Research Associates, has tested many thousands of businessmen, has concluded that high-energy output—or drive—is the single most obvious characteristic that most successful businessmen share in common. He says energy seems to surge from them. Most are on the go mentally or physically during all of their waking hours.

I noticed while attending their convention in Oklahoma that the YPO men exploded with energy even when at play. They danced vigorously until the early morning hours, and yet all [*Continued on page* 89]

DRIVE

DIPLOMACY

JUDGMENT

ENJOYMENT

COMMUNICATION

Want to get ahead
—and stay there?
Here's how.
Seven success secrets
by the bestselling author
of the new book,
"The Pyramid Climbers"

By VANCE PACKARD

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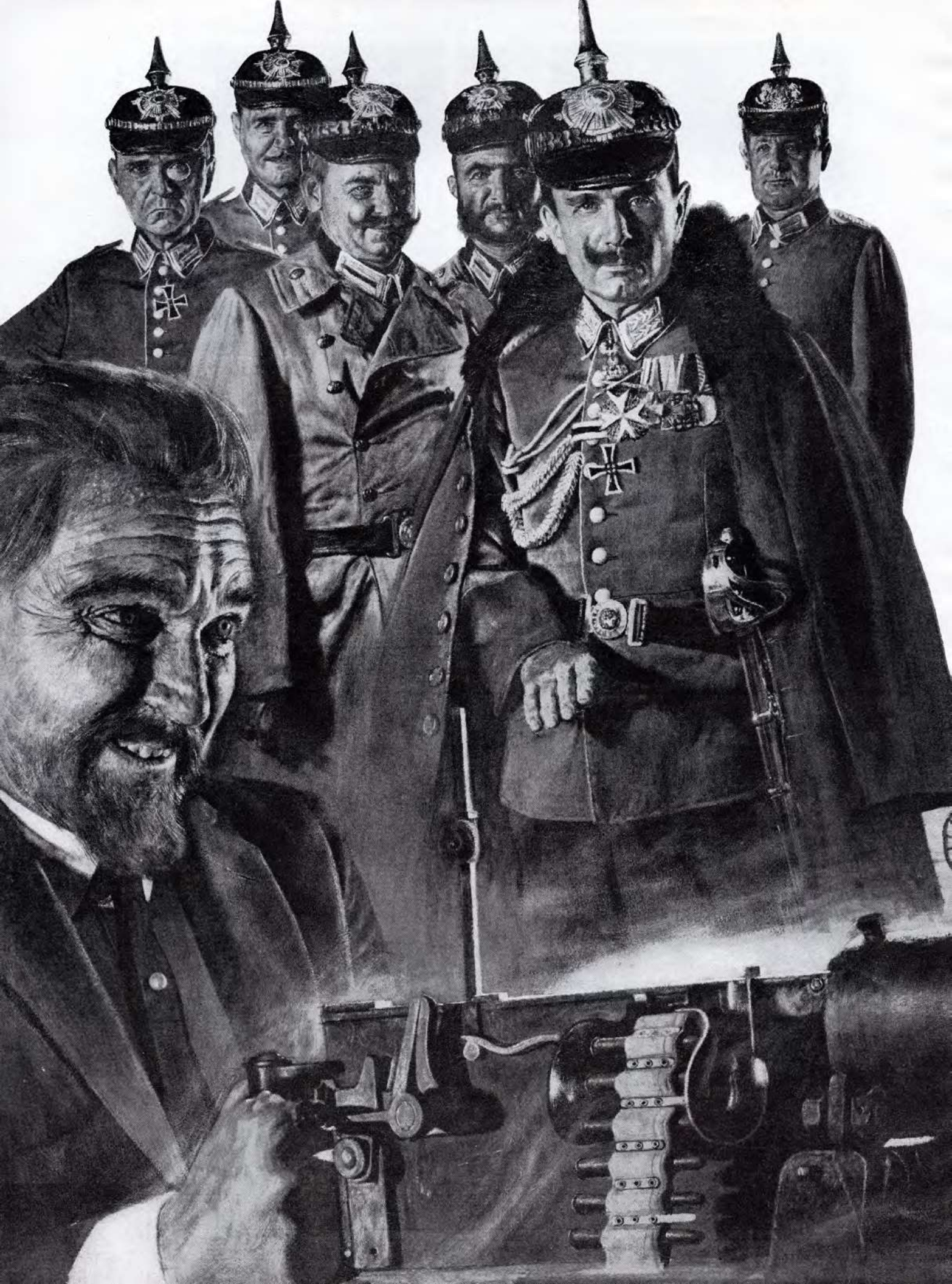
OBJECTIVITY

CONFIDENCE



Make an automatic machine gun? Impossible! they said. But Hiram Maxim, the Maine farm boy who later was knighted by Queen Victoria, made one—and revolutionized warfare

THE MAN WHO INVENTED TERROR

BY LUCIAN CARY
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL MAYAN

■ There were 50 British infantrymen, members of the Rhodesian police. Out in front of them 5,000 Matabele warriors were getting ready to charge. They had big oxhide shields—big enough for a man to hide behind. They carried their favorite weapon, the short assagai, designed to cut an enemy to pieces at close quarters. The Matabele intended to destroy the little British detachment—kill them, chop their heads off, mutilate their dead bodies.

So it would have been if the British hadn't had some guns the Matabele didn't know about. The high brass of the armies of the civilized world didn't know much about them either; they had never been used in war. While the British waited, outnumbered 100 to one, a sergeant checked the guns once more. There were four, each with a looped canvas belt. The loops held 333 black-powder .45 caliber cartridges. Each gun had a second belt that could be hooked to the first. This made 666 rounds and the guns could fire these in a little over one minute.

The guns were the invention of Hiram S. Maxim, a man who had been born on a farm in Maine and who, as a boy of 14 had known what it was like to work 13 or 14 hours a day for bed, board and $4 a month.

The British leader had told the gunners they were not to fire until he gave the signal. It would be interesting to know what the signal was. An American officer might have made it "Okay." A French officer might have made it "Allons." The British officer may have made it "Right-O." But it is likely that all he did when the Matabele got within 150 yards was to wave his hand at the gunners.

Then the Maxim guns sang their song. When the smoke lifted the British saw that the Matabele had died in heaps. Not one of them had got within 75 yards of the British line. The Matabele were brave men. They charged again and again at 15-minute intervals. Fifteen minutes was time enough to reload the belts of the [*Continued on page* 82]

As Maxim fired, the Kaiser said excitedly, "This is the gun—there is no other."

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

■ In June 1962, roughly about the time that Edward M. Gilbert was making headlines by fleeing to Brazil, with $1,953,000 that formerly belonged to the E. L. Bruce Company, the newspapers here in the community sometimes called Wonderland, D.C., were detailing a financial coup that made Bruce's alleged theft seem like the act of a little boy stealing pennies. Gilbert, it would seem, had been wasting his time in that piddling little lumber and hardwood company. He should have gone where the big money really is—to the Congress of the United States. Instead of plying Wall Street, he should have become a Washington lobbyist. Then he could have stolen legally.

On June 23, while Gilbert was sitting down there wondering where his next million was going to come from, a Senate Committee was revealing that lobbyists for foreign and domestic sugar producing interests were quietly conspiring to take you and me and all the rest of us in this country for around $600 million in 1962 alone.

That's a lot of sugar, but it's only a small part of the whole bowl. During the past 15 years, said Senator Paul Douglas, acting chairman of the Finance Committee, U.S. consumers have footed the bill for more than $4 billion in "subsidies" to foreign and domestic sugar men, mainly due to the efforts of lobbyists to get subsidy bills passed. And, added the senator indignantly, a bill approved in the House of Representatives, introduced through the efforts of lobbyists and unquestionably passed as a result of their pressure, was planning to add $2,500,000,000 to that sum during the next five years. Lobbyists for nearly 30 foreign countries were conspiring to sell sugar to the U.S. at prices nearly three cents per pound above the world market, Senator Douglas said.

WORKING MOSTLY OUT OF WASHINGTON, D. C., A GROUP OF RUTHLESS, KNOWLEDGEABLE OPERATORS FIX CONSUMER PRICES, RAISE AND LOWER TAXES, AND DETERMINE HOW MUCH WE ALL WILL SPEND ON HEALTH INSURANCE, SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS, OUR DEFENSE EFFORT AND THE LIKE...

Several fairly well-known names were mentioned in the investigation: the law firm of Oscar L. Chapman, former Secretary of the Interior, representing the sugar producers of Mexico; the law firm of Donald Dawson, one-time White House aide to Harry S. Truman, representing the sugar producers of Mexico; and the consulting firm of A. S. Nemir Associates, representing the sugar producers of Brazil. ("It's not enough they hide our thieves," said one Washington wit, "they got to come up and steal from us, too!")

All three of the lobbyists questioned admitted that their firms were paid huge yearly retainers—up to $99,000 a year, plus as high as $15,000 expenses, for their lobbying work. Also, they were to be paid "contingent" fees if the importing quotas on sugar were raised. Chapman, for example, testified that his operation was paid a retainer of $50,000 a year, plus "a small percentage" as a contingent fee. Under questioning, he admitted that the contingent fee was 25¢ per ton for any increase in Mexico's quota that might be engineered. Under the House-passed bill, this would have amounted to 107,000 tons, or $26,750 out of all of our pockets.

What makes this most incredible and outrageous to the outside observer is the fact that, despite their knowledge of other lobbyists actively trying to boost quotas (including those working for Haiti, Ecuador, Peru, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Australia, Mauritius, the Republic of China, Fiji, both the British West Indies and Honduras, Columbia and the Philippines) none of the senators seemed especially angry, let alone incredulous.

Lobbying in Washington is accepted, like the lazy stupidity of the cab drivers or the witlessness of the telephone operators. It has been going on since the days just prior to and during the Civil War, when Big Jim Fisk, perhaps the first of the well-known lobbyists, set up a suite in the Wardman Park Hotel and began selling blankets from New England textile factories by putting pressure on senators and representatives.

Most of us on the outside have Fisk in mind when we think of lobbyists—we see them as dispensing cigars, booze, women, free rides, free hotel accommodations and the lot, as he did; we think of them as scheming, bribing, disreputable characters, standing in the social structure somewhere between chicken thieves and the likes of Edward M. Gilbert. Which is exactly what many of them are, despite the fact that some operate in the open. These slick, experienced, knowledgeable, totally ruthless and self-interested pirates reach into all areas of our lives. They regulate our transportation, determine how much we will pay for electricity and telephone service, jack up or lower taxes, decide what we will eat for dinner, fix prices on guns and fishing rods and cameras, and make up our minds about how much we are going to spend for health insurance, care of the aged, schools and hospitals, defense, and other vital matters.

Astoundingly enough, there are lobbyists actually on the government payroll. President John F. Kennedy has a lobby that works on Congress whenever he wants a bill passed. The head of it, Larry O'Brien, is a "special assistant to the President." He has a staff of four. He spends his time "working" with the leaders in Congress, especially heads of committees and *their* administrative assistants, plugging away

for JFK's proposals; the staff tries to keep in touch with congressmen on lower levels. The Pentagon also has a lobby in the form of its Public Information officers, who help "clear up misunderstandings" about our poor, perpetually misunderstood Armed Forces; there also are legislative liaison officers, who try to "educate" the lawmakers. They "educate" them by inviting them to come along for nice, well-lubricated rides on aircraft carriers, submarines, and jet planes, so that they can be better-informed about how well our Armed Forces are protecting us. As one Washington reporter has observed, we would all be a sight better off if the congressmen figured out a way of protecting us from our protectors—for guess who is paying for all that lubrication?

The Kennedy administration is so lobby-oriented that one lobbyist, Mike Daniels, a 32-year-old lawyer who is registered to lobby in behalf of the US-Japan Trade Council, recently said, "Yeah, people who think like we do are in power now. I guess you could say Kennedy is our god. He's our archtype. A lot of people are completely romantic about politics and power. We're not. We know how power works and so does Kennedy—he knows exactly how it works. There are no bogey men. Politics works on a system. The older lobbyists understand this but they cover it with b.s. Maybe they *don't* understand it. I don't think they understand it like we do." By "we" he meant the members of the New Frontier and those who petition, or pressure them.

...ARE THEY ELECTED OFFICIALS? NOT BY A LONG SHOT. THEY'RE

THE PRESSURE PEDDLERS

No one can tell how many Mike Danielses there are operating in Washington today, although a former newspaperman named Sam Stavisky, himself an admitted former lobbyist, estimated to me that there are more than 6,000 engaged in the trade, more or less openly. The Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946 requires that all lobbyists shall register with the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House, and that if they spend any money in lobbying they must tell how much and what for. But only a small percentage of individuals and organizations who technically are lobbyists ever comply with this rule—and some of those who do comply swear that they are not really lobbyists but have just registered "to be on the safe side."

The Congressional Record of June 5, 1962 printed nearly 27 fine-print pages of the names of lobbyists registered with the Congress, or around 900. Yet only 280-odd organizations reported that they had spent any money for lobbying which means, says one Washington newspaperman, "There are about seven hundred liars on that list."

When I asked one lobbyist about his expenditures in the pursuit of congressmen's happiness, he first winced at my use of the word "lobbying" (all lobbyists hate the word) and then admitted that he had reported expenditures of around $13,000, but in reality —"And this is off the record, please"—had spent nearly $35,000. The $13,000 was down on his report-sheet as having been spent "for public relations and advertising, for printing of persuasive materials, for travel and lodging and entertainment, for office overhead." The remaining $22,000? "Oh, well . . . uh . . . for entertainment, at cocktail parties to introduce manufacturers to people in Washington, at lunches with 'important people' from whom I wished to get information . . . that kind of thing." In other words, for influence; for pressure-peddling.

Big lobbying groups spend in the hundreds of thousands. In the first half of 1961, the 10 champion registered spenders were: the American Medical Association, the AFL-CIO, American Farm Bureau Federation, American Legion, American Trucking Associations, Inc., National Farmers Union, National Education Association, U.S. Savings and Loan League, American Steamship Committee on Conference Studies, and International Association of Machinists, District Lodge 44 (AFL-CIO). The AMA spent $146,894.90, or about $80,000 more than its nearest rival, the AFL-CIO. The number 10 runner-up spent around $35,000, and the rest of them ranged upward between that and the figure reported by the AMA.

Wry and knowing smiles appear on the faces of members of the Washington press corps when they see such figures, for they know that for every lobbyist or organization reporting expenditures there are at least 20 that do not feel the necessity of registering. These include public relations firms, "research" organizations, polling operations and others engaged in the dissemination of information calculated to persuade or change minds. Also, nearly all foreign governments maintain offices in Washington which keep in touch with legislation that affects them or may affect them in the future. The representatives of these governments circulate freely among U.S. government people, making no pretense of not strongly advocating their own interests. They do not have to register, but what they are doing is most certainly lobbying.

It is hard to think of a single group of people banded together to promote an idea or sell a product that does not have a lobbyist working in its behalf in Washington. There are lobbies for automobile manufacturers and for apes [*Continued on page* 108]

SAFARI WITH A

Flashing his famous Hollywood grin, Kirk Douglas helps a leopard to smile also. He shot it at dusk on last day of safari in Tanganyika.

HOLLYWOOD HERO

Kirk Douglas had never fired a rifle with real ammunition until he went to Africa. From elephants to leopards, he found the challenge so fascinating he's a changed man

BY RALPH DAIGH

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

Hot baths, water brown or gray, were daily luxury.

NAIROBI, KENYA

■ What makes a hunter? Is he born with the hunting instinct, or is he trained into it from boyhood experiences with slingshots, air rifles and .22s?

Can a man who has never hunted, indeed, never even shot a rifle, enjoy an African safari and come out of his first one no less than a qualified hunter?

We determined to make the test and the man we selected for the experiment was Kirk Douglas, star of *Spartacus, Champion* and most recently, *Two Weeks In Another Town.*

"The only rifles I've ever fired," he confessed, "were loaded with blanks and used in numerous movie roles."

No doubt he looked on the whole proposal as a challenge, something Kirk doesn't turn down easily. Anyway he was willing, if the safari could be accomplished in three weeks. Picture commitments were waiting.

The magic ingredient for such a fast hunt—is airplanes.

It is possible that with the aid of Mr. Wright's wonderful machines, ranging from Pan Am 707s to an Aero Commander and a Comanche (for short hops between hunting areas), this safari covered more territory in a shorter time than any in history.

With Nairobi, Kenya, our departure point for hunting, the preferred route from New York is Pan Am to Rome. Then to Nairobi, with a short stop at Athens. Total trip time was about 15 hours.

At Nairobi the party was met at the airport by our two white hunters, Don Bousfield and John Fletcher, representing Ker and Downey, the well-known safari company—and, 2,000 autograph seekers intent on hunting down the hunter. Kirk Douglas. [*Continued on page* 48]

Dead-game Kirk, coached by John Fletcher, went along with the gag and the art of fingering elephant marfi. Moist, warm marfi tells how recently an elephant passed along and gives some index of how far away animal may be.

"Easier than unbuttoning a fur coat," Douglas said of skinning.

SAFARI WITH A HOLLYWOOD HERO

"Faster!" Kirk yelled, dangling an animal catcher's loop.

A zebra won't kick you if his tail is pulled hard, so—

"Look at the camera. We'll let you go after the picture."

"My God," he exclaimed softly at the fans, "in Africa, too!"

The comforts of the very modern New Stanley Hotel, the preponderance of new and attractive buildings in Nairobi, which has a climate with a temperature of 70° to 85° for most of the year, and the kind of clear, unsullied air that comes with a 5,500-foot altitude, are hard to leave casually—unless you're going hunting.

The next morning, before noon, we were on safari, a Swahili word meaning "to journey." On safari at 40 miles an hour, two four-wheel-drive five-ton Bedford trucks, loaded with what it takes to make up a luxury hunt, including 22 native boys; skinners, trackers, cooks and camp help. Our two professional hunters, Don and John, each driving a Land Rover, the clients in khaki shorts and shirts.

It's hard to suppress the sense of personal exhilaration that comes with hunting new country, and who wants to? Whether it's the kind of pulse quickening that comes with crawling into a duck blind before dawn or rolling down a dirt road in Africa, unending forest of thorn bushes on each side.

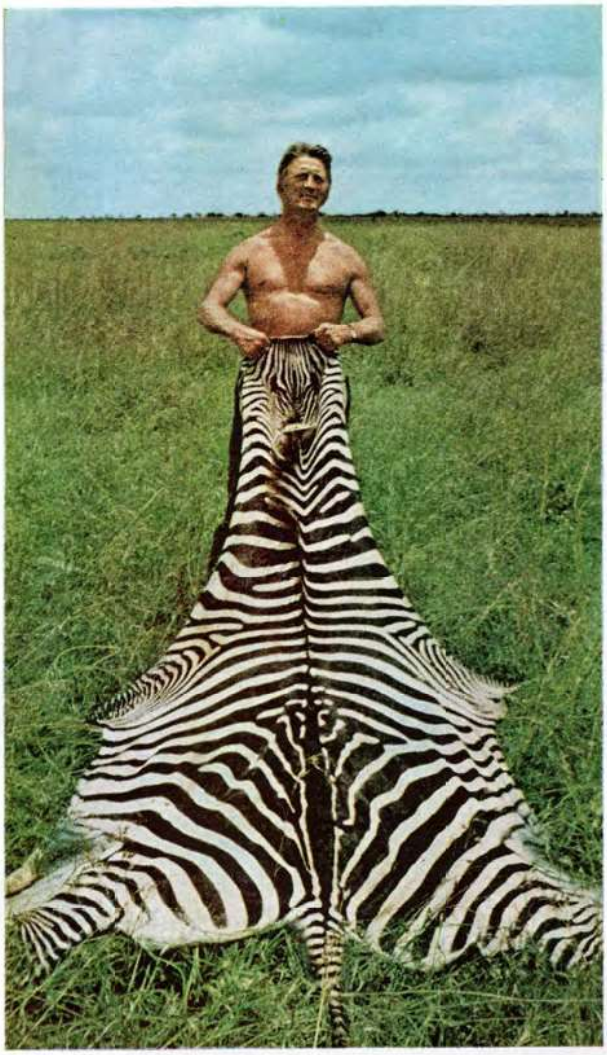
But how was the neophyte reacting? "I feel all the excitement of a kid going to camp for the first time," Kirk said, "and it's a sensation I appreciate. I resent being blasé about anything and I'm mad at myself that the excitement I used to feel about going to Europe has vanished because I've been there so often. Africa is new and vital. I'm already having a hell of a time."

If you have in mind taking a movie star on safari, select an outgoing type, one honest enough to admit he's enjoying himself and one who makes no effort to hide his pleasure with new experiences. A dimple in the chin, such as Kirk sports, is not necessary, unless you want to observe admiring smiles from even the native belles, but muscles he should have, and muscles Kirk has. He must be able to walk 18 or 20 miles after elusive elephants, climb mountains, shinny up trees, then do the same thing tomorrow and the day after. If he's allergic to blisters, don't take him.

Kirk's muscles aren't the kind glued on by a Hollywood prop man. He earned them. As a son of poor immigrant parents in upstate New York, he indulged as a youth in every kind of physical activity that would earn a buck or a muscle, from delivering papers to gardening, odd-job boy, carpenter's helper and high school athletics. At St. Lawrence University, where he arrived with so little money the dean told him he didn't have a chance to finish the year, he went on to be graduated and was the undefeated middleweight wrestling champion of the school.

"For a while," he admits, "I wasn't really eating enough to support muscles. But somehow they stayed with me, a tribute, I think, to some very sturdy middle-European peasant ancestors."

In his senior year he was president of the student body and convinced he could beat the odds that exist even against a handsome, [*Continued on page* 102]



Two large zebra-skin rugs and collection of mounted heads will dress up the projection room in Kirk's home.

Fringe-eared oryx was one of seven one-shot kills that Kirk Douglas got in final week of safari in Tanganyika.

Of first game, a Peter's Grant— "I wasn't sure I could shoot it."

Little Thompson's gazelle offered small target at 140 yards but Kirk used a rest and made good shoulder shot.

Kirk nailed the only good impala buck sighted on the safari with a difficult running shot to complete trophy bag.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

the hour I struck it rich

I'd always hungered
for a perfect fishing setup
and here it was at last
— 50-pound channel bass
in an eager pack,
with every cast a sure strike

By PAUL GALLICO

■ My greatest fishing took place what seems like several centuries ago between the two wars when the world was different. It was in pursuit of the great, golden-red drum that school off the Atlantic Coast, and are known to fishermen as channel bass or redfish.

The place was at the mouth of Oregon Inlet, that breach in the barrier of tawny beach off Manteo that stretches half the length of North Carolina to Cape Hatteras. And the time was the early 30's, that period one remembers as being giddy, relaxed, exciting, joyful—before Russians, before the atom, before fear. It was even, as I remember, before Hitler, and one had the time and the inclination to go after strange fish in strange places and savor the delights of the wilderness at the edge of the sea.

I have always been a salt-water fisherman as opposed to the fresh waters of lakes and streams; my love has been the sea. As a sports writer conducting a column it devolved upon me to give my readers the taste of both, but my inland fishing was always a failure. My casting was abominable and my luck even worse. I used to joke that trout were too smart for me and could always spot me as the boob in their midst, but as I look back upon it, now far removed, it wasn't so funny and it was probably true.

I was happiest trolling offshore or standing on a beach whipping a four-ounce lead in a high arc out into the breakers. This kind of surf casting was more suited to my physique and temperament. Besides which, I was more excited by the mystery and grab-bag of the sea's variety.

And so I have cast from the golden beaches of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, Long Island and the Pacific Coast as well, and trolled offshore from Montauk Point to the Bahamas. I have hooked sailfish off Acapulco, Mexico; wahoo and bonefish in the flats off Sombrero Key, Florida; and reef fish off Cuba, Nassau and Key West. The fishing box of my memory is crowded with all shapes and sizes and colors and memories of thrills and chills, and of course the big ones that got away. But ever when I think of fishing my mind turns back to that expedition and that one fabulous, fantastic hour in a boiling sea off Manteo.

There is more to a fishing memory than catching a fish. The end of the pursuit is, of course, the grand climax, but there is also the time and the place, and the getting there and the events connected therewith.

I had never heard of Manteo or channel bass until the advent of Codfish Charlie to our staff. Codfish Charlie was Fred Fletcher, writer and editor of the rod-and-gun column of *The News*, of which I was then sports editor, engaged by Captain Patterson for the outdoor sportsmen amongst our readers. He was also known as Old Hook and Worms, the latter nickname resulting, I am afraid, from the fact that Fred wasn't exactly the purist his audience thought him to be when it came to catching a trout. When flies failed to attract, he had been known to impale a gob of worms on his hook and lower same into the stream. My old employee, friend, and fishing companion, Fletcher has been gathered to his ancestors [*Continued on page* 96]

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH A TARANTULA

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALBERT FENN

■ Although my farm has been used as a flophouse for practically every known type of vermin—we even had an indigent elephant sponging on us for a couple of weeks—I've never been able to cotton to bugs. I may be stiff with prejudice, but I have steadfastly refused to cuddle up to anything with half a dozen sets of spare legs. However, I'm man enough to acknowledge when I'm wrong, and right now we've got a couple of boarders who'd make one of Charles Addams' sketches look like something by Kate Greenaway.

My interest in the "My-God-What's-That" school came after I'd gone to my doctor for the annual check-up. After an exhaustive examination, he assured me that I had the physique of a 70-year-old dipsomanic, but there was no earthly reason why, if I observed a strict diet and took no violent exercise, I should not live to be 50. Encouraging as this news was, it meant that I had a choice between breeding canaries and cross-fertilizing dahlias.

I was saved from this grim choice by happening upon an article about Prof. William J. Baerg, an entomologist and college professor who has spent the past 35 years living with tarantulas. "Since the tarantula's life history may take at least 24 years to complete," said the professor, "the subject is not taken up by many researchers. In fact, I am probably the only one."

Professor Baerg was questioned by a reporter who, I gather, conducted his interview from the top of a flagpole while nervously playing a flashlight around the base. The professor did not share the reporter's skeptical view of his hairy pets. "A tarantula is not horrible," he says, "they're as handsome [*Continued on page* 114]

Here's a hairy handful for the animal lover: the author urges careful handling.

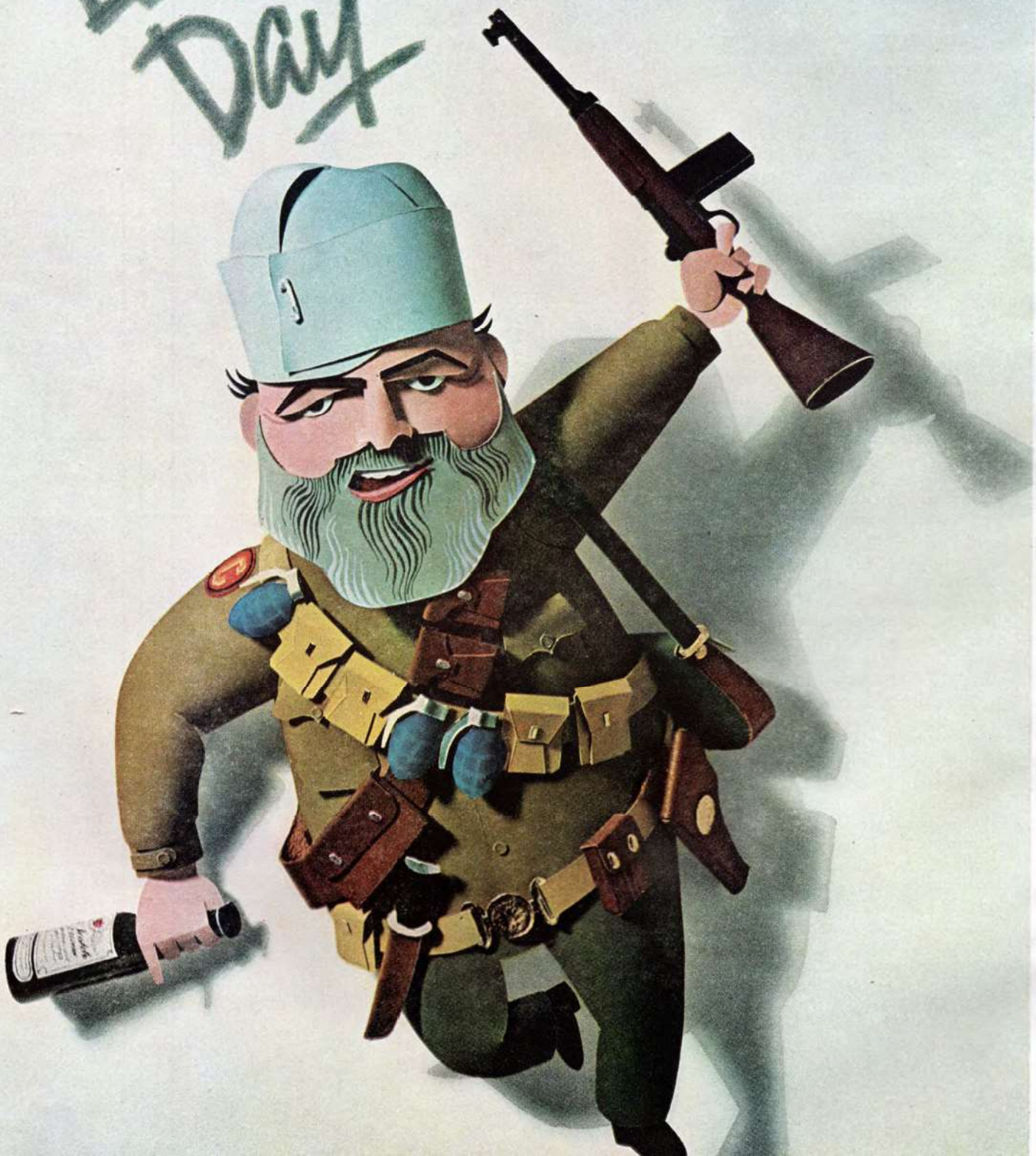
Luncheon shown here is a peaceful scene. But mealtime can become mayhem.

Close-up view helps to explain absence of house flies in the Mannix household.

However you look at this kind of pet —be sure to watch out for the stinger.

Despite their fearsome reputation, tarantulas don't mind being kept as household pets— but their sex life is one hell of a mess

Hemingway's Longest Day



Everyone knows that the invasion of Normandy went through beaches called Utah and Omaha. Actually, they should have named another one Hemingway—for his hilarious D-Day heroics

■ The problem of what to do with Ernest Hemingway when the invasion of Normandy began was, for those entrusted with his safety, a delicate one. Until 1944 the old literary warrior hadn't appeared particularly interested in claiming a combat correspondent's berth. But now that the Allies had finally decided to march straight across the Channel and punch Hitler in the nose, Papa was really ready to go to war.

Understandably, neither publishers nor the military wanted to be held responsible for exposing such valuable literary property to any lethal line of fire. But, because he was a bona fide war correspondent, they couldn't keep him out of the war entirely. The plot, then, was to let Hemingway go swimming—but not in deep water.

Papa knew nothing of his upcoming troubles when he went storming out of New York early in May any more than I could have known, when I caught up with him at the bar in Botwood, Newfoundland, that I was witnessing the birth of another one of those rare Hemingway legends.

While Hemingway and I—and our flying boats—tanked up for the long overnight grind from Newfoundland to Ireland, we renewed an earlier acquaintanceship, compared prospects. My story, what I could tell of it, was quickly told: I had talked my doctor into postponing a date to carve me up for ulcers so that I could take on a classified Navy mission of small consequence involved with the invasion. Hemingway, of course, was on a secret mission of his own. There was still a chance to make some sense out of this war, he confided, but the stratagem was beyond the comprehension of brass-headed generals. He knew just how it could be done. Once a beachhead was established, the thing to do, instead of parading our own armor across France, was to funnel it into the hands of his friends in the French underground and let the *Maquis* liberate their own beloved country.

Twenty-four hours later when we checked into the Dorchester Hotel, off London's Hyde Park, I was thoroughly briefed on the Master Plan. Hemingway couldn't wait to get started. Before he even got his bag unpacked, he was talking code into the telephone, lining up his "contacts."

When I got back from a trip to a staging area on the Cornwall coast a few nights later, Hemingway and an air raid arrived simultaneously. He had by then discovered that, combat correspondent or not, he probably wasn't going to make the first wave onto the beach. The spectacular fireworks of pounding antiaircraft batteries and thudding Nazi bombs dropping on the blacked-out city, formed a fitting Wagnerian background for Papa's fury. Waving a can of beef broth in one hand and a bag of butter in the other, he ran his vocabulary of four-letter words into three languages to describe the depth of the "double-cross" that would keep him from being first onto the beaches. By the end of his recital the beef broth was foaming, the butter almost churned to cheese. I had never seen the normally soft-spoken Hemingway so explosive.

Although he was chief of *Collier's* European bureau, his D-day credentials carried a relatively low priority. The press controllers had accredited him, not to an American combat team but to what Hemingway considered some panty-waist operation with the British fly boys. Papa was convinced he would not get to the battle beaches until about D-plus-17 unless those credentials were changed. And changed, by God, they would be!

When I returned to the hotel about a week before the big day, Hemingway had his campaign all mapped out. He had just gotten out of the hospital, where he had been incarcerated while they sewed the top of his head back on, a matter requiring some 50-odd stitches, made necessary after his car careened into a water tank in the black-out. This fortuitous circumstance, he explained, "attracts all kinds of flies to my web."

Between my trips to his command post for Scotch and bitters, which he stored and prescribed in large quantities for my stomach ailment, I got to watch Papa's whole counter-plot unfold. It was as subtly contrived as any the master ever devised for his best novels. And in the end it was as successful. A small but highly select claque of recently uniformed and highly impressionable reservists were attracted to The Great Man like bees to honeysuckle. Before he was through he had commanders of D-day units vying for the privilege of escorting him to the beaches of France. Others might arrive at the gates of Hitler's fortress on D-plus-17, but not Papa!

Nor was Hemingway one to be bound by the "no arms" rule of the Geneva Convention which vouched that correspondents were innocent non-combatants. Battle-blooded on the Piave in the first World War and a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, he considered himself a tactician—with seniority. Once within range of shots being fired in anger he felt duty-bound to take command. And he was prepared. When Papa went into battle he carried enough armor for four men. His usual equipment included bandoleers of various types of ammunition crossed over his chest, a blouse-full of hand grenades, at least one pistol and a knife tucked into his waist and a rifle hanging from his broad back.

It wasn't until he was well on his way that the cautious types back in London discovered that the code number of Hemingway's invasion ship indicated it was an Attack Transport—which meant he would hit the beach with one of the early assault waves! But it was too late to panic. There wasn't a way in the world he could have been intercepted without halting the whole invasion. Papa had got away!

I wasn't there for his return and didn't catch up with Hemingway again until some time later. One of his co-conspirators, however, reported that faithful to his pledge, Papa was back in London within 48 hours, smoke-grimy, his baggy trousers and jacket caked with dried mud, but all in one piece, thirsty, of course, and hungry.

And what had happened to our hero in those 48 hours?

A few days later I was tracing the invasion course inland from the American beaches and tallying up on commanding officers missing in action. Along the road to St. Lo I came on a D-day combat team that had come ashore on one of the hottest points on Omaha. I put my questions to them.

"Our C.O.? Hell, we've had a dozen in the last four days. They keep gettin' killed."

"Tell him about that wild man that dumped us on the beach."

"Who? Ernest Hemingway? Aw, he'd never believe that. I don't think it's true myself—and I was there."

"Go ahead. Tell him anyway."

"Well, as I said, you won't believe it. . . ."

As they explained it, when they went over the side [*Continued on page* 62]

By WILLIAM VAN DUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

Vip views the men of tomorrow

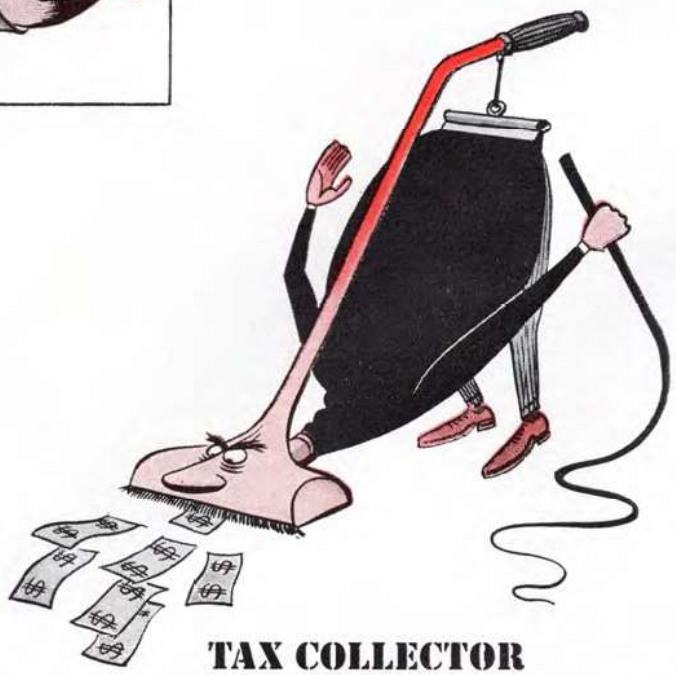
Man is constantly adapting himself to his environment—like these wildly assorted types. Here's Vip's view of the shape of things to come:

ADVERTISING MAN

COP

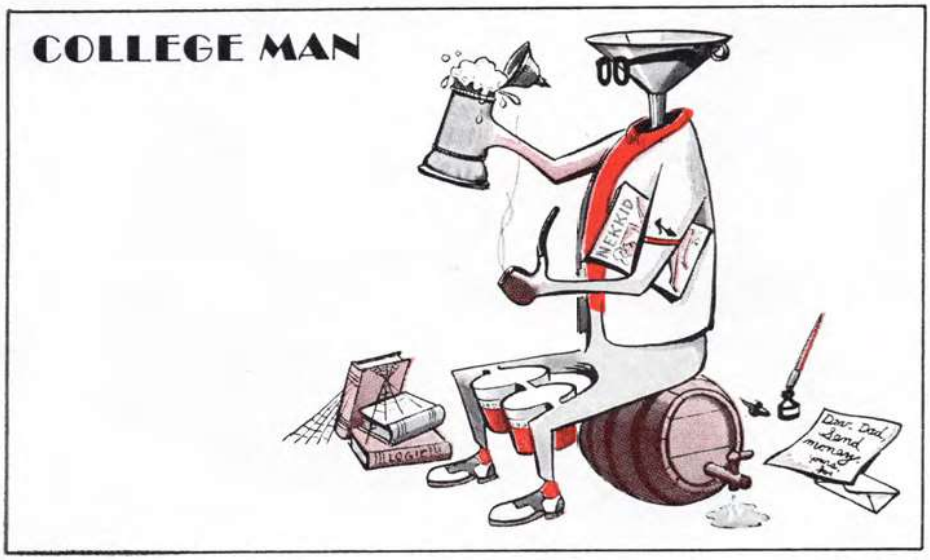
AUTO MECHANIC

PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN

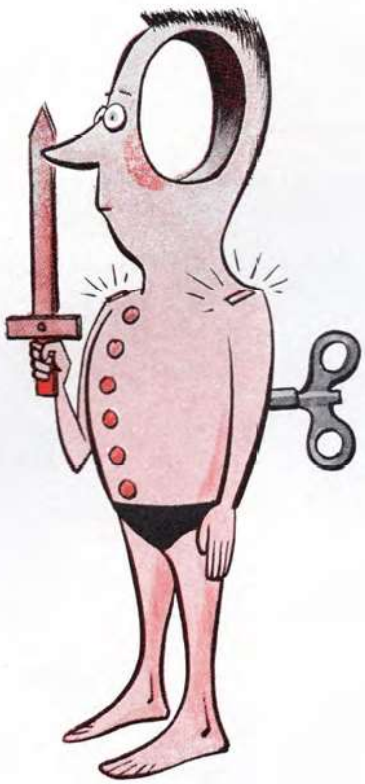


TAX COLLECTOR

EXPLORER



PRIVATE EYE



2nd LIEUTENANT

Marlins

AS TOLD TO ED LINN

BOB FELLER says "SATCH PAIGE is the GREATEST PITCHER I ever saw"

The top American League righthander of modern times tells about another twirler who was even trickier. Old Satch was funny to everybody except the batter

■ I would guess that I am as qualified to judge Satchel Paige against Hall of Fame standards as anybody alive. Satch and I barnstormed together over a period covering 12 years. We started together at the end of my first season, 1936, in a catch-as-catch-can tour, sometimes with top white and colored players behind us but, more often than not, picking up teams of local sandlotters as we went along. After the war, I promoted a tour myself, the best-organized, most successful barnstorming tour ever held. I had such players as Stan Musial, Mickey Vernon, Charlie Keller, Ken Keltner, Sam Chapman, Rollie Hemsley, Jim Hegan, Jeff Heath and Bob Lemon, and Satch had the very best colored players in the country. We jammed ballparks so consistently from coast to coast that I was able to guarantee Stan Musial, who joined us *after* the St. Louis-Boston World Series, more than he had received as his winning Series' share. The owners were so upset at what they took to be a downgrading of the Series that they immediately rewrote the rules to place impossible restrictions on barnstorming. As Satch said, "It sure looks like we successed ourselves right out of business."

And finally, of course, we were teammates with the Cleveland Indians in 1948-49 after Satch had finally been given his chance to pitch in the big leagues. Through all [*Continued on page* 93]

THE BEST OF

Connoisseurs of Art Buchwald's nationally syndicated writings can argue endlessly about

bullfights and marriage

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BALLANTINE

BIARRITZ

■ Everyone reads something different into a bullfight. Usually bullfighting is associated with death, but we went to a fight in Dax the other day with a recently divorced friend who insisted bullfighting had more to do with marriage than anything else.

"To me," he said, "it is the complete drama of wedlock."

"How's that?" we asked him.

"Let us start at the beginning. Before us we see the beautifully dressed matador—he represents the bride, slim, confident, completely in charge of the situation. Now look, the bull has just come into the ring. He is the groom. He is magnificent but bewildered, confused, and sorry he is there. The crowd is cheering. Why? Because it is a wedding day, and people always cheer at weddings.

"Now the bull is snorting and charging, but the matador waves the cape. She is playing with him, making him think he has the upper hand, but what the matador is really doing is finding out the bull's weaknesses, and also using up all his energy."

"What's happening now?" we asked him, trying to look at the bullfight through his eyes.

"The trumpets have sounded, the wedding ceremony is over and now the marriage begins in earnest. First, come the picadors; they represent the wife's relatives. The bull at first is furious, but the picadors keep stabbing him in the neck and shoulders and pretty soon the bull can hardly lift his eyes."

"I see what you're driving at," we said.

"Now come the banderillos, who represent the wife's friends. They also are there to weaken the bull's muscles and make him bleed some more. By this time he can't keep his head up.

"This is the final act. Watch carefully. The matador, or wife, is no longer playing with the bull. Now she is serious. She holds out the red cloth and, like a fool, the bull makes a pass at it. Then he makes another. He never charges the matador, only the cloth. The bull doesn't know it, but he is wearing himself out. He's in pretty desperate condition, anyway, after what the relatives and friends have done to him. But he is angry and this is a last gasp on his part. The more the matador makes a fool of the bull, the more the crowd cheers. The crowd is always on the side of the wife."

"Just like in real life," we said.

"We are ready for the moment of truth. The bull, hurt, bewildered and tired, looks at the matador. The matador stands in front of him and now—she plunges the sword deep into his heart. The bull staggers for several minutes in shock and then collapses. The marriage is finished and the matador, or wife, is presented with two of the bull's ears and the tail, which she holds up in the ring to show everyone."

"What do the ears and tail represent?" we asked our friend.

He looked at us with the saddest eyes we had ever seen and replied: "Alimony."

BUCHWALD

which ones are best. As our contribution to the quarrel we present two of our favorites

destiny's deckhand

NEW YORK

■ Everybody seems to be writing a book about President Kennedy's experiences as a PT-boat commander in the South Pacific during World War II. Minute-by-minute accounts of his years at sea have been written by Robert J. Donovan, and others. The literary rights of every Japanese and every islander within 300 miles of the place where Mr. Kennedy's PT-109 was rammed by a Japanese destroyer have been tied up by big American magazines. Probably the only man who was in the South Pacific battle zone at the same time as President Kennedy and hasn't had his experiences published yet is Ichiro Kuichi.

He has been in New York the past several days putting the final touches on his book called "Destiny's Deckhand —The Autobiography of a Seaman on the Japanese Destroyer That Missed Ramming PT-109."

We had lunch with Mr. Kuichi and Dick Lingeman. Mr. Lingeman, as editor of the magazine *Monocle,* bought the serialization rights to "Destiny's Deckhand" and has been acting as Mr. Kuichi's agent while the Japanese seaman is in New York.

He sketched in Mr. Kuichi's background for us.

Ichiro Kuichi was a rice polisher for the Koba Soba Rice Flour Company in Japan. On the day of Pearl Harbor, after the Americans fired on the poor helpless carrier aircraft who were attacking them, Ichiro joined the Japanese Navy to avenge, as his Emperor put it, "this day of infamy."

His first assignment was as a suicide *kamikaze* pilot, but after he completed 10 missions, his superiors decided he had an inadequate death wish, and he was kicked out of the Japanese Naval Air Force in disgrace and assigned as a mess boy on Destiny's destroyer.

It was in this capacity that Mr. Kuichi played a role that was to change the course of history, not only in the United States but in the world.

Nobody knew it but there were two Japanese destroyers coming down the strait that fateful night when John Kennedy was commanding the PT-109. One was Mr. Kuichi's and the other was the destroyer that actually rammed Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Kuichi's destroyer had first crack at ramming Mr. Kennedy's boat, but thanks to Mr. Kuichi it missed.

This is what happened in Mr. Kuichi's own words:

"It was very dark. I on bridge serving green tea to duty officer and helmsman. I very nervous because I know somewhere out there is future President of United States in torpedo boat. I drop tea on duty officer's lap and he yells 'You stupid fisherman!' In Japanese that sounds like HARD RUDDER RIGHT. Obedient helmsman he swings wheel right and instead of ramming PT-109 with future President on board, we miss boat completely and sink PT-110 instead. All crew survived but nobody important on PT-110.

"Captain of my destroyer is very mad because after war he wants to go into politics and he knows it would be very popular issue if he can say he [*Continued on page* 62]

destiny's deckhand

[*Continued from page* 61]

ram President of United States and give him bad back.

"But it too late, because other Jap destroyer with captain who also wants to go into politics sees PT-109, and he rams it. We hear cheers on other Jap destroyer because they know after war they can sell their story big American magazine for millions of yen. Nobody talks to me on my destroyer because American magazines won't give a bag of rice for how we sunk PT-110."

Despite Mr. Kuichi's sad experience he is still a big President Kennedy fan. He idolizes the President and even changed his wife's name from Machinko to Jackinto. He wanted to name his first daughter Caroline but didn't because he couldn't pronounce the "l."

While in the United States he plans to autograph books (by *any* Japanese author since the autographs all look alike) and he also hopes to meet the President and his family.

"President Kennedy very nice to Jap sailors who sink him, so I think he should maybe be nice to Jap sailors who miss him altogether."

Hemingway's Longest Day

[*Continued from page* 55]

of the Attack Transport and into the LCVP for the run in to the beach there was this extra guy along. The men didn't know who he was at first or even what army he belonged to. No sign of rank or anything. He was just a big guy with a bushy beard and one of those Hindu towels wrapped around his head—like a rajah or something. After that lousy crossing of the Channel they were too seasick to pay much attention, anyway. It was worse in the LCVP; the wind was blowing up the cold spray and the waves kept sloshing over the side until they were soaked to the skin. All those big guns firing behind them didn't help, either, but they were better than those shells from the beach that kept exploding all around in the water. They couldn't see anything ahead except mist and smoke and a long hill burning and all kinds of murderous looking things in the water that their coxswain was trying to steer around.

Finally, this guy with the beard spotted the place they were supposed to go in and told the coxswain how to head.

The beach was full of little rocks. It wasn't easy to run on but they made it. Only lost two men. When they stopped behind a sea wall to catch their breath the Jerries got three more of them. Machine gun bullets were ricochetting off the stone wall and digging up rows of little dust clouds all around and every once in a while a mortar shell would pop over the wall and somebody else would get killed. Hemingway started routing them out again.

"Listen to me," he yells. "They've got us zeroed in with those mortars. They'll get us all in another minute or two. We've got to get out of here. See that hill? It's only about 150 yards away—50 steps. That fire you see up there won't hurt you. It's only grass burning. They've got a couple of machine guns planted at the corner of that hill. Don't run that way. Keep straight ahead. Now, get out of here. Keep down low—and don't stop running."

When they got to the hill and looked back they saw they were a lot better off than the guys trying to hide behind those steel things in the water and that sea wall. Those poor dog-faces were getting knocked off like sitting ducks. But under the hill they were safe. When the Jerries stopped shooting at them from the machine gun pit around the corner they knocked it out with a couple of grenades. Then things quieted down some.

"By about noon this Hemingway guy had us dug into the hill pretty good and said for us to sit tight and get ready to move up the draw as soon as the tanks got there. He told us to wait for them. We ate chocolate out of our K rations and settled back.

"About that time he left us and started to crawl back over the beach toward the water. We figured he was going to get somebody to do something about that big German gun up on the hill that was blasting our landing ships apart. Don't know what happened to him after that. The Krauts started lobbin' some stuff down the hill just about then and we got pretty busy for a few minutes. When things quieted down he wasn't in sight any more. Never did see him again. He must have got it before he could get back.

"You think that was really Ernest Hemingway?"

"Could be," I answered. "Could well be!"

* * *

When the American attack finally got rolling down the Cherbourg Peninsula, Hemingway was with it. Or rather, he was ahead of it—with his friends from the French underground. The war had gotten half way to the Rhine before the cautious types finally shot him down—with a court martial for field generalling his own private army of *Maquis* too far out in advance of the Allied attacking forces. Fifty-five miles in advance, as a matter of fact.

Papa was holed up in the Ritz Bar in Paris, under house arrest, when I finally caught up with him again. I told him what the GI's from Omaha beach had said about the guy with the Hindu towel around his head.

He just kind of laughed with his eyes and ordered up another bottle.

—William Van Dusen

TRUE

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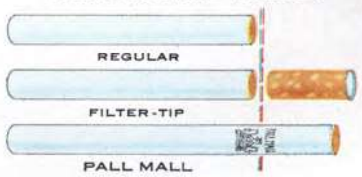
COMPARE ALL THREE!



Outstanding... and they are Mild!

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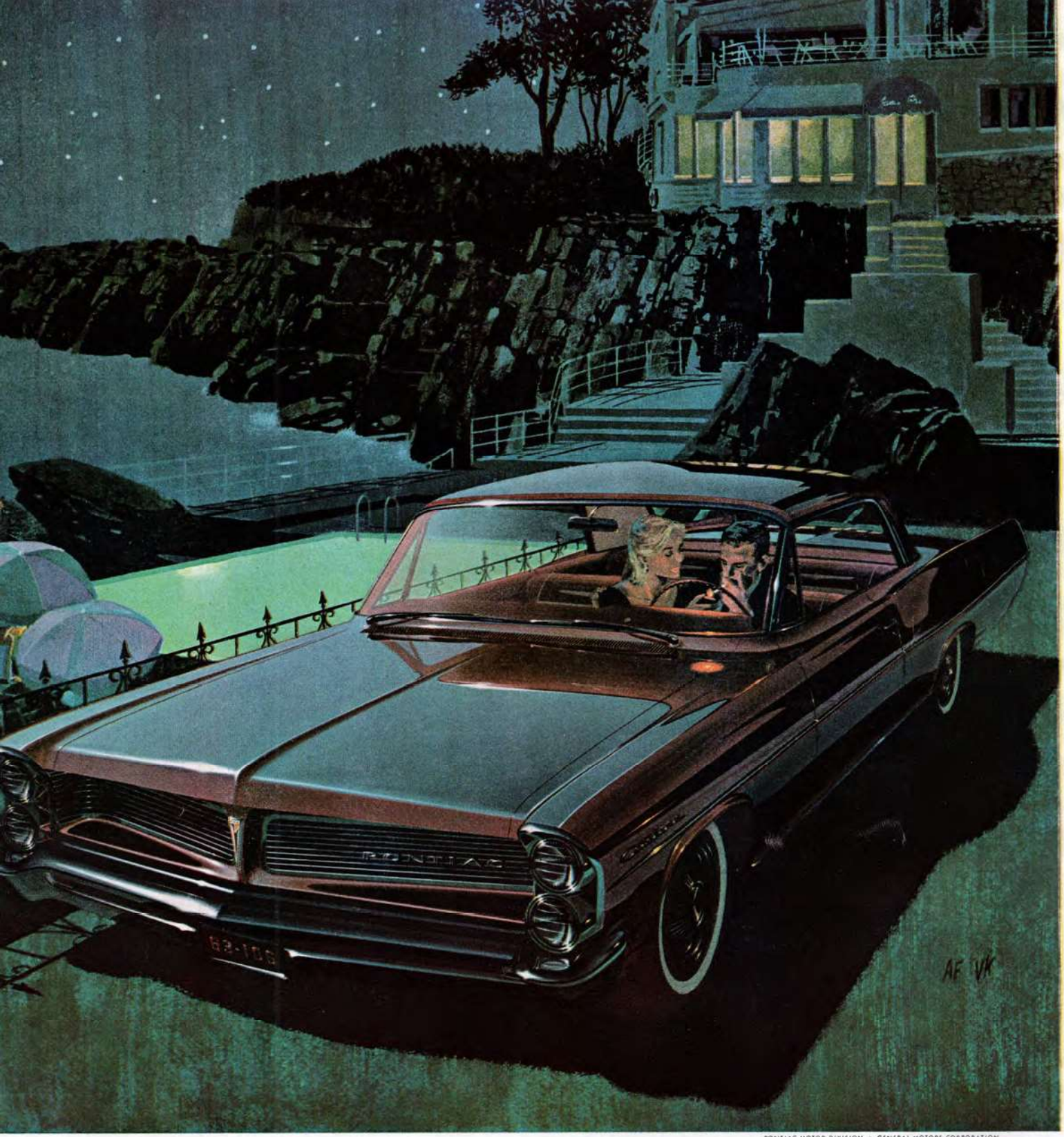

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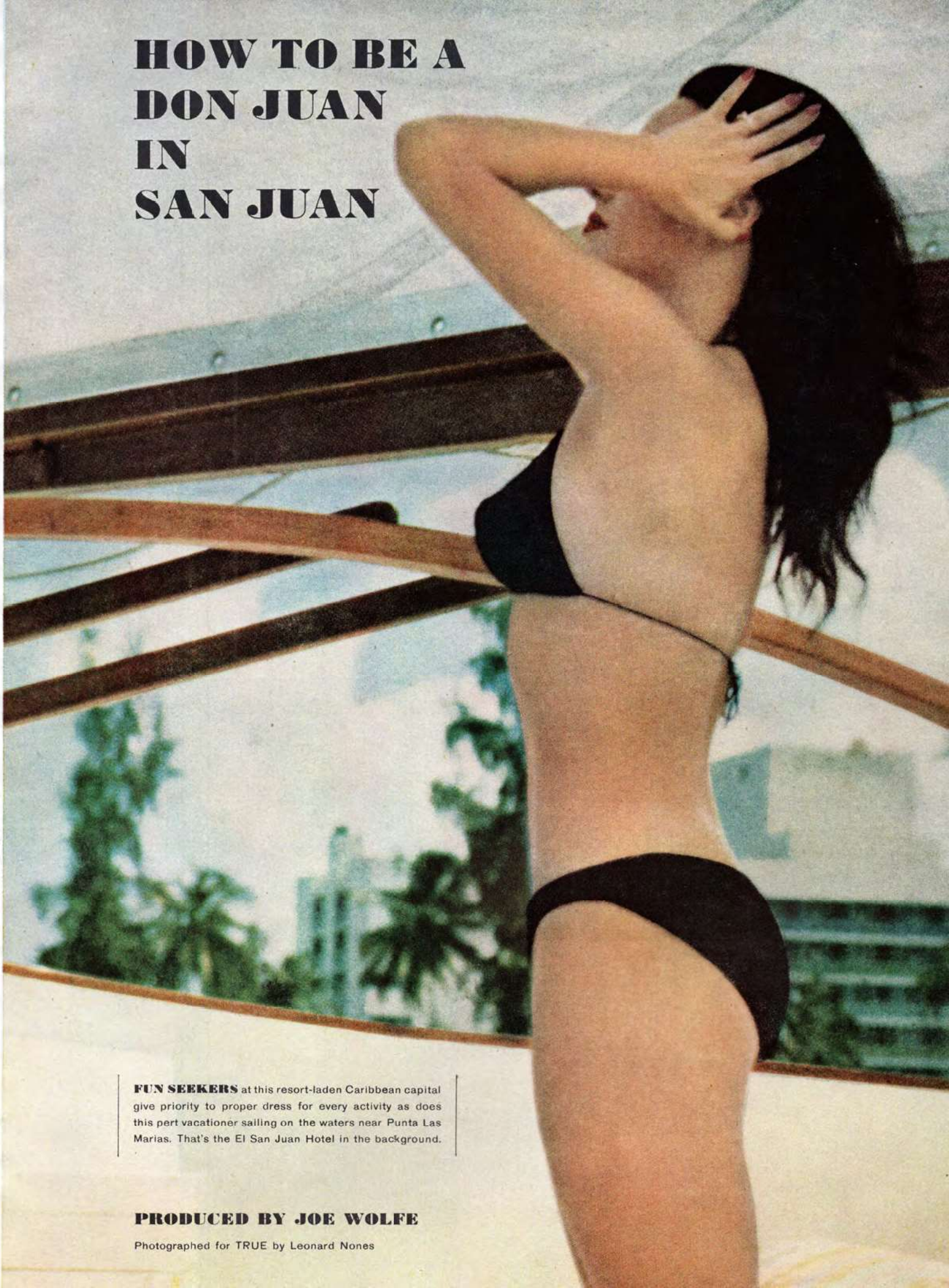
That question shouldn't take much thinking. Not when you consider how pleasant Pontiac makes your driving. For one thing, Pontiac's Wide-Track is wider than ever, to keep you sailing steadily along. You'll like the calm, unruffled ride, too—not to mention such niceties as self-adjusting brakes and the new Delcotron a.c. generator. And who's to stop you from doing a little admiring of your Pontiac's crisp good looks yourself, if you like? Not us, certainly. Not your Pontiac dealer—who's eagerly waiting to slip the keys into your hand.

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC '63

HOW TO BE A DON JUAN IN SAN JUAN

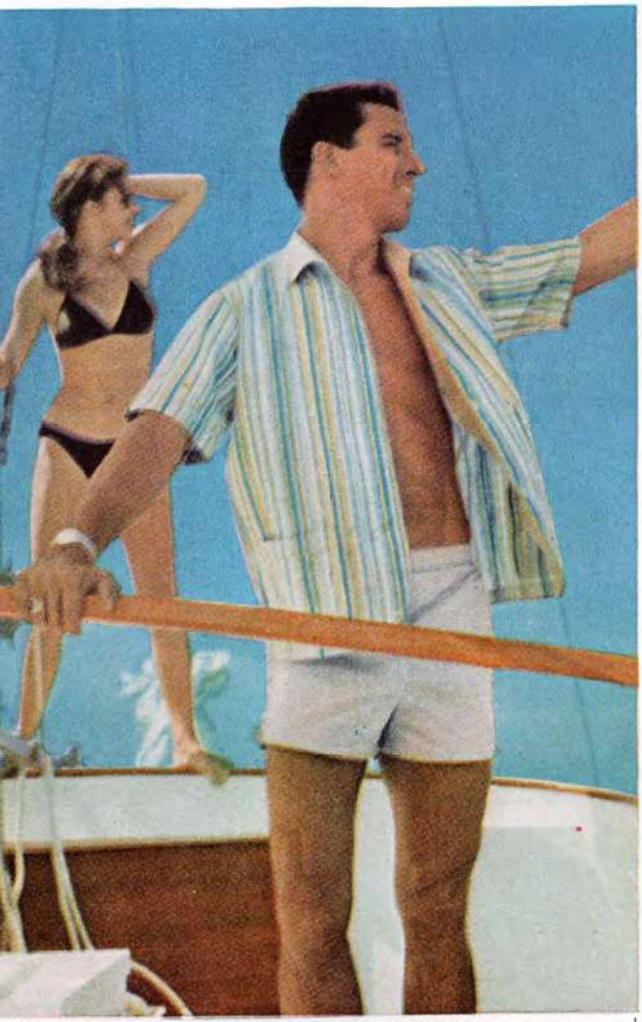


FUN SEEKERS at this resort-laden Caribbean capital give priority to proper dress for every activity as does this pert vacationer sailing on the waters near Punta Las Marias. That's the El San Juan Hotel in the background.

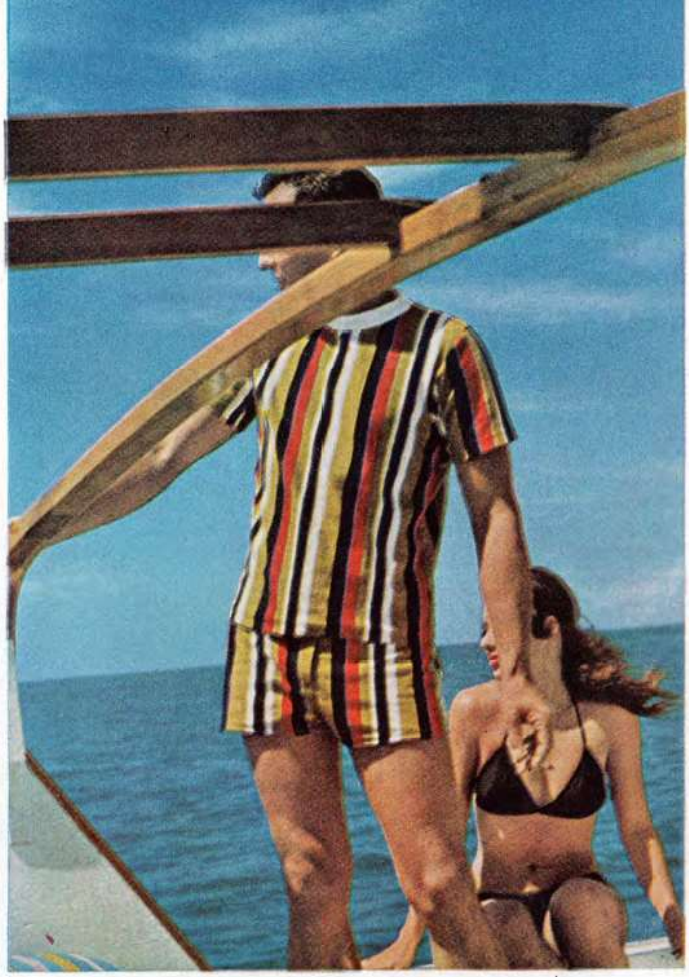
PRODUCED BY JOE WOLFE

Photographed for TRUE by Leonard Nones

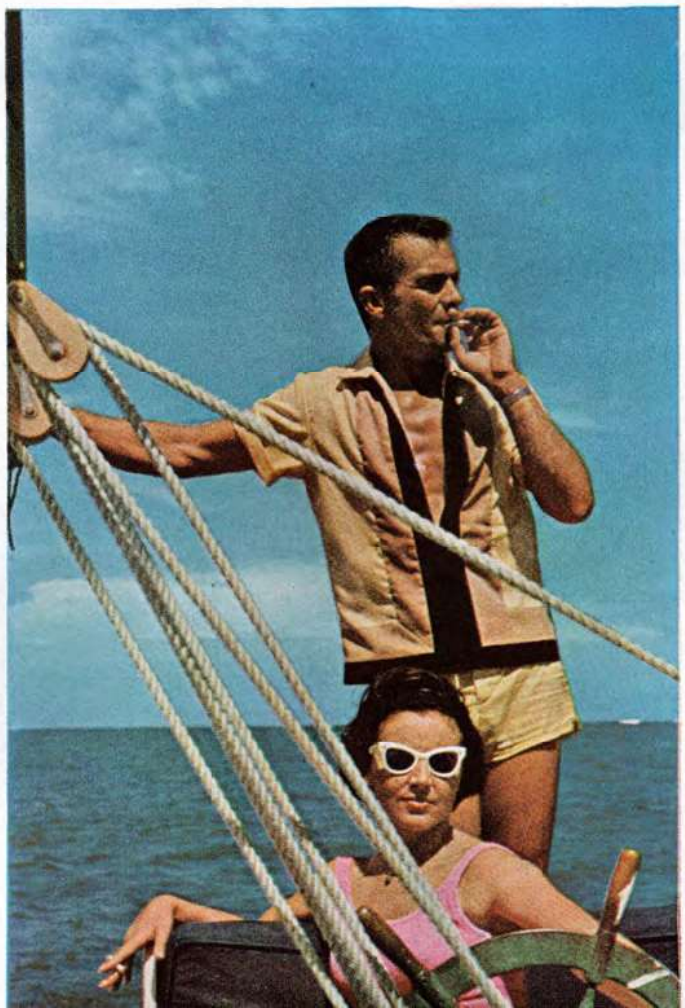
HOW TO BE A DON JUAN IN SAN JUAN



LOTS TO SEE as catamaran heads seaward. The Dacron-cotton outfit is an Italian inspiration but its color reminds one of a Caribbean Daiquiri. McGregor, $18.



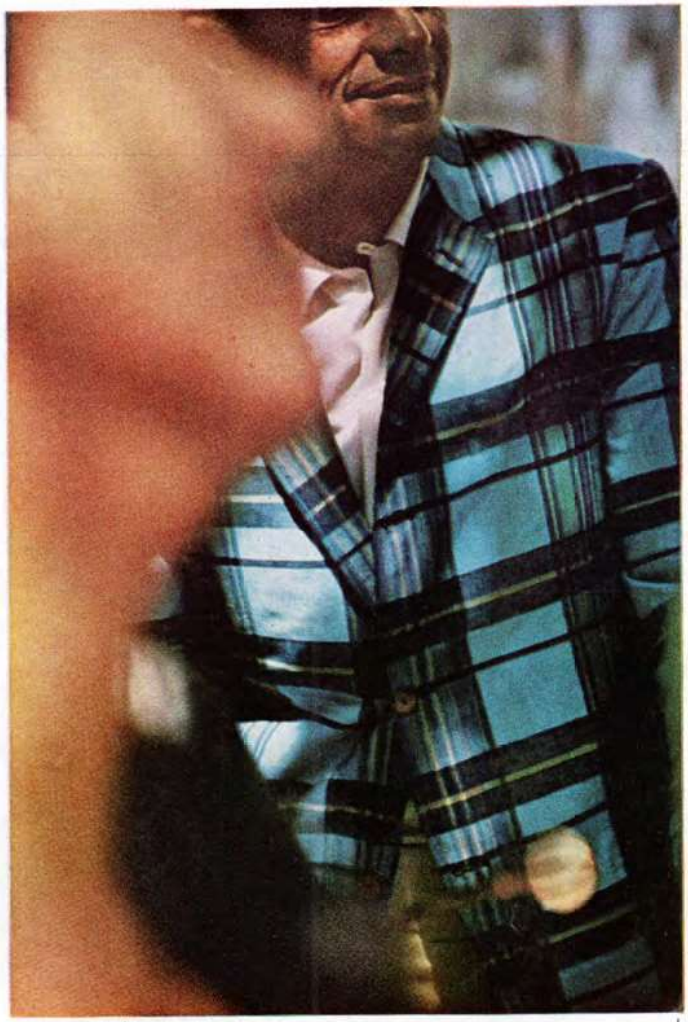
SIGNAL STRIPED knitted shirt and trunks in green, gold and seagoing navy blue parallel the trim, sturdy nautical lines of the boat. $12.95, by Catalina.



CAT SKIPPER Dave Dana enlists aid of an able body as he checks shore from stern of the Barefoot. He's wearing Jantzen all-cotton duck beach set, $13.90.

In sunny
Puerto Rico
Good Looking
and
Looking Good
share
the limelight

DENIM EFFECT of this jacket by Walnut Hill is achieved with alternating shades of blue multi-stripes. $37.50, in crease-resistant fabric of Arnel and rayon.



BOLD ELEPHANT madras fabric from India assures dapper wearer he'll stand out in a crowd. By McGregor, $35. Sportshirts on this page are by Manhattan.

UNCHECKED rhythm of maracas and steel drum is balanced by black, white and blue checked sportcoat of Fortrel and cotton. Designed by Stanley Blacker, $35.

The Case of the Murdering Children

[*Continued from page 39*]

and the slim brunette with her profound eyes and elusive smile captivated him. He boasted about his many talents and accomplishments, and Josette believed him. For the first time in his life the timid, bespectacled stammering youth felt himself a man. They saw each other regularly, and more, and when Josette told him she was pregnant, far from being apprehensive he was delighted, and asked her to marry him.

In view of Josette's condition the Bauer family overcame their objections to so young a marriage, and Doctor Bauer agreed to give his son a sufficient allowance for the couple to live in comfort without working.

Leo Geisser was less accommodating. He breathed fury and roared with rage at what Dicky had done to his darling daughter, the only beneficiary of his will. He said in plain terms what he thought of the aristocracy, and threatened to disinherit Josette if she went through with the ceremony. Josette, who had never been crossed in her life, merely laughed and told Dicky, "Never mind my father. We don't need him. We just need each other."

But Dicky's new-found pride was piqued. Mr. Geisser could not get away with saying such things about himself and his family. They must have a man-to-man talk. The day before the wedding he called on his future father-in-law at his office and was shown into Geisser's presence by a secretary. Geisser's greeting was hardly reassuring. "What do you want, you little sissie?" he demanded.

Dicky lost his nerve and began to stammer. Geisser banged his big engineer's fists on his desk and bellowed, "Get this straight, Bauer, as far as I am concerned you took advantage of a silly kid of 17. You are a namby pamby nitwit. Do you want me to let you know exactly what I think of you? Here it is."

Geisser slid lithely from behind the desk and brought his fist at the boy like a piston, catching Dicky in the midriff and doubling him up. Then the engineer spun him around, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants, and ran him through the outer office, where secretaries looked up in astonishment at what the boss was doing to his future son-in-law. Dicky's glasses fell over one ear. Out in the street he blubbered a little. At all costs, he told himself, Josette must never hear of this humiliation.

Josette had her child, a daughter, Dominique, in the spring of 1954. They both adored the baby, but it was obvious that the marriage was as futile as it had promised to be, with a grim possibility of turning into pure tragedy. Josette lived in a spoiled, petted, childish world of her own. If she did not have everything she wanted immediately, she pouted, cried, sulked. Dicky ran through his allowance at terrifying speed, buying her clothes, cars, holidays at Saint Moritz and Cannes. Physically she was highly developed, with a gorgeous figure, and sexually she was almost insatiable.

Her desires could be quite capricious, but it was when she insisted on learning to fly that the first serious step was taken on the road to disaster. The flying teacher was a good-looking, tough blond fellow called Georges Borgeaud, and the imagination of even the most casual paperback reader would scarcely be taxed to guess what was bound to happen when Borgeaud's hard blue eyes met Josette's limpid brown ones.

Predictably, Josette passed her tests and won her license, while Dicky failed his. Somehow his personal image of being a combination of Guy Gibson, V.C., and von Richthofen melted when he had to take the controls, and he trembled with terror. Borgeaud flew the couple to the Riviera, set Dicky some paper lessons on wind resistances, and led Josette by the hand to his own room. . . .

Dicky and Josette continued to give lavish parties to young Geneva socialites. There was endless jazz, whisky, ever new and ever faster cars, ever longer holidays in ever more luxurious European resorts. Georges Borgeaud had to be paid for, too. He seemed to have become a member of the family. Dicky estimated to his own horror that he was spending $20,000 a year on Josette's caprices alone. He had a reprieve when his father died, leaving him a large legacy, but that melted like snow in July.

By now Dicky was borrowing heavily from his mother, as well as spending family trust funds set up for little Dominique and selling investments his mother had asked him to manage. Principal was disappearing the way of dividend and interest. In mid-July, 1957, he was desperate, and faced the chilling prospect that within six months he had to render accounts to the family auditors. For the first time he began to talk about murder, and characteristically he mentioned it to Josette in a public restaurant, with Dominique eating chocolate éclairs by his side.

"My only chance to get real money will be when my mother dies," he said, taking a languid drag on his cigarette and feeling rather like Cary Grant in a Hitchcock movie. Unfortunately the stammer got in the way. "I think I shall m-murder her," he added.

"What a good idea, Dicky," said Josette, licking *crème* Chantilly from her red-tipped fingers, "you do that." She had just turned 20 years old.

"By God, I've g-got a better idea," Dicky exclaimed. "I shall kill your father. You are his only child. He never did cut you out of his will. He is worth a fortune."

Josette gave her husband an up-and-down glance with her large baby eyes. "Don't get into a fight with *him,*" she advised sardonically. "He is twice your size. He would eat you. Or if you do it, take a revolver." She took Dominique's hand. "Come, *ma petite,* Daddy is taking us home."

What Josette said was unfortunately true. Geisser used his fists to settle all problems. In his daydreams Dicky regularly floored the bully. In real life as well as in nightmares he recalled his humiliation on the eve of the wedding, and Geisser became simply too big to kill, a kind of ogrish giant, invulnerable. That night Dicky's best friend, Gerard Paget, came to dinner. Josette found him attractive.

Nevertheless, the conversation in the Geneva restaurant had impressed the woman-child Josette. She seemed to grow more adult with the idea, and she and Dicky discussed it frequently and seriously. Dicky should buy a revolver, they agreed, but he had better get it abroad, preferably through the underworld—how romantic that sounded to Dicky—because in Switzerland the number of the revolver would be noted. To Dicky the underworld meant Marseilles, so off he went, leaving Josette free for an illicit weekend with Gerard Paget.

By prearrangement with Dicky, Josette drove to Annecy on the French side of the border and picked him up. Together they managed to smuggle into Switzerland the revolver, and a switchblade which Dicky had bought for good measure. Dicky had found the revolver through a Marseilles prostitute, and he had paid a small fortune for it. He had a strong idea that he had been gypped, but how much so he did not realize until he tried it out in the cellar of his house. It fired once and then jammed hopelessly. It was useless. Mortified beyond words, Dicky hurled it petulantly into a corner and wept. Even as the tears fell, the cellar filled itself with malevolent ghosts—ghosts of his mother's auditors checking the family finances, and above all the growling ghost of Leo Geisser.

Josette was now engaged in all-out love affairs with both Borgeaud and Paget, a fact known and giggled over by all the jet set of Geneva, in which the Bauers were such free-spending members. Only Dicky did not seem to realize that he was being cuckolded by two of his closest friends. While Josette went out dancing with one or other of her lovers, Dicky was almost suspiciously acquiescent about staying home and baby-sitting. The fact was that Dicky had taken up a hobby. He was fashioning a bludgeon, an elaborate affair made of a sawed-off broom handle weighted with lead and studded with sharp nails. He tested it carefully for heft and balance.

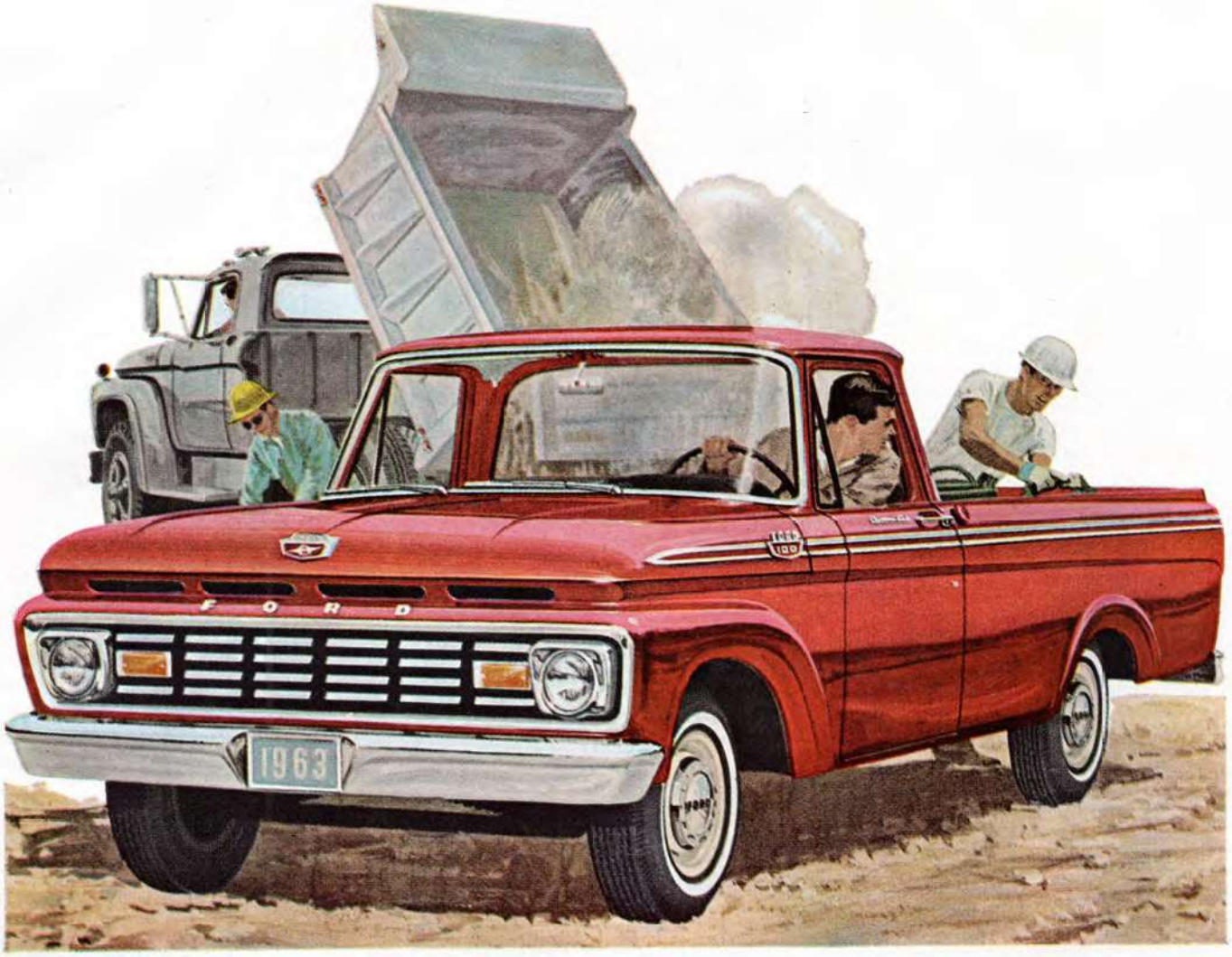
Several versions were to come out in court of what happened on the night of

COMING . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON: HERO WITHOUT A HALO

He drank and he gambled, he eyed a pretty ankle—and he still became father of our land. Don't miss this provocative story about the man behind the image.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE



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'63 FORD PICKUPS

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November 8, 1957. Certain it was that Dicky sat moodily in a chair as Josette dressed for a dance she was going to with Gerard Paget at the Domino, a nightclub outside Geneva. He watched her pull on her Dior stockings. Over her Italian silk underwear she zipped a Cardin dress, then dabbed on her French perfume and threw over her beautiful shoulders her mink coat. With a final touch at her *coiffe* she was ready. Even in rich Switzerland there were few girls as pretty or as elegant as Josette Bauer.

Over Dicky's face a familiar film of imagination had settled. He was on his magic carpet again and off into a world of dreams. He was a fearless prowler of the night, a man who saw without being seen, who killed ruthlessly without leaving a trace.

A car klaxon broke his dreams. Gerard was waiting outside. Josette kissed Dicky in a perfunctory manner on the cheek and hurried out. Dicky went to the closet and pulled on an old nondescript raincoat, into the poacher's pocket of which he slipped the bludgeon and the switchblade. He put on some black suede gloves and left by the back door.

The night was bitterly cold. Geisser had dined and wined well with a friend at his club, but left early because he was expecting a visit from his latest mistress, a rather blowsy blonde. They both arrived at Geisser's big house at the same time, and kissed each other at the garden gate. Geisser suddenly froze as he saw a dark figure in the garden.

"Get to the nearest café," he snapped. "This might be your husband."

For a moment there was a silence, suddenly made more intense by the click-clicking of spiked heels hurrying away into the night. Geisser waited until the girl was safely gone, then he took a step toward the lurking figure. Dicky moved out of the shadows, and the street light flashed on the blade in his left hand. In his right he held the bludgeon.

Geisser recognized him and gave a shout of derisive laughter. "The sad sap himself!" he exclaimed. Desperately staunching his ebbing courage, Dicky sprang, and his bludgeon caught Geisser a glancing blow on the skull. The sharp nails ripped the flesh and blood sprang in spouts from the big man's face. Geisser snarled in pain and clubbed Dicky to the ground with his fist. Dicky ducked a foot aimed at his face, scrambled to his feet and struck again. The skull cracked, but still Geisser came at him, lunging for his throat. Geisser's blood sprayed over him. Feeling his strength going, Dicky thrust with the switchblade, driving it through layers of cloth into flesh. Geisser grunted and his hold slackened. . . .

In the nightclub: soft lights, good orchestra, and a half-empty champagne bottle lying in melting ice at a deserted table. Gerard dancing with skilled laziness. Josette floating with her eyes closed, her head on Gerard's shoulder staining his dinner jacket with face powder. Friends at adjoining tables looking at them, looking at each other, smiling conspiratorially.

. . . . Panting to the point of suffocation, Dicky looked down at the body of Geisser until it ceased to twitch. He had stabbed and stabbed until his father-in-law was dead. Now although perspiration mixed with the blood on his face, he shuddered with cold. He turned and ran. Not until 20 minutes later, much too late to return, did he remember that he had left the bludgeon at the scene of the crime. He cursed. As though it helped in some fashion, he went out of his way to throw the knife into a lake, and made his way home.

Josette drove home with Gerard, gave him a last kiss and stepped out of his sports car, which roared insolently off into the night. Seeing lights in the house, she was vaguely surprised. She went in, paused before the mirror to see how she looked, and noted that her lipstick was smudged, but did not bother to do anything about it. She was slightly drunk. She found her husband in the bathroom, naked, washing blood from his clothes and tending to his raw scratches. In a few words he told her that he had killed her father, and how it happened.

Far more impressed by Dicky's unexpected guts than distressed at her father's untimely demise, Josette sat down in the dressing-table chair, breathless. Whether she was surprised or not was a matter debated at great length four years later. At any rate she said calmly, "Those scratches are a dead giveaway. When the police see them you are done for."

Dicky was too tensed up, too excited to worry about that. Josette saw she would have to do the thinking for both. She bit her lip, lit a cigarette and pondered. She thought of little Dominique sleeping peacefully. Josette clenched her small teeth in determination and swore that Dominique would never be known as or know herself to be the child of a murderer.

But what about an alibi? She mused for minute after long minute as she watched Dicky, wincing, dabbing a septic pencil on his cuts. How could those cuts be explained in a way that would satisfy the police? Who could have given them to him? An intriguing thought came to Josette: *I could, in a domestic squabble. But over what? Over Dominique. No, the neighbors know we never quarrel about Dominique. My infidelity! That's it! Dicky has found out about it. A perfect alibi.* But Josette ran into a snag. In a battle that had given Dicky such a bloody mauling, how come she was unscathed?

She stood up and began to take off her clothes. When she was naked, she said, "Dicky, take your belt and whip me."

Startled, the ruthless murderer stammered, "W-what?"

Josette repeated what she had said.

Dicky asked, "W-why?"

As she would to a child, Josette explained the alibi she had in mind. Without enthusiasm, the murderer took the belt and whistled it once or twice through the air. "I can't," he said. "I just can't."

Josette stamped her bare foot in impatience. "For heaven's sake, why not?" she demanded.

"W-well," said Dicky feebly, "you never have been unfaithful to me, have you?"

His wife laughed harshly. "Are you kidding?" she burst out about Georges Borgeaud, the tough flier and athlete who was almost everything Dicky would have loved to be and wasn't. She made some specific comparisons between the virile Georges and the almost impotent Dicky. She did not stop even when Dicky was lashing at her with all his strength. She laughed in his face until she collapsed, and even then, semi-conscious, watching the blood seep from her weals onto the tiled floor, she went on laughing to herself.

The following morning proved to be something of an anti-climax. The newspapers telephoned, but the austere Swiss press does not make much of murder. The police called, but merely to notify them of the death. Josette received them gravely and invited them to sit down. They did not inquire about Dicky at all.

"Won't you sit down, too, Madame Bauer?" the police chief asked.

"No, thank you," said Josette quickly.

It was the beginning of two years of police detection carried on with the inefficiency for which the Swiss police service is justly famous in crimes of passion. And oddly enough, in an accidental and amateurish way, Dicky and Josette had carried out a remarkably clever murder. Geisser, with his violence, his filthy temper, and his appetite for women, had made countless enemies. The police first descended on the husband of Geisser's mistress and gave him a grilling that lasted for weeks. Next they arrested a former workman in Geisser's factory, who had been fired and had sworn to "get him." These were only two of those known to loathe Geisser who were investigated. The rabbitlike Dicky, with his glasses and his stammer, was not on the list of suspects at all.

For Dicky and Josette the murder resulted in everything turning out as planned. Geisser's precision-instrument factory, worth a quarter of a million dollars, was left to her, plus a comfortable income and the money from his life-insurance policy. Piously, Dicky offered a $500 reward for information leading to the capture of the murderer.

The Bauers moved from their own small house into Geisser's more palatial home, where they had deep pile carpets laid, and installed a mirrored cocktail bar. Then, when the final papers for the transfer of Geisser's money had been completed, they gave a big cocktail party to celebrate. The grimness of drinking dry Martinis on the money of the father

COMING . . .

LET'S STOP THE CANSHAKERS' SHAKEDOWN!

Are you being robbed in the name of charity? Where does the money really go? Don't miss this shocking report

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

they themselves had murdered is something that touches an almost Macbeth-like horror.

Now began more than a year of fabulous spending for Dicky, Josette and, of course, Georges, whom Dicky was still not man enough to get rid of. The Bauers' Plymouth convertible sped along the Promenade des Anglais in Nice and the Croisette in Cannes. Josette water-skied, and when the snows fell they checked in for the winter at Gstaad and Saint Moritz, or sought the balmy climate of the Canary Islands. Josette had her eyes on a beautiful horse she wanted to buy. It was a gorgeous, careless, gluttonous life which, for some reason, made nobody happy. Dicky was wretched because he continued to adore Josette, but was unable to make love to her.

And Josette was having nightmares. Once she woke up screaming in the arms of Georges Borgeaud. "I know who killed my father!" she cried. "It's horrible. And I can never tell."

Meanwhile, the police had exhausted the vengeance motive in the Geisser murder, and had found no new trail to follow. Then the Bauers' big cocktail party shifted their thinking, and they began to investigate whether the crime might have been committed for gain. When the Swiss police start to think in terms of money they become a different species altogether, highly efficient. They checked Dicky's financial state before the murder, and it was a revelation. They called again at Dicky's home. Dicky was away, and Josette greeted them nervously. They combed the house and left, and Josette was almost immediately on the telephone to Georges. "It's very worrying," she said. "They took away bits of the broom handle which we had to cut to fit the broom into a smaller space."

Laboratory tests with the handle bits established that they came from the same piece of wood which had supplied the bludgeon used on Geisser. The case was solved—an investigation stretching into years had finally discovered what could have been established in 24 hours. In April, 1959, Dicky and Josette were arrested, and after one week's interrogation Dicky Bauer confessed.

At first he tried to protect Josette, although his love was sorely tried. His cell was under hers, and every day he saw Georges Borgeaud faithfully waiting outside the prison. Georges had been fired as an airline pilot when the story broke, for no reason one can think of except going to bed with Josette. He had taken a job as a taxi-driver.

Learning of the events that had gone on almost under his nose, Georges was in a state bordering on shock. "Josette is a baby," he insisted dazedly. "She is a little sex kitten. She doesn't deserve prison. She deserves to have her bottom spanked, and then get a good normal husband. I intend to wait for her."

But was this a just assessment of a girl who had conspired against her own father? Of all forms of murder, few are more ugly than parricide, and this was carried out not in the heat of the moment but in cold blood after months of preparation. Geisser's crime was that he had spoiled her too much as a child, that he had objected to a marriage any other father would have objected to, and that he had not been tough enough to do as he threatened: cut her out of his will—had he done so, he would be alive today. It was obvious even before the trial that Josette had a severe penalty to pay.

Dicky, in his cell, began to seethe with jealousy. He heard Josette call out to the man in the street, "Georges, I love you," something she had never said to him in their seven years of marriage. When he was told by the police that Josette had also had an affair with Paget, he turned on her. "She advised me," he shouted. "She told me to use a revolver on her father, or I wouldn't stand a chance. We first discussed faking a car accident, but it was too difficult. So was poisoning. She even drove me to Geisser's house so that we could reconnoiter!"

That was the end for Josette.

It was to be expected that she would provide a field day for Swiss psychiatrists, who prodded her mentally with all the joy that scientists show in studying a new type of specimen. Josette—still in her early 20s, enchantingly pretty and child-like, loving beautiful things, still carrying the scars of the beating she had goaded Dicky into giving her. They decided she was slightly subnormal, a little girl of 13 who had never grown up and never would—a woman, in fact, who was a child, a murderous child. They added unofficially that she was probably a nymphomaniac, although personally aware only of a strong need for sex.

In the snaillike fashion of European law, Dicky and Josette stayed in jail awaiting trial until October, 1961. The proceedings were the sensation of Geneva. Since the case against Dicky Bauer was open-and-shut, all the interest was packed into the degree of Josette's guilt. Josette pleaded in prim, educated-schoolgirl phrases that she had let Dicky go ahead with the plans because he was always full of Walter Mitty dreams that came to nothing. She testified nervously, sometimes weeping ("Play-acting," commented a woman in the public galleries). Over and over she pleaded her innocence. The defense, skillfully conducted by a pretty woman lawyer, Maitre Janine Didisheim, produced a second statement from Dicky denying his accusation and saying, "I was jealous. I have prayed for the courage to tell the truth . . . Josette is innocent." He also offered to give Josette a divorce in prison so that she could marry Georges.

But the state was unrelenting. "This is an evil woman," the prosecuting counsel declared, "who drove her husband to murder her own father."

Dicky Bauer was too much of a worm even to go near his father-in-law again, after his first experience, unless he was driven to it by his tough little minx of a wife. Dicky's second statement made no sense except in the context of his dream-world. He was playing his latest role. He was Sydney Carton in *Tale of Two Cities*, awaiting the guillotine in prison: "It is a far far better thing I do now. . . ."

The jury agreed with the prosecution. Both Dicky and Josette were found guilty. Dicky was sentenced to 15 years' hard labor. Josette, because of poor health, was given only seven. That night Josette tried to hang herself with sheets attached to overhead pipes. She was cut down just in time.

Some time in 1966, or perhaps before, a pretty woman not yet 30 years of age, having paid the state's penalty for killing her father, will leave Geneva prison. She will be free to put her past behind her, and to marry the man who is waiting for her. Her money will spare her from undue hardship. Perhaps a ghost will haunt her, but we know Josette by now and we know it is unlikely. She will kiss her 12-year-old daughter, change her name to Borgeaud, drink champagne to celebrate, and have herself a ball. I have described it. Don't ask me to explain it.

—Geoffrey Bocca and Ingrid Etter

TRUE

"We've already told him twice that you're here."

JANUARY'S WINDS MAY BE WHISTLING AS YOU READ THIS, BUT NEXT SUMMER'S BOAT CRUISES SHOULD BEGIN NOW— WITH PLANNING, CHART STUDIES, BOAT SHOW BROWSING AND A GLEAM IN THE SKIPPER'S EYE. TO HELP THE MID-WINTER MARINER ALONG TRUE PRESENTS

5 new waterways

BY WM. TAYLOR McKEOWN

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN ERSEL

■ Step into a pleasure boat this year and you can cruise farther than ever before. That's because there's more water around. The continent's not sinking, but the U.S. is creating new waterways and trying to conserve the water it already has. New dams and dredging, access roads and launching facilities are opening up hundreds of wet new miles for small craft to explore.

Most new pleasure boats can cover more water in less time and with greater reliability. With more comfort too, and this means a full-length vacation afloat can be planned with the whole family along. You can still rough it, if you insist, but you can also go cruise-exploring in 1963 with most of the comforts from home aboard.

Some boatmen claim they get their kicks tied up and partying in a harbor. But the real fun of a boat is to use it for the pleasures it alone can deliver—taking you somewhere across the water. Adventure may have passed from the average mountain and plain, and paved highways packed with traffic haven't helped the so-called lure of the open road. But offshore there are the same challenging waves and calm seas, solitude and satisfaction, quiet bays and unspoiled anchorages—all waiting much the same as they have since Noah took up houseboating.

Detailed planning in advance can double your cruising success, and now is the time to begin. February is none too early; this is the season to buy your new boat or consider trading the old one; select new gear and repair the rusty; get equipped for family cruising. It's a good time to assign crew duties as well and send Junior off to seamanship class. You'll be trying out new waters and a good foredeck man ready to let go the anchor when you shout makes for happy team training and a shipshape cruise.

You can be a first-time boatman and still tackle any of the five cruise areas we describe here. All start out along well known passages, and then add a chance to explore some lesser known waters as well. And if we leave out your favorite cruise region, you are lucky. It means you've done some boating there already, and know the satisfaction of taking on waterways that are new.

How much water is covered during vacation days doesn't really matter, and it's better that way. The regions outlined here could keep a boatman busy from a day to nearly a lifetime. Picking a cabin cruiser or runabout, a houseboat, trailer craft, or sailing auxiliary will depend on where you choose to cruise. Use your own, if it's the right type, or you might rent one when you arrive.

Learning a cruise area is easier now than ever. If you've never been there before, ask friends or other boatmen—they'll jump at the chance to give advice. Stop by your local filling station and find out if the gasoline company prepares free cruising charts. Many do, and the attendant can either order them for you, or tell you where to write. These aids don't go into great detail, but they do point out places of interest, distances between ports, waterside facilities where you can stop for fuel, and numbers of the official charts you should use.

You get the real details of the waters and shorelines from U.S. Coast & Geodetic Charts when your cruise follows coastal waters. At about $1 apiece, they're among the best boating bargains you'll ever find. Coast Pilot books for around $2.50 can also be ordered from the U.S. C. & G. S., Washington 25, D. C., or directly from many marine dealers. For the Great Lakes, charts and the *Great Lakes Pilot* are published by the U.S. Lake Survey of the Army Corps of Engineers, 630 Federal Building, Detroit 26, Michigan. Mississippi and Missouri River charts are also prepared by the Army Engineers for what surely must be minimum cost prices. You can spend years studying these charts and plotting someday cruises; many people do. Registration numbers on visitor boats are usually recognized by other states. From the Outboard Boating Club of America, 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois, you can get excellent free summaries of boat and trailer laws for every state, and for $1, you can get a special detailed handbook of pertinent laws for all of the north central states.

Old salts will scoff at the skipper who carries road maps. They can be dangerous if you try to navigate offshore with them, but they frequently give excellent data about ports and points of interest. So do the Tour Guides supplied to American Automobile Association members, as well as any number of books in your local library and book store. Don't turn down any source of aid to your water trip—whether it's authentically nautical or not. Write to state travel bureaus, chambers of commerce, and check accommodations with local travel agents as well.

The same holds true for your cruise equipment aboard. Bring afloat the same shoreside accessories that make camping so much easier these days: the dehydrated and canned foods, plastic dishes, and the instant coffee, milk, soups, and nearly everything else. Not the gasoline camp stove, however. It's a fire hazard in a rolling boat.

Yet don't substitute land equivalents for husky and sometimes more expensive marine gear and hardware. The clothesline that works fine in the backyard will promptly part when used as a makeshift anchor rope. Housepaint on a hull can dissolve when exposed to salt water, and smooth-soled sneakers may turn to roller skates on a wet deck.

Electronic navigation aids like depth sounders, direction finders, and radio telephones were once considered pretty exotic equipment suitable only for big yachts. Now small portable jobs are available, and even a car-top or trailer boat can be fitted with them. This year's boatman should be able to tell where he is all the time, even while cruising new waters.

So it's not what kind of boat you have but the enjoyment you get from it that counts. Plan to take your time and cover only half the cruise if you find a perfect place to stop along the way. With proper preparations, any boat can be used for some cruise this summer. And if you can't wait, you can head for Florida right now. [*Turn page*]

FLORIDA'S GOLDEN COAST

OUR SOUTHERNMOST STATE has never been shy about showing off its tourist attractions. A look at any atlas reveals it pointing a pudgy peninsula southeast at some of the finest, clearest cruising waters in the country.

Even the bathing beauties that have been appearing all winter in Sunday supplements are really there, sunning along the shores and, if your wife will agree, you can take a girl-watching cruise along the sheltered inland waterways of Florida's Atlantic-edge Gold Coast. But girls go west to the Gulf as well, and waiting there also are warm waters that are almost unrivaled anywhere in America's semitropics.

Find Fort Myers on a map if you are arriving by land, or on a chart if you're lucky enough to have crossed Florida 110 miles east to west through the St. Lucie Canal from Stuart, around Lake Okeechobee, and down the "beautiful river" that translates to Caloosahatchee in the language of the Seminoles.

Here, from Fort Myers we start our cruise on a course that will cover 200 miles up the state to Tarpon Springs. The route was chosen for the many pleasures of the passage—and the many places to go astray from it, on purpose. At almost any point a family can drop anchor or head inland up sheltered jungle streams to tie up for the night or even a week, and save the rest of the voyage for another year. And again, for the adventurers, there are special backwaters to explore where a look at the chart will show that even the map makers are not sure of each small floating island.

For this passage let's choose an 18 to 25 footer with twin outboards or an inboard-outboard drive for power, and room to sleep two or more aboard. We're going to tackle thin-going on occasion, and until you've gone native and learned to read depths from the clear colors of the water you're likely to drag a prop here and there. Best to explore these lagoons with a lower unit that will tip up over an old log (or alligator) and one where shear pin changes are no production. With the motels and marinas along this route, it's possible to live aboard or plan to sleep each night ashore. The Florida Development Commission, Tallahassee, Florida, will send you their boating facility guide and can advise about cruise areas. In answer to accommodation inquiries, the Chamber of Commerce of any Florida town usually gets brochures back to you by return mail. (Sometimes airmail.)

Let's get a morning start from any one of the nine marinas in Fort Myers and, with the sun behind us, ease the 20 miles down to the Gulf of Mexico. It may be those old tropic isle movies with Dorothy Lamour, but for any northerner who did not fight in the South Pacific, there seems something special about a river edged by real palm trees with ibis and pelicans overhead. Even palm fronds and coconuts floating by are romantic until you foul one with your propeller. The stump end of a palm is tough enough to bend a blade; learn to steer clear of them if you can.

Past the busy housing development to starboard at Cape Coral, the river first narrows and then widens into San Carlos Bay. No need to head offshore, however. Instead we hook in behind the world's most famous shell collecting island, tilt our stern drive, and idle into the beach at Sanibel. Narrow enough to walk across, the island, and Captiva above it, seem to sort out each tide and strew the beaches with the finest of colored shells. If this pastime palls on the kids, turn them loose with shovels. Pirates are supposed to have planted their coin collections here long ago.

Up through Pine Island Sound, the small islets, called keys here, form a barrier breakwater that protects waterway boats from the offshore seas. All spring tarpon thrash in here through Boca Grande Pass. If you can resist these insolent fighters that jump close enough to spray water across your cockpit, you're ready to head up Gasparilla Sound.

A look out the pass will give an idea if seas are rolling in before a northwest wind. With unfavorable sloppy conditions, a cruise up Charlotte Harbor to Punta Gorda is indicated instead. Two of Florida's most beautiful rivers, the Peace and Myakka flow out here, yet they're usually overlooked except by flotillas of largemouth bass.

If weather favors, we can run outside the island named for pirate José Gaspar and on 32 miles up the Gulf to the Casey Pass inlet at Venice. A long discussed canal is finally scheduled here, and within three or four years this missing link in the Intracoastal Waterway will be supplied. Then our cruise can be completed all the way in protected water; all the way, in fact, from Tarpon Springs to New Jersey.

When the Gulf is calm, the trip may continue offshore to Tampa Bay. The alternate run goes into sheltered water to the friendly town of Venice, and on up past the town named after deSota's daughter Sara. Winter quarters for the circus, 12 marinas, the Ringling Museum, and Lido public beach are among Sarasota's attractions.

And if the seas are running and you have to head in? Venice has a jetty which usually helps, except in the usual northwester. As Gulf Coast boating expert Red Marston states: "In a building sea, there are no good inlets; some are just better than others."

Tampa Bay is nearly 30 miles long and offers great variety in boating activities. St. Petersburg at the port hand on entering is known as the sailing capital of the South, although Yankee and Cardinal baseball fans feel it could make the spring sports pages even without water on three sides. For antiquarians, Tampa's Ybor City sector still reflects some of the feel of old Havana.

Back along the Intracoastal, Clearwater comes next with large municipal yacht basin and beaches nearby. Start this cruise from here at the end of June and you can join an annual four day boat-a-cade that follows the waterway back down to Fort Myers.

Last lap for our personal tour is a run north to Anclote Key's wild life refuge and shelling beaches, and then a swing back southwest 18 miles into Tarpon Springs. Center of Florida's sponge industry, colorful Greek workboats and cooking, the harbor itself seems to wander on and on. End of the cruise? The town has 23 more miles of winding waterfront to explore.

And now—a look at waterways waiting for next time. Once this added treasure chart is rolled out, boatmen have been known to drive north through snowstorms, sell the house, and move back down to start catching up on a lifetime of cruising.

North from Tarpon Springs, the going gets more rugged, but follow marked channels into mouthful rivers like Chassahowitzka, Homosassa, or the Withlacoochee at Yankeetown (near Crackertown, of course) and the picture changes to a royal ride upstream past rustic fishing camps and through corridors of cypress, cedar, and Australian pine.

Again north, 95 miles above Tampa, Cedar Key's fishing village is the jumping off spot for Stephen Foster's Suwannee River. Though he took the name from an atlas while composing "Old Folks at Home," even hardened Florida natives who have actually cruised its shoal 110 twisting miles call it magnificent. Eventually it disappears in Georgia's Okefenokee Swamp.

Or for mystery, talk to the boatmen

who know the strange mazes below Marco. Here again there is first an outside run down to Naples' 11 hospitable marinas, but then the trail tracks inland past Marco Island and into the 10,000 Islands that edge the Everglades National Park. Uninhabited mangrove keys, some with small white sand beaches, could hide renegade pirates here for years. Once they did, and today they can enchant cruising families for an equal length of time. ■

ON THE FATHER OF WATERS

"By the mark, twain," the lead man on the forward deck sang back. High above in the wheel house, pilot Sam Clemens knew the lead line soundings showed two fathoms—six feet of safe water below the six feet drawn by the big riverboat.

By the time he was 25, Clemens had left the Mississippi to head west for frontier lands and to become a writer with the pen name Mark Twain. But the steamboats round the bend, the islands, sand bars, and surge of the Father of Waters always came flooding back from memory for Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn to explore.

Ashore the Wild West is gone, but afloat the challenge is still here and boatmen right now can easily still find the sweeping charm the Mississippi had for Mark Twain.

Tom and Huck were happy on the river without formal seamanship training, modern craft, and reliable motors. So there is no reason why families who have never tried boating before shouldn't also plan this year to taste the adventure of a river cruise.

A light aluminum car-top or trailer craft can be brought along from home. Boat by day and camp ashore or sleep in a motel by night. Or rent a boat to live aboard when you arrive. Try it out at slow speeds in calm waters and the feel for handling will come almost immediately. Pick a quiet section of the river where you and your family can practice with the craft in wind and current so you will know how to maneuver when pulling in to a dock.

Go to La Crosse, Wisconsin, for instance and rent a houseboat from Upper Mississippi Cruises. An operating lesson is included in the charter. They provide a 36-foot steel-hulled *River Queen* that costs a group of six $30 apiece for a week of exploring the upper river in May, June, or the brillant color months of the fall. A smaller family, of course, could also charter one. Try it for three days for $100, or a week for the $175; it's $250 a week during mid-summer months, and what a honeymoon cottage one would make. You can even carry your car-top boat along on the cabin roof. Outboard or inboard-outboard power allow tilting up the propeller and beaching for sandbar picnics along the river. Speeds average eight to 10 knots.

North from St. Louis, to Minneapolis 26 dams have chained the ravaging floods that once roared downstream, and the boating waters that result can be cruised alone or along on that new outboard invention, the boat-a-cade. In Des Moines, Iowa, Bruce Jones, boat dealer of Boat-a-Rama, Inc., and the city's outboard club stage a yearly cruise that could be the pattern for exploring the upper Mississippi. This outing starts mid-summer when 30 or more boats are trailed 170 miles from Des Moines to Guttenburg. There, 100 club members and guests launch the boats and pile aboard for their annual 424-mile "Tall Corn Fun-A-Float" to Hudson, Minnesota, and back again.

Planning starts months in advance—what to wear, what to bring, where to stop for the night and alternate camps if a summer squall blows up. Traveling in a group, newcomers to locking through get friendly advice from the more experienced for the eight locks that must be passed going up and down the river. Before this group's cruise, lockmasters were all notified ahead of time to minimize delays. Instruction was offered on how to moor for the night out of the wash of passing tows, the way to pick the windward side of islands to pitch tents so that the dew could dry quickly in the morning.

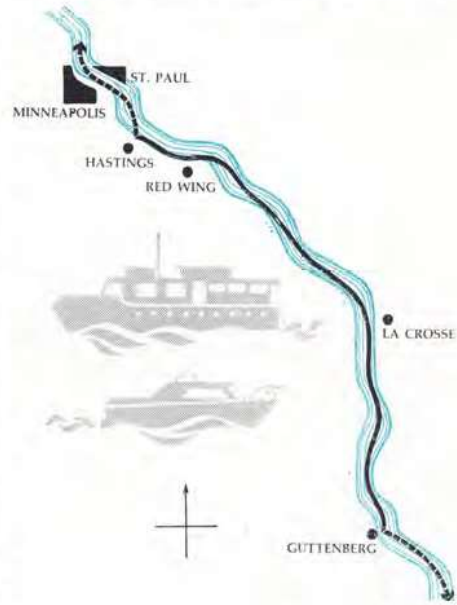
A look at the "Tall Corn Cruise" itinerary gives a good sample pattern for a taste of river passage. Starting on a Monday, the group leaves Guttenburg, Iowa, at 9 a.m. with the first fuel stop 50 miles north at Lansing, at 10:45, after passing through one lock. Lunch was at La Crosse, Wisconsin, 37 miles farther along the way and through part of the area where palisade-like bluffs rise along the river. By 2:30 a summer squall had passed and the group headed out again, this time watching some of the 140 islands numbered on charts of the route for a suitable sand bar for pitching camp. Votes were taken while refueling at Winona, Minnesota, and during the stop at every lock, but the going was so smooth that each time the decision was to go on. Finally at Wabasha at 5:30, and 140 miles above Guttenburg for the day's run, the cruise-a-cade stopped for the night in the municipal harbor. Some boatmen rented cabins while others pitched tents as guests of the town in the waterfront park.

Tuesday morning, after a 30-mile run to Red Wing, the cruise was met by a welcoming committee from the town, and spent the rest of the day touring local industries and swimming in the municipal pool. After camping again along the river, and an open-air group breakfast the next morning, the next run branched off the Mississippi for 38 miles up the St. Croix River to Hudson, Wisconsin, a total of 212 miles from Guttenburg in three days of fast but easy running. Again tours and parties were sponsored by the town, and sleeping accommodations arranged afloat, in tents ashore, or in local hotels.

Leaving Thursday morning, the directions were reversed and the group ran successfully back to Guttenburg by Saturday afternoon. Planning ahead provided extra entertainment, but the reception along the way is typical of Midwest hospitality for cruising visitors.

Our houseboat could never average that speed, so instead would stop for island exploring, sand bar picnics and camping, walleye fishing, and a relaxed examination of the marshes, levees, wooded banks and rolling hills along the way. Between stretches of open, unspoiled water there are river towns with marinas and boat clubs, town docks and launching ramps. Lockmasters advise on how Junior should hand mooring and spring lines, the way to fend off while water flows in and out of the locks, and where to buy ice and groceries and then cruise on for a picnic up or down the river. Everyone wants to offer help that might add a little to your fun.

But don't limit plans to this Iowa-Wisconsin-Minnesota stretch. There are thousands of cruising lakes as well in these states and larger Lake of the Ozarks to the south and the Great Lakes east and north. And hundreds of miles north



and thousands south there are other rivers suitable for any boat.

And then, for that ultimate trip, move from the Corps of Engineers' *Navigation Charts Middle and Upper Mississippi River* to *Charts of the Lower Mississippi —Cairo, Illinois to the Delta* and plan the adventure hundreds of small boats accomplish. Plan to float someday down the River, down to New Orleans. ■

Distances are wide across the West, but no longer a barrier to good boating.

Talk to a Texas Panhandle man in Amarillo and he will tell you he lives in the middle of the best fishing—half way between the Atlantic and Pacific. For a status symbol in his state, you now need a trailer hitch on your Cadillac, pardner.

LAND-LOCKED CRUISES

and it's not unusual to head out early morning, drive 500 miles, and still launch the boat for an hour or so of daylight fishing on the Gulf of Mexico, or along the coast of California.

Inland cruise trips are comparatively new here, however, and a boatman has a wide choice of challenge. Once he had to head cross-country north and east to the Tennessee Valley Authority waters where 650 miles of waterway stretches out to be explored. Nearer were Missouri's Lake of the Ozarks, and Oklahoma's six Lakes of the Cherokees.

Originally, Texas had not one natural lake of her own—except some large non-boating ones of oil below the surface. Now hundreds have been created, and Texas fishing authority, L. A. Wilke, reports that every one of them has excellent private or public launching facilities. Motels, fishing resorts and campsites provide overnight accomodations near every one as well.

The future here looks equally encouraging with new dams going in along the Rio Grande to the south and on the Canadian River in the northern Panhandle; Canyon Dam across the steep walls of the Guadaloupe in central Texas, McGee Bend in the East and Twin Mountain Dam on the Concho in the windswept plains of the West. All will swell the impoundments of irrigating, drinking, fishing, and boating water. All can be investigated by trailer boats, and some have state parks as well for campers —Possum Kingdom has two.

For a sample trailer cruise trip in the Midwest, a boat between 14 and 23 feet should give a wide range for personal preference; 17 to 19 feet appears to be the popular bracket right now for exploring a variety of waterways.

Pick a good trailer that can take long high speed runs, and choose its capacity for the weight of your boat, your motor, gas tanks, your wife's idea of essential cooking and camping supplies, and the rock collection the kids may start along the way. An honest estimate may admit to 1,000 pounds of excess gear all stowed aboard; an oversize and rugged trailer is going to do no harm.

A common sense comment here should also be a word to the wise for boatmen in all parts of the country. Family cruise boating today suggests a marine toilet installed aboard your craft. But those that simply discharge overboard are now forbidden on a growing number of water-supply reservoirs, and in some coastal harbors as well. Approved chlorinator systems are now available for about $100, and it's wise to purchase one when you buy a marine head, or at least get a boat built with room to install one later if you don't purchase it initially.

Each Midwest waterway has its own personality, but Texas, typically, has the largest land-locked body between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, one with the most extensive facilities, and the biggest number of boating visitors. This is Lake Texoma, backing up from Denison Dam to cover 223 square miles between green wooded bluffs, sand-bar beaches, and sloping fields of the Red River Valley as it separates Texas and Oklahoma. Cruise country best known to Indians until 75 years ago, it now features a look at the latest in marinas at Eisenhower State Park, eight miles from Denison on the Texas shore.

Fifty-foot cliffs rise around a sheltered harbor where covered slips for 584 boats are provided. Dockside water is furnished, plus electric outlets to plug in a battery charger, refrigerator, and just possibly a cabin air conditioner for the middle summer months in Texas. Transient boats pull in to a floating 480-foot breakwater that mounts a restaurant, gas, telephones within reach of a runabout, and even drive-in type "boat-hop" food service that claims "grille-to-gunwale service." Texoma can vary 30 feet in height so the complete Ike Marina operation is mounted on steel pontoon floats.

Organized ski shows, club outings, and fishing tournaments are a part of every summer season, and over 7 million camping and boating visits are recorded by the Corps of Engineers every year. But for visiting families who want to get away from these festive signs of civilization, there are an estimated 1,199 additional miles of less flashy shoreline and 1,500 rental boats around for boatmen who want to fish for black and spotted bass and crappie. Aluminum 14-foot skiffs rent for about $4 a day plus $5 for a motor; houseboats $25 a day. A chart of the lake showing underwater obstructions plus boating rules for the lake (boats under 12 feet, for instance, are not allowed, nor is overloading as calculated from a reasonable-looking formula) are available from the Resident Engineer, U.S. Army Engineer Office, Denison, Texas. Tourist and real estate information is also provided by the Denison-Lake Texoma Association.

Our sample cruise can run up the lake 90 miles here from Denison Dam, up between Texas bluffs and sandy Oklahoma shores, to the U.S. Highway 77 bridge over the Red River near Ardmore and Gainesville. Note that sailboats and cruisers up to 50 feet are now a part of Texoma's inland boating. Watch for the winds that can suddenly build up waves several feet high offshore; cruise for the inlets, coves, and sand bars for sheltered fishing and picnics while savoring the special satisfactions of lake boating over the Red River Valley in what was once prairie country.

Then for rougher adventure, head west where boatmen, boat and trailer are put to the test. Starting bottom up, the trailer must be of the rugged heavy duty type. Some wilderness skippers prefer automobile tires and wheels. These require fewer revolutions per mile and won't drop into chuck holes as easily as the smaller ones. Replacements and repairs are also easier to find. Cradle bolsters must be placed so that the weight of the boat, plus all that gear inside, is well supported. Good tie-downs are necessary; winds can blast across the open plains. The trailer hitch should be welded to your car frame.

The boat needs to be seaworthy as well for these inland waters. Stiff steep waves whip up in five minutes when the wind has a 100-mile headstart down the mesas. All the family will have more boating fun if they study ahead of time the exciting vagaries of this remote country, and are ready.

Now we come to lakes and cruising conditions of contrast. Brilliant hues and black shadows, blazing days and freezing nights. Scenery magnificent in color and variety waits for the boatman of the Southwest—and all the year around. Utah's Great Salt Lake is actually shallow, warm, and has little boating appeal so boatmen here head instead for the growing Flaming Gorge Reservoir on

the Wyoming border, or Bear Lake edging Idaho. They write to Lee's Drug Store in Green River for spring reservations on the canyon cruise down the Green and up the Colorado to Moab, or head south to Lake Powell where the Glen Canyon Dam will one day create a huge reservoir.

Farther west, Pyramid Lake on an Indian reservation near Reno, Nevada, and Tahoe stretching over into California give a taste of mountain cruising. At Tahoe's 6,000-foot altitude, expect remarkable scenery but 25 percent less performance from your engine.

And next, the ultimate canyon and desert cruise by pleasure boat—the lakes of the Colorado River. First craft up the original rapids was a 57-foot steel-hulled stern wheeler in 1858. Called *The Explorer*, she paddled north from Mexico and nearly reached the present sight of Hoover Dam before rocks finally stove in her beefed-up hull. In those days, the muddy river was called too thick to drink and too thin to plow. Now dams down river to the California-Arizona border have changed the water color to deep blue and, like a mirage, miles of lake cover desert and prairie between the barren hills.

Check that wild prairie port-of-call, Las Vegas, and then exchange it for the serenity of Lake Mead. Launch at Boulder Beach, Las Vegas Bay, or Overton Beach where free ramps, camp grounds, and rental boats are available. Administration is by the National Park Service and their booklet gives the details. Midsummer while exploring the 550 miles of almost uninhabited shore line, anchor in a shaded canyon or under a cliff overhang out of the blazing 115° sun. Fish will seek the same shadows below you in 55° water. Six C. & G. S. charts detail this area and they are valuable; the Lake Mead water level can vary 100 feet.

Downstream from each dam there are still swift currents reminiscent of the old onrushing Colorado. Below Hoover, 17-pound trout have been caught as the river widens into Lake Mohave, down 67 miles to Davis Dam. Havasu forms the third lake to explore—50 more miles down to Parker Dam, and again canyons edge the waterway as far as Needles. Boatmen that bypass Salton Sea, trail-in eight hours from Los Angeles, and Phoenix three hours east. Below, 15 miles to Parker is Head Gate Rock Dam. Then comes shoal miles where outboard, stern drive, or jet power is called for. Every fall a mass Colorado River Cruise from Blythe to Martinez Lake and back takes as many as 500 boats on a 150 cruise-a-cade through the tricky shallows.

Unfortunately, no one road parallels the river. A run of 50 miles by water may take 100 for your car to drive around to meet you. Study road maps as well as charts; dams will be bypassed by hauling out and relaunching. But don't let these minor difficulties discourage your cruise. The river is safe; excellent marinas are being built on every lake; rental boats and guides are available; and in between settlements are stretches of wilderness canyons and mountains that give cruising boatmen an unequalled reward. ■

NORTH-WEST PASSAGES

Mention a Vancouver cruise to a boatman from any part of the country and if he's ever been there, you get a look of envy and understanding. Tell him just where you're going, though, and you have an argument on your hands. He will know favorite harbors, islands, and inlets you are about to miss. You're bound to—there are so many of them.

Seattle and Puget Sound, themselves, deserve months of cruise exploring. Over 60,000 pleasure craft are reported to be based here, and many head back each year to the San Juan Isles. Though you could reach them by small boat trailed to Anacortes, or by ferry to Vancouver Island and then launching near Victoria, let's use a larger craft and set out from Seattle. Rough seas can roll in down the Juan de Fuca Strait. A power cruiser between 25 and 35 feet will be more comfortable. We are headed for uninhabited islands and will want to live aboard as well.

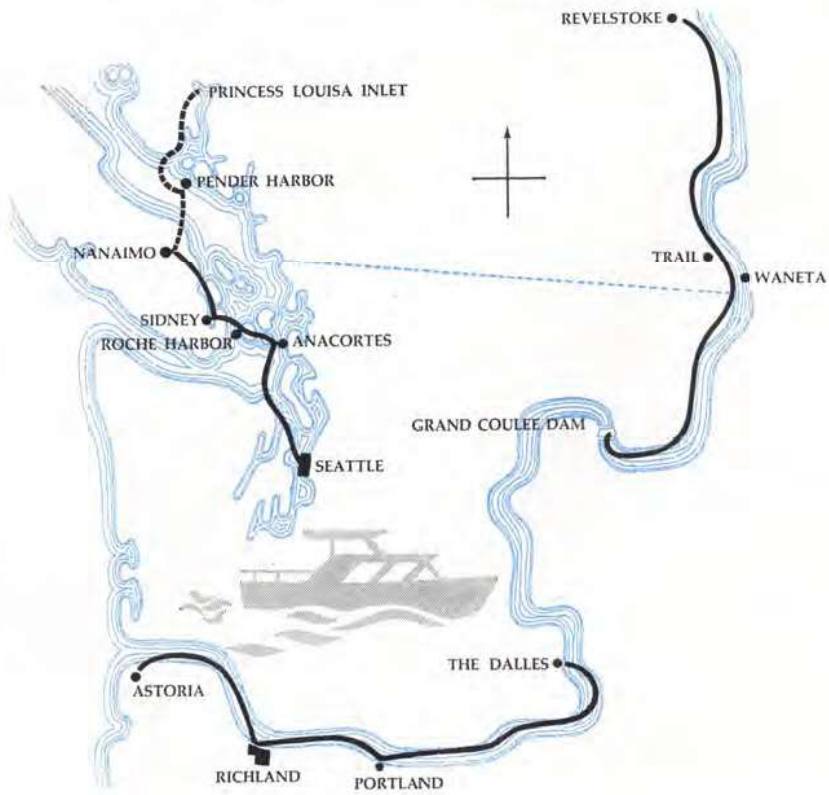
Ledger Marine Charters in Seattle can supply photos of 80 fully equipped craft ready to go, including U-Drive power cruisers and sailing auxiliaries from 23 feet up that run from $150 to $700 a week. Professional skippers can also be engaged.

A $12.50 copy of *Marine Atlas of the Northwest* with strip charts, and *Coast Pilot #7* help planning and navigating. Additional coastal and inland mooring and launching information is available from the State Department of Commerce in Olympia, Washington, Highway Department, Salem, Oregon, and the Publicity Bureau of Victoria, B.C.

A sheltered course out of Puget Sound and into Canada runs between San Juan and Orcas Islands, past Roche Harbor where you will want to re-enter for customs on return to the States, and on to Sidney above Victoria, or to Bedwell Harbor on South Pender Island, to pass through British Columbia customs. Entry will be simple and a cruising permit issued to you. Safety equipment requirements are the same as the U.S. Coast Guard's, and are enforced with courtesy but firmness by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Mountain-lofted islands lift steeply from the water here, and shelter the passage north. Canadian Hydrographic Chart 3001 shows the way. Totem poles brooding over the fishing settlements are strong reminders that this is still Indian country. The Gulf Islands protect the run to Naniamo where stores and marina facilities are available. American pleasure boats often outnumber Canadian craft here during the summer. Farther north are innumerable islands, mountains, and inlets to explore when the weather favors. Fogs flow in quickly here and the compass course should always be plotted in advance in case the horizon suddenly whitens out. Winds rise late in the day so an early start usually catches the morning calms.

Because monster salmon can be caught practically while lying at anchor, and each island offers another small timbered wilderness to climb, some boatmen happily move slowly among these isles for a whole vacation, or work their way north against the fierce tides of Josephine Strait that leads eventually to the inland passage to Alaska.



But an early start and a 25-mile jump across Georgia Strait will reach Pender Harbor and a pause preceding a run 60 miles up Jervis Inlet. Here the weather changes to bright sunlight blazing off snow covered peaks that rise 6,000 sheer feet out of the water. Then the winding fjord opens an inlet to starboard that is Princess Louisa. In landlocked shelter and warm waters, it waits as one of the completely unspoiled locations a pleasure craft can find. Boatmen who have cruised the world call it unsurpassed. By grant it is kept accessible only to pleasure boats and free of all commercial activity.

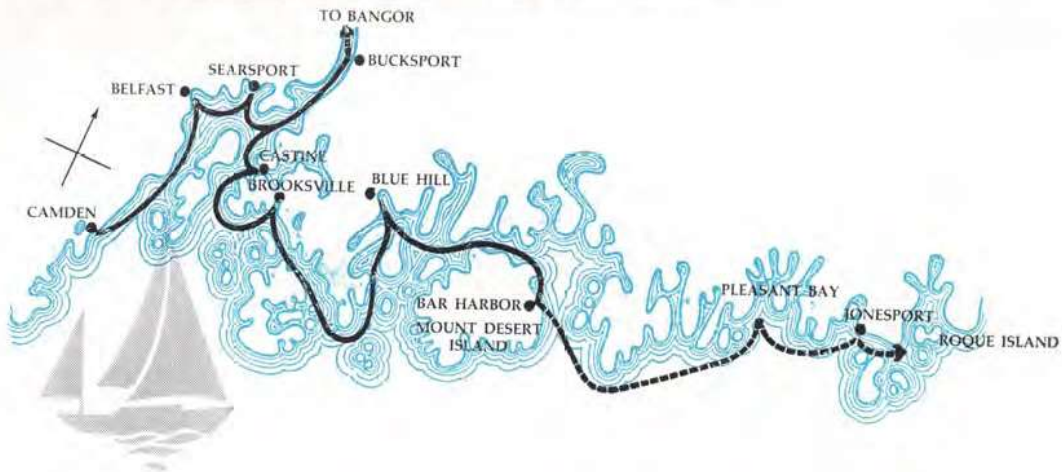
Yet the Northwest has even more to offer. Boating authority of the region, Bob Hanson, argues that the best of adventure cruising for small craft is the Columbia River. Running 1,050 miles from the Pacific Ocean bar off Cape Disappointment, up between Washington and Oregon, up into the ice fields near Revelstoke, British Columbia, it provides a cross section look at cruising in the West.

This is the adventure of cruise exploring rather than any danger. Commercial steamers navigate 350 miles of the canyons, gorges and locks as far as Priest Rapids Dam, and small craft can portage and go to the Canadian headwaters.

Again the weather changes with the water. From the green forests, sloughs, and canyons that stretch past Portland and above the Bonneville dam, past waterfalls tumbling into Columbia Gorge, the cruiser passes over the backbone of the Cascade Mountains where a huge fault divides the range to release the river. Then, with the range behind, the sun suddenly comes out from behind the coastal clouds and tawny plateaus of wheat fields stretch back from the river.

Farther above, the river enters the mountains again. Longest artificial lake in the world is the upper Columbia which Grand Coulee Dam broadens into Lake Roosevelt for 125 miles up to the Canadian border. Examine the alpine reaches of Lake Chelan or cross the border north Okanagan and Kootenay nearby. And then admit defeat, and plan another cruise to start to see the waterway's missed. ■

DOWNWIND TO MAINE



Going back East, let's cruise down north and east to Maine. If your windjamming background is hazy, join with experienced friends to charter a 30- to 40-foot sailing auxiliary for maybe a week or two.

Offshore a few miles, Maine's rockbound coast looks just as it did 17 years before the Pilgrims came, when "merry, brown Champlain, the King's geographer" made one of the first recorded cruises along this coast. This long was a region of sailboat men, and off New England you still cruise "down" to Maine because the prevailing southwesterlies gave sailing craft a downwind run. And still do.

Where do you start on a coast with 1,500 miles of shoreline? Let's pick Penobscot Bay, a perfect place to stay or set sail from to find additional favorites. Camden's chamber of commerce can suggest several boat yards where suitable craft can be chartered, and so can Boothbay and other harbors. Suitable would include accommodations for four to six who can share the $300 a week and up charter cost. For gunkholing into tiny creeks and going ashore on rocky isles, a dinghy should be provided.

For a preview before setting sail, you can hike up Mt. Battie behind Camden and look out at the islands flung across a morning bay. More advance information comes from *Coast Pilot #1*, charts 1201, 2, and 3 of the overall area, to start with, and Duncan and Blanchard's invaluable *Cruising Guide to the New England Coast*. Set sail from June through October. Indian Summer has less fog, but keep a watch for occasional storms that spiral up the coast. For gear you'll want warm clothes, bug dope if you'll be camping ashore, oilskins, binoc- already aboard. Be sure you get a check ulars, and any standard equipment not list when you charter.

We'll head north sightseeing up the bay first, if we want to cover ground and water. Start exploring the offshore island ghost towns and spruce forests, heaths and mountains, fresh water ponds and striped bass along the rocks off Spruce Head and Vinalhaven and we'll never leave the bay. Never even be sorry when a week's already gone.

Up Penobscot Bay, then, past Belfast and Searsport with its marine museum, to Bucksport, and with reliable engines you could tackle the tricky gusts and current and run on all the way up river to Bangor on the tide, or swing back out to Castine, once the most important port east of Boston. Then into Eggemoggin Reach with a light sou'wester on your starboard quarter and into Blue Bay.

Here power and sailcraft separate for this passage. If yours is a cruiser, run up for a stop in picturesque Blue Hill, and then with charts, tide tables, and preferably a local lobsterman along, work your way through Mt. Desert Narrows between the island and the mainland at the top of the tide.

By sail, steer south and east from Eggemoggin, out around and into Southwest Harbor on the seaward side of Mt. Desert. And if you're running into foggy weather, ease your way into Somes Sound. You may find sunlight in this magnificent inlet, called the only fjord on America's East Coast.

From here a slant out and around Mt. Desert with Cadillac Mountain high to port, and into Frenchman Bay and Bar Harbor to complete the cruise. Plan your schedule loosely, though, so you can change your mind on the next tack, and always turn off to drop the hook in any cove that invites along the way. Visit Bar Harbor and you learn why many cruises never go beyond Frenchman Bay.

But for a passage away from civilization, plan next time to sail on to almost unknown Roque Island. "An empire of its own with the finest crescent of a beach in Maine," cruising author Robert F. Duncan called it. And Maine Coast expert Dave Getchell: "Some veterans of this run prefer to go outside at once, catch the prevailing SW winds and ride all the way down to Roque in one joyous day's sail. Roque Island itself must be seen. Beautiful beaches, quiet hidden coves, lovely forests and hills, and a policy of welcoming visitors if the latter show respect for a few simple rules designed to preserve the beauty of this island. No fires permitted.

"Returning west, one is torn between exploring the islands off Beals, or heading through Moosebec Reach to Cape Split and into Pleasant and Narraguagus Bays where several days can be spent pushing up the estuaries of Maine's famous salmon rivers, exploring uninhabited islands, or sailing sheltered passages—just a few of the more notable jewels of this area."

This then may be the cruise for you. Here, or in any other part of the country. But plan it now. It can be that cruise of a lifetime. —**Wm. Taylor McKeown**

A Ragged Crew

[*Continued from page* 34]

polished and cleaned so long and so often that the black coating was worn off in places and the bright metal shone through. The little American flags they wore on their shoulders were pale from sunburn and from the washing of their clothes. There was no excess equipment of any kind. They had what they wore, and they could carry. And for some reason they gave the impression of great efficiency.

In the morning their officers came into the conference to be instructed in the nature of the action. They filed in shyly and took their places at the long, rough table. The naval men distributed maps and the action was described in detail, part of it on a large blackboard that was set up against a wall.

The island was Ventotene, and there was a radar station on it which searched the whole ocean north and south of Naples. The radar was German, but it was thought that there were very few Germans. There were two or three hundred Carabinieri there, however, and it was not known whether they would fight or not. Also, there were a number of political prisoners on the island who were to be released, and the island was to be held by these same paratroopers until a body of troops could be put ashore.

The three officers regarded the blackboard with their wide-set eyes, and now and then they glanced quietly at one another. When the discussion was finished the naval captain said, "Do you understand? Are there any questions?"

The captain of paratroopers studied the board with the map of the island, and he asked softly, "Any artillery?"

"Yes, there are some coastal guns, but if they use them we'll get them with naval guns."

"Oh! Yes, I see. Well, I hope the Italians don't do anything bad. I mean I hope they don't shoot at us." His voice was very shy.

A naval officer said jokingly, "Don't your men want to fight?"

"It isn't that," the captain said. "We've been a long time in the desert. My men are pretty trigger happy. They might be very rough if anybody shoots at them."

The meeting broke up and the Navy invited the paratroopers to lunch in the Navy mess.

"If you'll excuse us," the captain said, "I think we'll get back to the men. They'll want to know what we're going to do. I'll just take this map along and explain it to them." He paused apologetically and added, "You see, they'll want to know." The three officers got up from the table and went out. Their men were in the Nissen hut. The ragged captain and his lieutenants walked across the street, blinding in the white sunlight, and they went inside the Nissen hut and closed the door. They stayed a long time in there, explaining the action to the 40 men.

VENTOTENE

December 3, 1943—The units of the naval task force made their rendezvous at sea and at dusk and made up their formation and set off at a calculated speed to be at the island of Ventotene at moonset. Their mission was to capture the island and to take the German radar which was there. The moon was very large and it was not desirable that the people on the island should know what force was coming against them, consequently the attack was not to be attempted until the darkness came. The force spread out in its traveling formation and moved slowly over the calm sea.

On a destroyer of the force, the paratroopers who were to make the assault sat on the deck and watched the moon. They seemed a little uneasy. After being trained to drop in from the sky their first action was to be a sea-going one. Perhaps their sense of fitness was outraged.

All along the Italian coast the air force was raiding. The naval force could see the flares parachuting down and the burst of explosives and the lines of tracers off to the right. But the coast was kept too busy for anyone to bother with the little naval force heading northward.

The timing was exact. The moon turned very red before it set, and just as it set the high hump of the island showed against its face. And the moment it had set the darkness was thick so that you could not see the man standing at your shoulder. There were no lights on the island at all. This island had been blacked out for three years. When the naval force had taken its positions a small boat equipped with a loudspeaker crept in toward the beach. From 500 yards off shore it beamed its loudspeaker on the darkened town and a terrible voice called its proclamation.

"Italians," it said, "you must now surrender. We have come in force. Your German ally has deserted you. You have 15 minutes to surrender. Display three white lights for surrender. At the end of 15 minutes we will open fire. This will be repeated once more." The announcement was made once more—". . . three white lights for surrender." And then the night was silent.

On the bridge of a destroyer the officers peered at the darkness in the direction of the island. At the ship's rails the men looked off into the darkness. The executive officer kept looking at his wrist watch and the night was so dark that the illuminated dial could be seen six feet away. Gun control had the firing data ready. The guns of the whole force were trained on the island. And the minutes went slowly. No one wanted to fire on the town, to turn the concentrated destruction of high explosive on the dark island. But the minutes dragged interminably on, 10—11—12. The green, glowing hands moved on the face of the wrist watch. The captain spoke a word into his phone, and there was a rustle and the door of the plotting room opened for a moment and then closed.

And then, as the minute hand crawled over 14 minutes, three white rockets went up from the island. They flowed upward and curved lazily over and fell back. And then, not content, three more went up. The captain sighed with relief and spoke again into his phone. And the whole ship seemed to relax.

In the wardroom, the commodore of the task force sat at the head of the table. He was dressed in khaki, his shirt open at the throat and his sleeves rolled up. He wore a helmet, and a tommy gun lay on the table in front of him. "I'll go in and take the surrender," he said, and he called the names of five men to go with him. "The paratroopers are to come in as soon as you can get them in the landing boat," he said to the executive officer. "Lower the whaleboat."

The deck was very dark. You had to feel your way along. The boat davits were swung out as they always are in action, and now a crew was lowering the whaleboat. They held it at deck level for the men to get in—a coxswain and an engineer were already in the boat. Five officers, armed with sub-machine guns, clambered over the rail and settled themselves. Each man had a drum of bullets on his gun and each wore a pouch which carried another drum. The boat lowered away, and just as it touched the water the engineer started the engine. The boat cast off and turned toward the shore. It was pretty much of a job of guess work because you could not see the shore. The commodore said, "We've got to get in and disarm them before they change their minds. Can't tell what they'll do if we give them time." And he said to his men, "Don't take any chances. Open fire if anyone shows the slightest sign of resisting."

The boat slipped toward the dark shore, her motors muffled and quiet.

December 6, 1943—There are times when the element of luck is so sharply involved in an action that sense of dread sets in afterward. And such was the invasion of the island of Ventotene by five men in a whaleboat. They knew that there was a German radar crew on the island, but they did not know that it numbered 87 men, all heavily armed, and moreover heavily armed with machine guns. They did not know that this crew had ammunition and food stored to last six weeks. All the men in the whaleboat did know was that the Italians had put up three white flares in the night as a token of surrender.

The main harbor of Ventotene is a narrow inlet that ends against a cliff like an amphitheater, and on this semicircular cliff the town stands high above the water. To the left of this inlet there is a pier and a little breakwater, unconnected with the land and designed to keep the swells from breaking on the pier, and finally to the left of the pier there is another inlet very like the true harbor, which, however, is no harbor at all.

The whaleboat with the five men in it approached the dark island and when it was close to the shore the commander shone a flashlight quickly and it showed a deep inlet. Naturally, he thought this was a harbor, and the little boat coasted easily into it. Then the light flashed on again and ranged about, only to discover that this was not the true harbor at all but the false inlet.

The whaleboat put about and headed out again and soon it came to what looked like a sand bar stuck out of the water. And again the light flashed out, and it was seen that it was a breakwater. Again the boat proceeded, but approximately 10 minutes had been consumed in being slightly lost. The third try was successful and the little boat found the entrance of the true harbor and nosed into it. And just as the whaleboat put its head into the little harbor an explosion came from behind the breakwater, and there was the sound of running feet, and then from the top of the cliff there came another big explosion, and then progressively back on the hill more and more blasts.

There was nothing to do then but to go ahead. The whaleboat plunged into the pier and the five men leaped out. Behind the breakwater lay a German E-boat and beside her stood a German soldier. He had just thrown a potato-masher grenade at the E-boat to destroy and sink her. One of the American officers ran at him, and with one motion the German ripped out his Luger pistol and tossed it in the water and then put both of his hands over his head. The lancing light of a powerful flashlight circled him. The officer who had taken him rushed him to the whaleboat and put him under guard of the boat's engineer.

Now a crowd of Italians came swarming down from the hill, crying, "Surrender, surrender!" And as they came they dropped their rifles on the ground, in an unholy heap. The commodore pointed to a place on the quay. "Stack them there," he said. "Get everything you have and stack it right there."

Now the landing was crisscrossed with lights. The five Americans stood side by side with their guns ready, while the Italian carabinieri brought their guns and put them in a pile. Everyone seemed to be confused and glad and frightened. The people wanted to crowd close to see the Americans and at the same time the ugly pig snouts of the tommy guns warned them back. It is not reassuring to be one of five men who are ostensibly holding a line against 250 men, even if those men seem to have surrendered.

Every one of the Italians was talking. No one was listening. And no one wanted to listen. And then breaking through their ranks came a remarkable figure, a tall gray-haired old man dressed in pink pajamas. He stalked through the chattering, shouting ranks of the carabinieri and he said, "I speak English." Immediately the shouting stopped and the ring of faces showed intensely in the flashlight beams. "I have been a political prisoner here for three years," the old man said. For some reason he did not seem funny in his pink pajamas. He had a great dignity, even enough to offset his costume.

The commodore asked, "What were those explosions?"

"The Germans," the old man said. "There are 87 of them. They were set up with machine guns to fire on you when you entered the harbor, but when you landed troops in the false harbor and when you landed more troops on the breakwater they thought they might be surrounded, so they retreated. They are dynamiting as they go."

"When we landed troops?" the commodore began, and then he shut himself off. "Oh, yes, I see," he said. "Yes, when we landed troops." One of the officers shivered and grinned at the commodore.

"I wish those paratroopers would come in about now," he said.

"I wouldn't mind it either," the commodore replied. And he went on to the old man in the pajamas. "Where will the Germans go?"

"They'll go to their radar station to destroy it. Then they have some entrenchments on the hill. I think they will try to hold them there." And at that moment there came a very large explosion and a fire started back on the hill, a fire large enough so that it illuminated the little dock and the entrance to the bay. "That will be the radar station now," the old man said. "They are very thorough. Too bad the troops you landed didn't get there first."

"Yes," said the commodore, "isn't it?"

More Italians came down the hill then and deposited their arms. They seemed to be very glad to let them go. Apparently they had never loved their guns very much.

On the dock the five Americans stood uneasily and the safety catches were off their guns, and their eyes moved restlessly among the Italians. The firelight from the burning buildings high on the hill made deep shadows in back of the dock houses.

The commodore said softly, "I wish those paratroopers would get here. If Jerry finds out there are only five of us, I wouldn't give any odds on us."

And then there was a sound of a boat's motor and the commodore smiled with relief. The 43 paratroopers were coming in to the shore. "Give them a light, coxswain," the commodore called. "Show them where to come."

December 8, 1943—The five men from the destroyer moved restlessly about the quay on the island of Ventotene which they had accidentally, and with five kinds of luck, captured. The paratroopers did not arrive. There was no sign from the destroyer standing off shore and minutes got to be hours. The dark town on the cliff became peopled with imaginary snipers and back on the hill where the Germans had retreated an occasional explosion roared as they blasted more installations. They didn't know how many Americans there were, and there were five, and the Americans did not know how many Germans there were, and there were 87. This was very largely in favor of the Americans, because if the Germans had known— It is not a nice thing to dwell on.

Your impulse when you are alone and not knowing when you are going to be fired on out of the dark is to keep moving, to pace restlessly about and to be very timid about getting a light of any kind behind you. This pacing about is probably the worst thing you can do.

There probably is nothing in the world so elastic as subjective time. There is no way of knowing how long it took for those 43 paratroopers to get ashore. It may have been half an hour and it may have been three hours. It felt to the five men ashore like three days. Probably it was about 45 minutes. The dark, hostile island and the dark water gave no comfort. But after an interminable time there was a secret little mutter of engines. Then out in the dark there was a little flutter of light. The boat was asking for directions. One of the officers on the quay got down on his stomach and leaned over the stone parapet and signaled back with his flashlight so that it could not be seen from the island. And at intervals he flashed his torch to guide the boat.

It came out of the dark abruptly: out of the pitch dark it slipped noiselessly and bumped gently against the quay. And it was one of those boats even the name of which the Navy will cut out if I put it in, but the important thing was that there were 43 paratroopers on board. They seemed to flow over the side; they were very quiet. Their captain went to work instantly. He sent out pickets before he had been one minute ashore, and they slipped away up the hill to guard the approaches to the harbor. Some crept up into the town, armed with their rifles and grenades, and they occupied the tops of buildings, and others went down to the beaches to watch the seaward approaches. Meanwhile, a little gangplank was ashore, and the supplies were coming down onto the quay in the darkness.

In the middle of this work there was a growl of a plane overhead. The captain of paratroopers gave a curt order and the men took cover. The plane droned over, and as it got offshore again the destroyer burst into action. She flamed like a flowerpot at an old-fashioned Fourth of July fireworks exhibit. Her tracers spread like a fountain. And then she was dark again and the plane was gone.

The unloading continued until there was a pile of goods on the quay, rations in cases and boxes of ammunition and machine guns and the light sleeping rolls of the paratroopers. They did not bring any luxuries with them. They never do. Food and ammunition are their main interests. They get along with very little else. But on Ventotene they brought water too, in those handled containers which are used for both water and gasoline. For Ventotene has no water. In other times water barges came out from the mainland. The only local water is that caught in cisterns during the rainy months.

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WHILE WASHINGTON SLEPT

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

When the supplies were landed the three paratrooper officers and the naval officers gathered in a little stone building on the waterfront. And an electric lantern was on the floor and the doors and windows were shut so that no line of light could show out. The faces were lighted from below and they were strained faces, with the jaw muscles pulled tight. The maps were out again.

"I'm not going to throw my men against a bigger force in the dark," the captain of paratroopers said. "Jerry will be trenched by now. I'm not going to move until morning. We've only got half as many men and no artillery."

An officer said, "Maybe—maybe we could talk them out of it. Let's have some of the Italians in and see what we can do. The Jerry doesn't know how many men we have or how many ships. Let's think about that a little. It's just barely possible we could talk them out of it."

"How?" the captain asked.

"Well, would you let me go up with a white flag in the morning?"

"They'd bump you."

"Would you let me try?"

"Well—"

"Might save a lot of trouble—sir—"

"We can't afford to lose officers."

"You won't lose me. Just give me a nod."

The captain looked at him for a long time and then he smiled thinly and his head dipped, almost imperceptibly.

December 10, 1943—The lieutenant walked slowly up the hill toward the German positions. He carried his white flag over his head, and his white flag was a bath towel. As he walked he thought what a fool he was. He had really stuck his neck out. Last night when he had argued for the privilege of going up and trying to kid the Jerry into surrender he hadn't known it would be like this. He hadn't known how lonely and exposed he would be.

Forty paratroopers against 87 Jerrys, but Jerry didn't know that. The lieutenant also hoped Jerry wouldn't know his guts were turned to water. His feet sounded loud on the path. It was early in the morning and the sun was not up yet. He hoped they could see his white flag. Maybe it would be invisible in this light. He kept in the open as much as possible as he climbed the hill.

He knew that the 40 paratroopers were crawling and squirming behind him, keeping cover, getting into position so that if anything should go wrong they might attack and stand some chance of surprising the Jerry. He knew the field glasses of the captain would be on the German position, waiting for something to happen.

"If they shoot at you, flop and lie still," the captain had said. "We'll try to cover you and get you out."

The lieutenant knew that if he were hit and not killed he would hear the shot after he was hit, but if he were hit in the head he wouldn't hear or feel anything. He hoped, if it happened, it would happen that way. His feet seemed very heavy and clumsy. He looked down and saw the little stones on the path, and he wished he could get down on his knees to see what kind of stones they were. He had a positive hunger to get down out of line. His chest tingled almost as if he were preparing to receive the bullet. And his throat was as tight as it had been once when he tried to make a speech in college.

Step by step he drew nearer, and there was no sign from Jerry. The lieutenant wanted to look back to see whether any of the paratroopers were in sight, but he knew the Germans would have their field glasses on him, and they were close enough so that they could even see his expression.

It happened finally, quickly and naturally. He was passing a pile of rocks, when a deep voice shouted an order to him. There were three Germans, young-looking men, and they had their rifles trained on his stomach. He stopped and stared at them as they stared back. He wondered whether his eyes were as wide as theirs. They paused, and then a hoarse voice called from up ahead. The Jerries stood up and they glanced quickly down the hill before they came out to him. And then the four marched on. It seemed a little silly to the lieutenant, like little boys marching up an alley to attack Connor's woodshed. And his bath towel on a stick seemed silly, too. He thought, Well, anyway, if they bump me our boys will get these three. In his mind's eye he could see helmeted Americans watching the little procession through their rifle sights.

Ahead was a small white stone building, but Jerry was too smart to be in the building. A trench started behind the building and led down to a hole almost like a shell hole.

Three officers faced him in the hole. They were dressed in dusty blue and they wore the beautiful high caps of the Luftwaffe, with silver eagles and swastikas. They were electronics engineers, a ground service for the German Air Force. They faced him without speaking, and his throat was so tight that for a moment he could not begin. All he could think of was a green table; Jerry had three deuces showing and the lieutenant a pair of treys. He knew they had no more, but they didn't know what his hole card was. He only hoped they wouldn't know, because all he had was that pair of treys.

The oberleutnant regarded him closely and said nothing.

"Do you speak English?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes."

The lieutenant took a deep breath and spoke the piece he had memorized. "The colonel's compliments, sir. I am ordered to demand your surrender. At the end of 20 minutes the cruisers will move up and open fire unless ordered otherwise following your surrender." He noticed the oberleutnant's eyes involuntarily move toward the sea. The lieutenant lapsed out of his formality, as he had planned. "What's the good?" he said. "We'll just kill you all. We've got 600 men ashore and the cruisers are aching to take a shot at you. What's the good of it? You'd kill some of us and we'd kill all of you. Why don't you just stack your arms and come in?"

The oberleutnant stared into his eyes. That what's-in-the-hole look. The look balanced: call or toss in, call or toss in. The pause was centuries long, and then at last, "What treatment will we receive?" the oberleutnant asked.

"Prisoners of war under Convention of The Hague." The lieutenant was trying desperately to show nothing in his

TRUE

"Do not feed the animals."

face. There was another long pause. The German breathed in deeply and his breath whistled in his nose.

"It is no dishonor to surrender to superior forces," he said.

December 13, 1943—When the lieutenant went up to the Germans with his bath towel for a white flag, the captain of paratroopers, peering through a crack between two buildings, watched him go. The men hidden below saw the lieutenant challenged, and then they saw him behind the white stone building. The watching men hardly breathed then. They were waiting for the crack of a rifle shot that would mean the plan for kidding the Germans into surrender had failed. The time went slowly. Actually, it was only about 15 minutes. Then the lieutenant appeared again, and this time he was accompanied by three German officers.

The watchers saw him walk down to a clear place in the path and there pause and point to the ground. Then two of the officers retired behind the white building again. But in a moment they reappeared, and behind them came the German soldiers. They straggled down the path and, at the place that had been indicated, they piled their arms, their rifles and machine guns, and even their pistols. The captain, lying behind his stones, watched and counted. He tallied the whole 87 men who were supposed to be there. He said to his lieutenant, "By God, he pulled it off!"

And now a little pageant developed. As the Germans marched down the path, American paratroopers materialized out of the ground beside them, until they were closely surrounded by an honor guard of about 30 men. The whole group swung down the path and into the little white town that stood so high above the harbor of Ventotene.

Since Ventotene had been for hundreds of years an Italian prison island, there was no lack of place to put the prisoners. The top floor of what we would call a city hall was a big roomy jail, with four or five big cells. The column marched up the steps of the city hall and on up to the third floor, and then the Germans were split into three groups and one group was put into each of three cells, while the fourth cell was reserved for the officers. Then guards with tommy guns were posted at the doors of the cells, and the conquest was over.

The lieutenant who had carried the white flag sat down on the steps of the city hall a little shakily. The captain sat down beside him. "Any trouble?" the captain asked.

"No. It was too easy. I don't believe it yet." He lighted a cigarette, and his shaking hand nearly put out the match.

"Wonderful job," the captain said. "But what are we going to do with them?"

"Won't the ships be back tonight?"

"I hope so, but suppose they don't get back. We can't let anybody get any sleep until we get rid of these babies."

A trooper lounged near. "Those Jerry officers are raising hell," he said. "They want to see the commanding officer, sir."

The captain stood up. "Better come with me," he told the lieutenant. "How many men did you tell them we had?"

"Six hundred," the lieutenant said, "and I forgot how many cruisers offshore."

The captain laughed. "One time I heard about an officer who marched 15 men around a house until they looked like an army. Maybe we better do that with our 40."

At the door of the officers' cell the captain took out his pistol and handed it to one of the guards. "Leave the door open and keep your eye on us all the time. If they make a suspicious move, shoot them!"

"Yes, sir," said the guard, and he unlocked and opened the heavy door.

The German officers were at the barred window, looking down on the deserted streets of the little town. They could see two lonely sentries in front of the building. The German oberleutnant turned as the captain entered. "I demand to see the colonel," he said.

The captain swallowed. "Er—the colonel? Well, he is engaged."

For a long moment the German stared into the captain's eyes. Finally he said, "You are the commanding officer, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," the captain said.

"How many men have you?"

"We do not answer questions," the captain said stiffly.

The German's face was hard and disappointed. He said, "I don't think you have 600 men. I think you have only a few more than 30 men."

The captain nodded solemnly. He said, "We've mined the building. If there is any trouble—any trouble at all—we'll blow the whole mess of you to hell." He turned to leave the cell. "You'll be taken aboard ship soon now," he said over his shoulder.

Going down the stairs, the lieutenant said, "Have you really mined the building?"

The captain grinned at him. "Have we really got 600 men?" he asked. And then he said, "Lord, I hope the destroyer gets in tonight to take these babies out. None of us is going to get any sleep until then."

—John Steinbeck

The Man Who Invented Terror

[*Continued from page* 43]

Maxim guns. After the fifth charge the Matabele knew it was no use—an oxhide shield wouldn't stop a bullet and a short assagai was no good at a distance. Three-thousand warriors lay dead.

That happened in Africa, in the Northern Transvaal, in the year 1893. The guns, the first full-automatic machine guns ever built, promised what proved to be the greatest change in war since the time of Waterloo. In the days of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, opposing armies lined up in solid ranks at short range. When they had fired at each other with their smooth-bore muzzle-loading muskets they fought with bayonet and gun butt. Sometimes the cavalry, charging with pistol and saber or lance, would determine the issue.

That way of fighting when large forces were engaged prevailed as late as 1900. Machine guns made that way impossible. They raked the enemy position with a hail of bullets at a distance beyond the effective range of rifle fire. The cavalry charge was useless against machine guns.

For example, the British under Kitchener fought the dervishes in the Sudan. If the modern reader had heard of the battle of Omdurman in 1898 it is probably because Winston Churchill rode that day with the 21st Lancers. It was one of the last cavalry charges the British army ever made. Churchill was lucky not to get killed and the English-speaking world is lucky that he wasn't. The charge didn't accomplish much. The Maxim guns won the battle. They were credited with 15,000 of the 20,000 dervishes who were killed.

The next triumph of Maxim guns was in the Boer War. The British had asked Maxim to design a machine gun of 37mm. caliber—a bore of just under an inch and a half. Maxim designed the gun, which he said was merely an oversized Maxim gun, and the projectile, which was a one-pound shell.

Maxim said, "The gunners, firing at long unknown ranges, needed to know where their shots were going. So my shell, though propelled by smokeless powder, contained a charge of black powder and a fuse. When the shell struck it flashed and the gunner could see where it struck and make the necessary correction."

The British refused the gun on the ground that the shell was too big to be effective against personnel, too small for use against fortifications, and too easily put out of action by a field battery. The event proved the army brass dead wrong. The Boers got 37mm. guns from the French and used them with an effect that neutral newspapers played up. Four Boers, hidden behind rocks and foliage, trained a 37 mm. gun on a British battery. The shell bursts told them where they were hitting and they quickly made a correction. The Boers fired no more than 12 rounds in one burst in order not to reveal their position. But 12 rounds was often enough to put a British battery out of action. The British had nothing to shoot at but a sound. The gun was nicknamed the pom-pom by the African natives because of its special sound, and the name stuck.

When the Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, arrived in London he wanted to see the pom-pom fired. As the gun fired, the shells exploded on the target. When the gun ceased firing Li Hung Chang complained that he was being tricked. Shells continued to flash at the target.

"The target is a thousand yards away," Maxim explained. "When the gun stopped firing there were shells in the air that hadn't reached the target."

Li Hung Chang asked how much the ammunition cost.

"Six shillings and six pence a round," Maxim said.

At the time this was about $1.50 and the 400 rounds the gun could fire in a minute cost about $600.

Li Hung Chang said, "This gun fires much too fast for China."

The King of Denmark, learning the cost, remarked, "At 400 rounds a minute this gun would bankrupt my kingdom in about two hours!"

In spite of the successes of Maxim guns, the armies of the world were slow to realize what machine guns could do. The slaughter at Omdurman was discounted on the ground that the dervishes were not trained troops but fanatical savages. The Boers were considered a special case. They were snipers whether with the rifle or the pom-pom gun. It wasn't until the Russo-Japanese War that modern armies used machine guns against each other on a large scale. The German observers saw what happened on many occasions. One of them sent back the following report:

"On January 28, 1905, near Lin-Chin-Pu, the Japanese attacked a Russian redoubt that was armed with two Maxim guns. The Japanese company about 200 strong was thrown forward in skirmishing order. The Russians held their fire until the range was only 300 yards. The two machine guns were then brought into action. In less than two minutes they fired about 1,000 rounds and the Japanese detachment was literally swept away."

Reports such as this convinced the German militarists that the next war would be a machine-gun war. They stole the design of the Maxim gun and had 50,000 guns of Maxim design on hand or on order when World War I began. They quickly proved their theory.

How did it happen that Hiram Maxim, who had never had more than five years' schooling, designed the first automatic machine gun and one that was adopted at one time or another by 24 different countries, and held its place for 64 years?

Maxim designed his gun not only because he wanted to make money but also because he was good and mad. When Hiram Stevens Maxim was mad something happened. By the time he was 40, Maxim had worked himself up from $4 a month as an apprentice to a carriage-maker to $5,000 a year—slightly more than $400 a month—as an electrical engineer for the United States Electric Lighting Company. His company sent him to a Paris electrical exposition to report on French patents and then to Belgium to report on Belgian patents. Next he went to London to reorganize a subsidiary of his own—the Maxim-Weston Company.

He had been in London only long enough to learn that the Maxim-Weston Company was badly managed when a notice appeared in London papers saying that "Hiram Maxim, greatest electrician in the world, has been engaged to come to London to reorganize the Maxim-Weston Company at Bankside."

The announcement resulted in much ridicule of Maxim. Fortunately for the broker who had made the public announcement in an effort to sell stock, Maxim didn't know who the man was. Maxim was furious.

"I'd like a divorce on the grounds that my wife is obsolete."

Presently he went to Vienna on business for his company and there he met an American friend who was also in Europe on electrical business and who was fed up with the delays and the red tape he met with. The friend said, "Hang your chemistry and electricity! If you want to make a pile of money, invent something that will enable these Europeans to cut each others' throats easier."

When Maxim got back to London he was still mad over the ridicule he had met with and disgusted with the management of the Maxim-Weston Company. He saw a Brown and Sharpe milling machine in the company's plant. He had that machine sent to a shop he had taken for his own use. When he got the dirt and grease off it he found that the machine was brand new. He managed to get in a few other machine tools and went to work on the design of an automatic machine gun.

Maxim's method of work was in contrast to the method of that other master of gun design—John M. Browning. Maxim worked at a drawing board with drawing instruments. He showed a picture of himself at a drawing board in his autobiography with the caption, "My favorite occupation." He drew the parts he wanted to scale. Browning liked to draw freehand on stiff paper and cut out what he had drawn with a pair of scissors. This, with some rough estimate of the dimensions, went to the toolroom.

Maxim knew that men who had tried to invent an automatic machine gun believed that the force of recoil was not great enough to operate it.

"I disagreed," Maxim said. "My shoulder was once black and blue as a result of an afternoon's target practice with the United States .45-70 Army rifle. This convinced me that the power was there. The only problem was to use it."

It was characteristic of Maxim that he disagreed with established authority and equally characteristic that he could say why.

Maxim was not equipped to make rifled barrels, so he went to the plant of the Henry Rifled Barrel Company in London to buy some. The superintendent asked what he wanted them for.

"I am designing an automatic machine gun," Maxim said.

Maxim reported later that the superintendent said to him,

"Don't do it. Thousands of men for many years have been working on guns. There are many hundred failures every year. Engineers and clever men imagine they can make a gun do as you have described. But they have never succeeded. So you had better drop it and not spend a single penny on it. You don't stand a ghost of a chance in competition with regular gun makers. You are not a gun man. Stick to electricity."

Maxim recognized that the superintendent's advice was kindly but no one could tell him that he hadn't a ghost of a chance to do something he wanted to do.

He said, "I am a totally different mechanic from any you have ever seen before, a different breed."

Maxim was devoted to invention from boyhood on, as well as to practical jokes. While still in his teens he was running a grist mill that was infested with mice. He built an automatic mouse trap run by a clock spring. When a mouse was caught he was in a cage from which he could not escape and the trap had to be reset.

"I found this trap too expensive so I built another in which the captured mouse did the work of resetting the trap," Maxim said.

He was amused rather than annoyed when he learned that his invention had been widely copied. He was not amused when he learned that the patent for his method of making the carbon filament for electric lamps had lapsed owing to the carelessness of the company he was working for.

"That patent was worth a million dollars," he said. "When the patent lapsed everybody was free to use it and everybody did." He discovered a book called *Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Mines and Manufactures*. He spent a winter reading and rereading it. The village girls teased him because he was spending so much time on a dictionary.

"Their jibes did not stop my reading," Maxim said. "They did stop my interest in silly young women. That dictionary was the background of most of my education."

The mechanics Maxim employed in his little London shop were astonished that as a mechanic the boss knew more than they did. He forged and tempered the cutting tools for milling machine and lathe. His workmen should have been more astonished at the way he went to work to design his automatic machine gun.

When an automatic machine gun is fired the breech bolt must be locked to the barrel until the bullet leaves the muzzle. Then the bolt must be unlocked and allowed to go freely to the rear where it compresses a spring that returns it to battery position. There is more to it than that, of course. The movement has to extract the empty cartridge case and chamber a fresh round. The thing Maxim had to determine was how far the barrel and bolt needed to recoil before they could be safely unlocked.

He built an adjustable apparatus for determining the necessary movement and found it to be about three quarters of an inch. When he thought he was right he put six cartridges in the feedway and pulled the trigger. The six cartridges fired in what he estimated to be half a second. He was on his way.

By the spring of 1884, in less than three years, Maxim had an automatic machine gun that worked. The original model is now in the South Kensington Museum in London and is labeled:

"This apparatus loads and fires itself by the forces of its own recoil and is the first apparatus ever made in the world in which energy from the burning powder is employed for loading and firing the arm."

Maxim's first gun was on the heavy side. He redesigned it, making it lighter, simpler and easier to dismount. By 1887 he had what, in essentials, served several armies in two world wars. . . .

Hiram Maxim was built like a heavyweight prize fighter—over six feet tall and weighing close to 200 pounds. He was immensely proud of his physical strength—of his ability to thrash barroom bullies and lift heavier weights than other men.

Percy Maxim was Hiram Maxim's son. He was the inventor of the Maxim silencer for guns—a device that is similar in principle to the mufflers used on automobile engines. After he grew up he was full of stories about his eccentric father. As a small boy he was walking one night along East 58th Street in New York. At the time the street was not solidly built up and the gaps between houses were filled with high board fences to protect the passerby from falling into old cellars. At a dark spot a man stepped out and demanded Hiram Maxim's money. Maxim grabbed the man's hands and with a wrestler's trick turned and threw him over the fence.

Hiram Maxim seems never to have had any difficulty in adapting himself to the social life of the British aristocracy. He was at home with lords and dukes and members of the royal family. But he sometimes worried his business associates. Some of them discovered that he was in the habit of disappearing at 7:30 every night and coming back a couple of hours later. They followed him and found that he had taken a room facing a London street. The next day they entered the room in Maxim's absence and found nothing but a brass tube and some black

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beans. They were more puzzled than ever and might have been still more puzzled if they had known what a bean shooter was.

The truth was that the Salvation Army held nightly meetings in the street where Maxim had taken a room. Maxim sat at the window of his darkened room and shot beans—not at the Army members but at the brick wall opposite. The beans fell mysteriously on the tambourine.

Hiram Maxim demonstrated his gun not only in England but in France, Germany, Italy, Austro-Hungary and Russia with almost unvarying success.

His chief rivals were the Gardner and the Nordenfeldt. Like the Gatling, these guns were hand-operated by a crank. They were not fully automatic. Over and over again Maxim defeated his rivals. The Italians demanded that he sink a gun in the sea for two or three days and then shoot it. Maxim's gun survived this test. After a competitive test in Germany, the Kaiser put his hand on Maxim's gun and said, "This is the gun. There is no other." So it proved to be.

Once in Paris, he was desperate. The French had refused to send him samples of their military cartridges. He went to Paris with a British mechanic in order to fit his gun to take the French cartridge. The mechanic learned how cheap the wine of France was. Maxim trailed him from bistro to bistro because he had the parts that were needed. The man was so drunk that Maxim couldn't wake him up. Maxim emptied his pockets and got the parts.

"I don't know what the spectators thought of this proceeding," Maxim said.

He might have added that he didn't care.

When Maxim was in Russia he was asked what his religion was. The questions made it plain that the Russians thought he was a Jew and at the time Jews were not permitted to enter Russia. When Maxim succeeded in explaining that the fact his father's name was Isaac did not mean that he was a Jew, the Russians demanded to know what his religion was.

"I have no religion—never have had," Maxim said.

The Russians insisted that he had to have a religion or leave the country.

Maxim asked what religion he should adopt. The answer was that he could be a Protestant.

"Is a Protestant one who protests?" Maxim asked.

He was told that historically Protestants were men who protested.

"Very well," Maxim said. "I am a Protestant. I protest against everything."

In 1900, at the age of 50, Hiram Maxim became a British citizen. When asked why, he said, "When I employed Scotch and English workmen in the United States I urged them to become citizens so they could vote. Since I live and work in England I consider it my duty to be a British citizen."

Cynics pointed out that Hiram Maxim had lived and worked in England for 17 years before he became a British citizen and that a year after he was knighted by Queen Victoria—something that wouldn't have happened if he hadn't become a British citizen.

"I have been urged to stand for Parliament," Maxim said. "I have refused on account of my deafness."

It is not surprising that a man who had fired so many hundreds of thousands of rounds with machine guns was deaf.

The poor boy from Maine, who had become Sir Hiram, died in 1916 when the Germans were winning World War I with machine guns that he had invented. He didn't know that the United States was coming in with a first order of 4,000 Vickers machine guns. Maxim was for many years associated with the British company of Vickers and Vickers guns were Maxim guns.

Maxim did not die rich, at least by modern standards. He left an estate of about $160,000 in addition to horses and carriages. His automatic machine gun lived on. Modified in many ways, the essential mechanism remained the one he had perfected by 1888. Today the Maxim gun is outmoded. But it was the first—it lasted longer and was more widely used in wars than any other. —**Lucian Cary**

Cordials

[*Continued from page 37*]

"The secret ingredient I put in," he confided to me, "is *l'agresse de coude*, the elbow greasing, how you say."

He poured the beige-colored stinger into a four-ounce wineglass—expensive Baccarat crystal it was. I sipped the stinger. *Magnifique!*

Now, André uses Hennessy cognac and imported French crème de menthe. It costs $3 a jolt. On the unfashionable side of Manhattan, like in Rudy's Bar and Grill, over on Ninth Avenue, the barmaid will provide you with an admirable stinger, composed of California brandy and domestic Heublein crème de menthe. She doesn't shake it up the way André does, and she pours it into a non-crystal Martini-type glass. But the tab is a paltry 60 cents. Rich or poor, it's the crème de menthe that makes the stinger an adventure in drinking.

Another classic cocktail is the sidecar. During the heyday of the 1920's, the sidecar was the status drink of the flappers and the sheiks. The sidecar had brandy and it had the juice of a lemon and it had Cointreau. It was the Cointreau which transformed the brandy into the tart, tough, tantalizing sidecar.

Crème de menthe and Cointreau are liqueurs. They are also known as cordials. Both words mean the same product. Cordials are the most unknown and unappreciated group of potables in this country. That's understandable. Because cordials are also the most complicated and confusing alcohol group in existence. Take alcoholic strength, for instance: a cordial may range anywhere from a gentle 35° proof crème de cassis up to the walloping anise-flavored 140° proof Pastis Marseillais. In their sweetness, cordials may be thick with sugar and cloying to the taste, or they may possess a delicate savor that enhances the blending of flavors in the liqueur. By government regulation, a cordial must be at least 2½ percent sugar. Most of them—all of the authentic ones—are much, much sweeter, containing from 10 percent to 35 percent sucrose, which is a fancy name for sugar.

But there are cordials and cordials. And one of the marks of a good cordial, of a great cordial, is that it must *not* be nauseatingly sweet. It must be soft and also astringent. It must be bittersweet. It must be sweet to the tongue and yet send up a pungent sensation inside the nose and leave a sharp, strong aftertaste in the throat. The mysterious—the subtle—aftertaste, the virility of sensation is what has made Benedictine, Chartreuse and Galliano three of the great plant liqueurs. It is what has made the Anisette of Marie Brizard, the Cherry Heering of Peter Heering, and the Drambuie of the clan MacKinnon earn an honorable position on the back bar of every first-class drinking hangout from Singapore to San Francisco.

Unlike French, Italian and English epicureans, most American drinkers haven't even begun exploring the liqueurs—though they come in more fascinating colors, smells, tastes and effects than any other category of distilled spirits. Which is a damned shame. Understood and properly quaffed, the cordials can provide some of the most exciting adventures in drinking. For a real change of pace in one's drinking habits, I don't know any type of booze that is as versatile as the liqueurs. You can combine cordials with each other or with whisky, vodka or brandy—to make explosive cocktails. You can take some liqueurs straight, on the rocks, or poured over cracked ice. Take a coffee liqueur, like Tia Maria or Kahlua, and pour a blast into some coffee—it suddenly becomes the most powerful and pungent coffee you ever tasted.

The gamut of cordials is so wide that it goes from the sublime to the ridiculous. There are probably still some old-fashioned girls around who can't stand gin unless it's disguised as an alexander (gin, crème de cacao and heavy cream). Women make vogues of such gruesome mishmashes as the grasshopper (green crème de menthe, white crème de cacao and light cream), and the pink squirrel (crème de noyaux, crème de cacao, light cream). There also exists that most nauseating of all insults to the human stomach—the pousse-café, known to Third Avenue bartenders as the "pussy cafay." A pussy cafay is made by pouring, in sequence, six or seven different-colored cordials, varying in specific gravity, into a tall, slender stemmed glass. Handled properly, the cordials lie in layers, without intermingling. The drink looks disgusting. It tastes revolting.

But let's not be prejudiced against all cordials because some mentally sick people give drinkers the idea there's something namby-pamby about cordials.

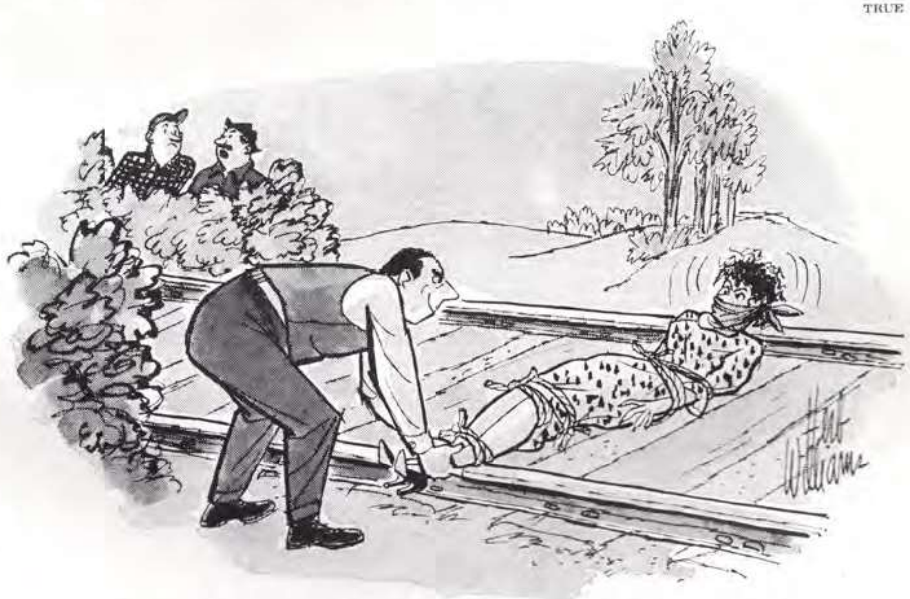
It so happens the deadliest potable ever invented is a cordial: absinthe. Absinthe is so powerful, so potent, and so dangerous when drunk to excess that it's banned in most of the world. But it's still distilled and sold in its original formula by Pernod Fils in Spain. Authentic absinthe contains absinthol (an oil of the wormwood or *Artemisia absinthium* plant, which is botanically related to our southwestern sagebrush). This absinthol is what gives you the business. Pernod distills a pungent but non-absinthol liqueur (called Pernod, not absinthe), both in France and in this country. Pernod may be drunk as an aperitif and softened with three parts of cold water to two parts of Pernod. A drop of Pernod—but just a drop—added to a Martini gives you rather an *avant-garde* Martini.

Pernod belongs to the anise group of cordials. They taste like licorice. Anise is the most popular flavor in France, Greece, Italy, Spain and the Latin-American countries. The finest aniseed comes from Andalusia, Spain. Anise appears in the formula of innumerable cordials. It is, of course, prominent in the deadly variety of absinthe. Your palate will taste it in the great Italian liqueurs—Strega, Fior D'Alpe and Galliano. The appreciation of anisette (or *anis* or *ouzo* as it may be variously known in the Mediterranean countries) is likely to be gradual. It's definitely an acquired taste.

Do you feel uncomfortable after a meal? A bit of indigestion in the gut? Slightly bilious? Your intestines full of gas? Anise is nature's Alka-Seltzer or Tums. Our ancestors gathered herbs and brewed herb teas to assuage the discomforts of indigestion. The herbal liqueurs, some of which are hundreds of years old, contain many fine medicinal herbs—such as fennel, coriander, peppermint—which have the magical quality of "expelling gas from the alimentary canal, relieving colic, griping or flatulence." Crème de menthe—the most popular cordial in the United States—is made by combining a concentrated infusion from the plant *mentha piperita* (the best quality is grown in England) with neutral grain spirits. Either anisette or crème de menthe swallowed after dinner will bring peace and good will to the most miserable intestinal canal.

The dried roots, berries, leaves and stalks of the plants that go into the secret formulas of certain cordials are of definite, well-established therapeutic value, not only as carminatives but as relievers of headaches, chest congestions, consti-

TRUE



"I know if it was *my* wife I wouldn't want anybody interfering."

pation, diarrhea, and toxicity of the blood. As pharmacists know, the beneficial powers of any herb are increased when it is steeped in an alcohol solution; on the other hand, laboratory extracts of herb essences or their synthetic equivalents do not have the same physiological effect. Of the liqueurs, the largest quantity of herbs is to be found in Chartreuse. The green (110° proof) Chartreuse has 130 different plants, and the yellow (86° proof) has 131. The single addition is saffron, which is what makes yellow Chartreuse yellow. Now, I have found that if my indigestion is unusually terrible and one slug of liqueur doesn't work, all I have to do is take a second and a third. Or a fourth.

I don't know of a nicer, less guilt-ridden way of getting loaded, because you get healthy and intoxicated simultaneously. There are even rumors around that you might get something else. If you are both generous and devious with your liqueur. Some cordials, notably the American specialties, Southern Comfort and Forbidden Fruit, are said by certain knowing ones to render beautiful women helpless in the arms of crafty lovers. Don't ask me. Experiment yourself.

The wonderful world of liqueurs reeks with mystery, history, and secrecy. There are no mysteries about the art of distilling bourbon, scotch or brandy, though quality varies and so does the taste from one brand to another. But with many liqueurs the proportions of herbs and the secrets of distillation are as jealously guarded as the gold bars in a bank vault. For 100 years food chemists have been trying to break down the formula for Benedictine, the world's best-selling liqueur. Innumerable companies have tried to reproduce the bouquet and pungency and therapeutic wonder of Benedictine. They have faked the color of it, the bottle in which it is bottled, the label and the seal. And they have failed—all down the line.

Chemically it's impossible to break down the constituents of Benedictine and Chartreuse. A chemist told me, "It can't be done. I know. I've tried it many times. Hundreds of other chemists have tried it. You just can't pin down the different herbs. Let me tell you why. Number one—even the same herb changes slightly in chemical content from one year to another, depending on weather and sunlight and conditions of the earth. Second, it's damn near hopeless to analyze a complex liquid like Benedictine and then synthesize it in the laboratory. Let's take the herb hyssop, which is used in many plant liqueurs. Good. Let's say hyssop has 10 recognizable characteristics which show up in chemical tests. But another herb, wormwood, may have 12 characteristics—of which *eight are the same as those of hyssop*. You get a liqueur that has 15, 20, 30, a hundred different herbs, you can't break down the goddam thing into its constituents. However, most distillers know many of the basic herbs that go into Benedictine, and some of us attempt to make a cordial that is its equivalent, which we can sell for only half as much as the real thing."

The cordial concocters have come by their secrets in strange ways. Take anisette. It has been commercially produced by Marie Brizard & Roger, Inc., since 1755. Marie Brizard, one of the 15 children of a carpenter, was born in Bordeaux in 1714. She knew absolutely nothing about business or about distilling. She was strongly religious. She never married. Miss Brizard was the type of girl we would call a "do-gooder." She was obsessed by a desire to nurse the sick and help the poor with food and clothes.

In 1744, there was a typhoid epidemic in Bordeaux. Miss Brizard labored at the infirmary day and night. She did not sleep for long stretches. She risked infection herself. But she was a devoted and virtuous Christian lady. Among the patients whom she nursed was a West Indian seaman. He believed she had brought him back from death by her tenderness and skillful nursing. He wanted to give her something. He had no money. But he said he possessed the formula for an elixir of health which, he claimed, he had invented himself. (It was probably the product of Caribbean folk medicine.) He dictated the recipe to Miss Brizard.

COMING . . .

VACATION FROM SIN

Even the Supreme Court had trouble deciding what to do about these two pretty pigeons. They flutter their wings for fun and profit

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Miss Brizard, at first, did not think of this as an intoxicating liquor, but as a medicine. Ever on the alert to help humanity, she started making small quantities of what was to become known as anisette, in the basement of her father's house. She steeped the herbs in small casks of brandy. There was plenty of brandy available around Bordeaux, which was a flourishing port city and in France was second only to Paris in prosperity at that time. The French wine-growers had for a long period been shipping wine to Holland, where the Dutch distillers transformed it into high-proof brandy.

The Dutch were the first to develop commercial distillation. Ervin Lucas Bols, for instance, founded his celebrated cordial distillery in the sixteenth century; he was the first to produce kummel liqueur, back in 1575. (The Bols catalogue of cordials is now made in this country, as is that of De Kuyper, another great Dutch house.) In the heyday of Holland's greatness—in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—there were an estimated 300 distilleries in Schiedam alone. The venerable firm of Fockink was founded in 1769. It still puts out one of the world's greatest lines of liqueurs. The Fockink crème de menthe, orange Curaçao and apricot cordials are among the finest of their kind.

But getting back to the good Marie Brizard, whom we have left steeping anise and other herbs in brandy. Everybody thought she was out of her mind. Nobody in France had ever tasted anisette for the simple reason it didn't exist. It was the old story of Robert Fulton and the steamboat. But Marie kept on brewing and steeping. Then she began ladling out dollops of her medicine to sick people. They got better. They loved it. They wanted the anisette even when they were restored to health. In current lingo, Bordeaux got hooked on anisette.

Miss Brizard went into business in 1755 with one Jean-Baptiste Roger, who, soon convinced that the liqueur business was a pretty good thing, decided to insure his hold on the bottle by marrying Marie's niece Anne. Marie Brizard became one of the richest women in France—a career woman at a time when the only career other outstanding women had in France was that of courtesan.

So I thought after all this time perhaps the company wouldn't mind telling some of the secrets. Not on your ethyl alcohol, I wrote to M. Jérôme Boulart, technical manager of Brizard & Roger, and asked a few questions. He answered some of them, though he did betray irritation when he thought I implied his company would use inferior star anise (from the Far East) instead of high-grade Andalusian anise. "I must tell you in a friendly way," he wrote, "that star anise in our distillery would be as well incongruous as the one of Mr. Khrushchev on top of the Statue of Liberty." As for my inquiry about the names of the 15 plants in his anisette, he stated: "The list are really to be considered as a *secret de fabrication* which is passed on in the family from generation to generation and this for more than two centuries."

Another treasured family heirloom is the recipe for Drambuie—and the word "treasure" is appropriate. A Scottish banker recently estimated the Drambuie formula as being worth "1 million pounds—$2,800,000. Mind you, that's a conservative estimate." The secret belongs to the clan MacKinnon, originally from the Isle of Skye. They got it in 1746 from Bonnie Prince Charlie. The British were in hot pursuit of Charlie. A MacKinnon helped row him to safety from the redcoats. In return, Prince Charlie gave him the recipe for a liqueur with a scotch whisky base. Charlie had had a French chef during his period of exile in Paris. Charlie didn't like the taste of French cordials. He demanded one made with scotch whisky. The chef invented it. Until 1906, Drambuie—a corruption of *an dram buidheach*, Gaelic for a satisfying jolt—was put up in small quantities, a cask a year, strictly for the delectation of the MacKinnons during the annual gathering of the clan. In 1906 Malcolm MacKinnon went commercial with it. His widow, Mrs. Georgina Russell MacKinnon, is the only person who knows the secret today. In a small laboratory in the attic of her Linlithgow mansion—20 miles from Edinburgh—she prepares the essence. Four small vials are enough to flavor 1,200 gallons of Drambuie. Twenty different herbs and spices go into her mysterious brew. The sweetening agent is heather honey.

Anxious to find out about these herbs

and spices, I pleaded with Malcolm MacKinnon, the present active head, to reveal some of the details. He didn't even answer my letter. After all, why should a good Scot waste twelvepence postage just to say, "No"?

General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, commander of our Southeast Asia forces during World War II, was as passionate about Drambuie as he was tough about fighting the Japs. There had been a large supply of Drambuie—enough to keep General Stilwell euphoric for two years—shipped to Batavia, in the East Indies. But in 1942 the Dutch destroyed these Drambuie stocks to keep them from falling into the hands of the Japanese. The officer in charge of the officers' mess was now in somewhat of a fix. Stilwell *had* to have his Drambuie. Word was got back to the British War Office. An emissary was dispatched to Edinburgh, and he returned with the terrible news that the Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., had ceased brewing Drambuie for the good reason that there was no 15-year-old scotch whisky available for the base. The company's stock of Drambuie was gone because, after the Nazis occupied Holland and France, Drambuie had been the only de-luxe quality cordial available to the Allies, and it had been rapidly bought up.

Finally, somebody in the firm remembered that there was a man in Detroit who loved Drambuie so much he had bought up cases and cases of it in 1939. By now, it being 1943, this man was down to his last two cases—but he made the supreme sacrifice and parted with a case of 12 bottles, which was flown to General Stilwell in Burma.

Stilwell liked drinking Drambuie as a nightcap, taking about a four-ounce shot straight. I like it straight, too, but I think there is a better way to drink it, and that is as the Kiltlifter or Knucklehead, which is simply a mixture of equal quantities of Drambuie and scotch in a large old-fashioned glass with ice cubes. If possible, use a 12-year-old scotch. Pour the scotch first, then the Drambuie. Let the ice melt a little before tasting, and sip slowly. This, gentlemen, is alcoholic ecstasy.

I know of no other liquid refreshment that has this heavenly effect, and yet the Kiltlifter is a strong, tough, hair-on-the-chest cocktail. But it is not a drink to be belted. It is to be slowly savored like a 20-year cognac. Rolled around the mouth. Held. Lingered over. It is the ideal late evening drink when you're sitting around with friends after a good day of fishing or shooting or skiing.

There is a time and a place when you want a long, strong drink that is slightly sweet and that you can drink for an hour or two without boring your palate, and I've found that combining some of the liqueurs with a distilled spirit is ideal for this type of sociability. Vodka, for example, being neutral, is compatible with many liqueurs. I use 100° proof vodka. For instance, two ounces of vodka combined with two ounces of crème de menthe on the rocks in a goblet-sized old-fashioned glass is a magnificent late evening drink that, if sipped slowly, lasts an hour, and longer. The vodka imparts a kick to the crème de menthe and the crème de menthe gives body and flavor to the vodka, and also leaves a slightly sweet taste, which I think we like when we drink late at night. But the sweetness is no more than the lump of sugar in a whisky old-fashioned or the powdered sugar in a daiquiri. Vodka also mixes well with blackberry liqueur and with Cherry Heering (Peter Heering got the formula—also a secret one, natch—from the wife of a Copenhagen grocer for whom he had worked as a young man, back before 1818. This whole matter is suspicious).

"Helen! This isn't our car!"

The same results can be achieved by combining a good cognac with Cointreau, although in this case, I find that a proportion of two-thirds cognac to one-third Cointreau is more pleasing.

The most celebrated of all these combinations is B & B. Julius Wile, importer of Benedictine, told me the story. "We noticed, sometime around 1934, people were ordering brandy with their Benedictine. We don't know where it started or who started it. It spread. Then we got nervous. It was right after repeal. Many drinkers weren't educated about brandy. Some bartenders were using a cheap brandy with our Benedictine. We suggested to the French company that they bottle a B & B, which they did in 1937. It now outsells the straight Benedictine. Can't tell you the exact proportions of the brandy and the Benedictine. It's a trade secret. I'll tell you this. After they mix the brandy with the Benedictine, they age it for two years before bottling. That's so both liquors can 'marry,' as we say in the trade. Gives it a damned authentic flavor, I tell you."

Of all the secret and mysterious formulas, the oldest one is the recipe for Chartreuse. It was written down on parchment in the Fifteenth or Sixteenth century. In 1605, Marshal de'Estrées, a courtier of King Henri IV, presented the recipe for an *Elixir de Longue Vie* to the Parisian branch of the Carthusian order. The original manuscript still reposes in the safe of the Reverend Father General at the Grande Chartreuse Monastery—headquarters of the worldwide order—in the Alps, near Grenoble, France. Like the Trappists, the Carthusian order, founded in 1084, emphasizes silence, poverty, obedience and simplicity of living.

Until the nineteenth century, the Carthusian elixir was put up only in small quantities as a herb medicine. Then, in 1848, 40 French officers of the Alpine chasseurs were quartered in the monastery. Whenever one of them came down with a bad cold or a case of indigestion, the monks gave him a shot of their elixir. The officers said it was marvelous. They said everybody in France, sick or healthy, should know about this liqueur. They said it must be made famous and they would give it publicity. Within 10 years the demand for Chartreuse in France became so big that the monks erected a distillery at Fourvoirie to satisfy the market.

There are several other monasteries of different orders in France which put out a *liqueur de pays*, sold locally, but today Chartreuse is the only export cordial supervised by a religious order. Benedictine, which originated with the Benedictine order in 1510, is now a privately owned business. There are 600 Carthusian monks in the world, and the profits of Chartreuse support their order and its works of charity. Forty monks are in residence at the Grande Chartreuse (or *charterhouse*). Only three of these know the formula. The 130 herbs that flavor the liqueur grow wild in the slopes around the monastery. The fraters pick the herbs and dry them.

Each morning, three brothers, in the white hood and white cloak of the order, get astride three bicycles. Strapped to the bicycles are baskets containing packets of herbs—numbered mysteriously so no outsider can tell what is in each packet. They pedal down the mountain to the present distillery at Voiron. In the distillery, they go to the second floor—the "Herb Room." Nobody else is allowed there—not the lay director of the com-

pany, not any of the workmen, not the salesmen, not visitors or distributors of the liqueur, nobody. Here, behind locked doors, the brothers macerate the herbs in a neutral grape spirit, about 190° proof—close to pure alcohol. After the process of maceration, which draws out the flavors, the colors and the chemical values of the herbs, the liquid is piped down to small stills on the *rez-de-chaussée* (street floor). There small pot stills distill and re-distill the liquor. Then the elixir is pumped upstairs and the monks busy themselves in compounding the brew with honey and giving it additional alcoholic body and flavor by adding to it some lower-proof cognac.

Besides the yellow and the green Chartreuse, the brothers also bottle a 130° proof product called Elixir Végétale. This is one of the most unique cordials of all—but the Carthusians have not been able to clear it with U.S. authorities and it's not available in this country. It is truly *formidable*. A two-ounce belt of Elixir Végétale, imbibed about an hour before going to sleep, acts as a tranquilizer, soothes the stomach, calms the mind, clears up congestion in the lungs, and induces a long and refreshing sleep.

The link between cordials and religion is not accidental. Cordials are the oldest form of distilled potable spirits. They were developed and fabricated by monks and alchemists—often the alchemist *was* a monk—because these men were the chemists, medical researchers and pharmacists of the middle ages. Wine was first distilled into a high-proof spirit about 800 A.D. by Jabir ibn-Hayyan, an Arabian alchemist, who also invented the still and the process of fractional distillation. The word alcohol is from the Arabic *al-kohl,* which the French turned into *alcohol*. Paris was the center of European learning and alchemy during the years 1000 to 1200. *Alcool,* to the early Arabian and later French alchemists, was not something to drink for kicks. To get high, you drank wine, mead, beer or ale. *Alcool* was sacred, strange, mysterious. It was *aqua vitae, eau de vie,* or *uisgue-beatha* (the Gaelic word from which "whisky" comes)—all meaning "water of life." *Alcool* was the "spirit" of the wine because a gallon of wine when distilled gave up its "soul" in the form of a small quantity of powerful colorless liquid. *Alcool* was too mystical a liquid to be drunk for pleasure.

The alchemists of that time were not crackpots in pointy hats summoning up devils. Scholars today regard them as serious scientists—for example, the British professor of organic chemistry, John Read, in his *Prelude to Chemistry: An Outline of Alchemy*. In the beginning, *alcool* was primarily used as a solution in which to soak herbs with the aim of securing remedies for diseases and increasing the life span. It was not until the Sixteenth century that gin, brandy and whisky were manufactured and sold commercially as potables for pleasure. Among the goals of alchemy was the search for an *elixir vitae,* a cure for everything. It hasn't been found yet.

Alchemists considered gold the highest form of matter. Professor Read states that even as far back as 3000 B.C. among the ancient Chinese, Hindus and Egyptians, alchemists conducted experiments with potable gold, for they all "associated medicinal gold with longevity." The later European alchemists drank gold flakes in alcohol to increase their own longevity. You can still do it. Among the cordials are several like Liqueur D'Or (from France) and Danziger Goldwasser, in which tiny flakes of 22-carat gold float in a liqueur usually of orange curaçao or kummel type, with the addition of other herbs.

Besides the herbals, the two other important liqueur categories are the fruits and peels and the crèmes. Cointreau, Grand Marnier, and the various *marques* of triple sec are examples of cordials made by macerating dried orange peels from certain species of small, black, bitter, inedible oranges growing in Haiti and Curaçao. As for the fruits, there is no common fruit that has not at one time or another been made into a cordial. Forbidden Fruit, one of the few cordials originating in this country that has ever found a market in Europe, is made from a variety of grapefruit. Liqueur experts believe that the most successful fruits lending themselves to cordials are the apricot, peach, blackberry and sour cherry.

COMING . . .

Latest medical findings provide startling new facts about the way a man grows old. The result? You may be younger than you think! Don't miss

THE GREAT BIRTHDAY HOAX

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

It is harder to produce a really superb fruit liqueur than almost any other kind of beverage, for, as Jacques Cointreau told me: "A fruit cordial should capture the presence of the fruit, its smell, its taste, all of it, from beginning to end." It should recall the experience of walking in an orchard in September, picking a ripe fruit from a tree, biting into it, and relishing the savor. But I have tasted many fruit cordials which had no resemblance to any peaches, apricots or cherries I ever smelled or tasted. These deplorable cordials reeked of inferior alcohol and cheap fruit concentrates. They were heavily dosed with a maximum of sugar to disguise the terrible flavor and aroma. But the disguise was as shoddy as the product. We have many superb American cordials and many conscientious distillers of herb, fruit and creme liqueurs, just as the French and the Dutch have—but there are also plenty of abominable cordials on the shelves of our liquor stores.

The crèmes—the word is French for "creams"—come in a wild variety of flavors, some of them bizarre, like crème de celeri, crème de violette, crème de rose (made, respectively, out of concentrations of celery juice, violet juice or rose-petal juice combined with alcohol). There is no cream in any liqueur crème. Crèmes are so called because they have so much sugar in them that they are thick and pour like cream. In the paradoxical world of cordials, nothing is what it seems, and crème is not cream, and high-powered Chartreuse turns out to be a medicine, and sloe gin is not a gin which takes effect slowly. Sloe gin is also a cordial. It is made from sloeberries. Sloeberries aren't berries. They are small plums which grow wild in a certain region of France, and they are like the small beach plums growing wild on Cape Cod. Anyway, sloe gin makes one hell of a good summer drink, the sloe gin fizz.

While the varieties of cordials can be confusing, it's precisely because there are so many of them, in so many different flavors and consistencies and proofs, that they become the royal road to alcoholic adventure. Take the sloe gin fizz, for instance. It's a simple job—just pour two ounces of sloe gin into a tall glass with some ice cubes, and then, for acceleration, add a draught of brandy, and fill with sparkling water. Or the vermouth cassis, which is, in my opinion, the best of the mild aperitifs: again your tallest highball glass, and into it spill a covey of ice cubes, three ounces vermouth, one to two of crème de cassis, and soda the rest of the way. The traditional recipe calls for white vermouth.

Naturally, a cordial concoction can be more complicated than that, and require measuring and shaking, as in the production of a sidecar, a stinger, or a margarita. The margarita—now there's a magnificent aperitif cocktail, almost as sublime as the Martini. Julius Wile made margaritas for me one afternoon in the sumptuously appointed bar of his New York headquarters. Into a shaker he poured two ounces tequila and one ounce of Garnier triple sec. (The Garnier cordials, one of the oldest established French lines, are now made and distributed in the United States by Wile.) He added the juice of a fresh lime. He shook hard. Before pouring, he swabbed the rim of a Martini glass with the lime pulp and beaded the lime-wet rim with salt. Then he poured the margarita. I don't care what problems you have. Two margaritas in the afternoon will solve every damned one of them.

There's no doubt that the making of a margarita is cumbersome—and no doubt the result is worth all the cumbering. But other, and equally virile, cordial concoctions are a lot less complicated.

There are no limits to what you can do with liqueurs. And although I pointed out earlier that most Americans haven't yet begun to know them, Hiram Walker, Inc., largest American producer of cordials, and the DuBouchett people, who put out the most complete line of popular-priced cordials, both claim that the American palate is taking to them ever more heartily. All you need to use the luscious liqueurs is imagination, courage, money in the bank, and the desire to live high on the alcoholic hog. With all these, and a progressive-type stomach, the cordials provide unexpected adventures in drinking.

—Maurice Zolotow

How To Succeed in Business by Really Trying

[*Continued from page* 40]

were up by 7:30 to embark on the new day.

The men with high drive need not be table-pounders. They often are able to maintain a calm, controlled manner. But the drive is there. They need not be robust. The drive may be partly psychic in origin. Recruiter John Handy recalls that the late Robert Young, the railroad tycoon, was such a fragile fellow physically that "to see him eat a meal you would wonder if he would drop over before he was finished. He had terrific nervous and mental energy."

Dr. James Farr was one of a number of consulting psychologists who indicated they like to see some evidence of underlying anxiety in an executive under appraisal. He explained: "An organism without need does not act. Motivation springs out of human need . . . The need to prove something is a driving force. It is driving force—born out of anxiety—that makes a top-notch executive." He added that "this is not necessarily an unhealthy anxiety" and that one can be too well-adjusted in terms of concepts of the normal. "If you were entirely normal," he said, "you would really be a cow."

Whatever their source of energy, consider these three men as random examples of men with conspicuously high thrust:

Jim Price, who built National Homes up from an operation in a shed to a nationwide empire, is easy-going and soft spoken, yet he is usually throwing himself into some chore even when he supposedly is relaxing at his lakeside retreat. His associates said that during his lean years he seemed to go at a trot 18 hours a day. And an old neighbor recalled that Jim as a farm boy was out working even in the rain.

A critic reviewing a biography of Albert D. Lasker, early leader of the advertising industry, commented, "One is repeatedly struck by the demonic energy of Lasker. . . ."

Non-business executives, too, are often credited with considerable "drive." James Reston of *The New York Times* told of a day in the life of President John Kennedy. The President's schedule of handing down momentous decisions, conferring and making public appearances seemed staggering. Reston observed: "The man is a calculating machine, with springs. He seems wound up and full of controlled nervous energy. His hands were a little fluttery in the news conference this afternoon, but even in that witness box the voice was calm, and he was more optimistic than usual."

How much of this "drive" of most successful executives is simply a coincidence and how much is it a significant factor in their success? There seems to be little doubt that drive contributes importantly to their success.

For one thing such men stand out simply because they get more done than the man with low drive. Furthermore, drive contributes to dominance which causes others to accept their authority. Drive also contributes to persistence and tenacity, both important to executives. John Handy states: "Drive consists of three qualities. One is initiative—getting things off the ground. The second is carrying through even though there is a lot of discouragement. The third, and this is the biggest, is wrapping it up. Some people fail here at the wrapping-up point."

Prof. Edward C. Bursk, editor of the *Harvard Business Review*, suggests that a company president has to have drive "in order to give direction and push to an organization." Drive also makes a man action-oriented, and this apparently is an important attribute for an executive.

2. The ability to be deft in handling people. This ability, too, shows up on virtually every list, though under a host of headings. It encompasses some skills that people generally admire, some that people generally deplore (if they recognize them).

This importance of people-handling should not be surprising since top-level executives spend nearly three-quarters of their office time talking face-to-face with people. A manager, it is said, is one who gets things done through people.

Presidents tend to simplify this skill by calling it "getting along with people." Lyle Spencer found that the young presidents of YPO listed "getting along with people" in number one position among the personality traits they felt were important to their success. The American Management Association's study of 335 presidents concluded that the young man hoping to become a president should give very high priority to mastering the technique of getting along with others.

"Getting along" *is* important: the good executive is likely to be people-minded, to "enjoy working with people," and to have a knack for being liked. The executive who is deft in his interpersonal relations, however, is a good deal more than likable. He is better than average at sizing up people, at inspiring loyalty in subordinates, at easily delegating work without seeming to be unloading it from his own shoulders. He is wise enough not to bawl out a subordinate publicly (unless deliberately). His approach in reprimanding more likely will be to do it quietly and informally with a pat on the back at the end. Thus, he has good back-up men below him who can competently fill his job as soon as management begins thinking of him as a possibility for higher responsibility. Without such back-up men pushing him upward he might be passed over as indispensable where he was.

The executive who is deft in handling people also is likely—on the darker side—to be quick to perceive the psychological needs of subordinates, associates and superiors, and to satisfy, or to play upon those needs, perhaps by personality manipulation, as his own interests dictate. He keeps rivals off balance, subordinates uncertain, and superiors whom he hopes to outflank, unwary. He is much too wise to permit feelings of resentment of authority to color his behavior.

Our deft people-handler is also not squeamish when he feels he must get rid of a team player. Robert McMurry, the business consultant, has admonished executives, "Be ruthless when necessary." And psychologist Frederick Gaudet in a questionnaire he prepared for executives asked—as one test of how they could perform as executives—if they would be willing to fire a friend if the friend's work was sub-standard. Author-businessman C. Northcote Parkinson suggests (amiably) that the "surgical touch" is the main thing that distinguishes a good No. 1

TRUE

"I don't go for that sit up, roll over, shake hands stuff."

man from a good No. 2 man in a company.

One of the crucial questions he asks a would-be No. 1 man is: "Are you prepared to fire Joe Wittering?" Joe is the well-liked kindly old muddler "with a popular wife and five children at school." A really good No. 1, Mr. Parkinson said, will fire Joe not only gently but firmly. He will thereafter "go home and sleep soundly, not having given the matter another thought."

At any rate, the deft people-handler strives to keep from becoming emotionally involved with people within his influence and tends to keep real friendships on the job to a minimum. He also has some of Franklin D. Roosevelt's famous talent for persuading all squabbling factions that he is their sympathizer. In an intra-office dispute he seeks to blur differences, at least as far as he is concerned. His formula, as it was stated in light-hearted fashion to sales consultant James Mills, president of Home Facts, Inc., is likely to be: "Some of my friends are for this, and some of them are against it. I'm for my friends."

3. THE ABILITY TO MARSHAL A COMPETENT MIND AGAINST THE PROBLEMS PECULIAR TO EXECUTIVES. Nearly two-thirds of all the 16 lists of characteristics important to executives have an item on mental equipment.

The competent mind I refer to here, I should stress, is not necessarily the very bright mind that runs up a high IQ on those 12-minute pencil-and-paper tests so dear to the psychological testers. Dr. McMurry relates that two of the most amazing scores reported on the famous short pencil-and-paper test of IQ were made by one man who was unstable and by another who was "a pure nut." He added: "Many people are over-impressed by IQ as measured by tests. This is a great fallacy. There is no correlation between intelligence and judgment. A man can be awfully smart and be a screwball of the first order. We can go into a mental hospital anywhere and come out with some terrific scores. But these high scorers have to be kept under glass because of their zero judgment." Judgment is a much more elusive quality to try to measure on a simple test than IQ.

Dr. Lewis B. Ward of Harvard feels that companies hiring college graduates have been putting too much emphasis on high IQs and high grades. He feels that for most managerial jobs a person should be "reasonably intelligent." The *Fortune* survey of 1,700 top executives revealed that while they did somewhat better in college than the average of all male graduates, only one in 20 made the dean's list, graduated *cum laude* or as valedictorians.

Frederick Gaudet relates that he instructed a staff man at Stevens' Psychological Laboratory to evaluate the intelligence of all managers of a company seeking counsel. The staff man soon came back with the startling information that the president himself had scored 103 (too low to get into most colleges). It turned out the president, though modest in IQ, was canny about keeping important customers contented and in maintaining a magnificent personal veneer. Further, and probably most important, he had a vice president with an IQ of 165 to backstop him!

Most heads of businesses, according to Lyle Spencer, have an IQ of about 120, which is well above average but not a "leaping mind." (Top-flight engineers and scientists, for example, average around 135.) Psychologist Edwin Ghiselli of the University of California has reported finding relatively little difference in intelligence scores between top and middle management. Researchers agree that too much mental cablepower complicates the career of an aspiring executive. If he doesn't allow for it, he may have difficulty communicating across the mental gap separating him from his associates, subordinates and customers.

Psychologist Jerome Beam of Clark-Channell believes that average intelligence increases with job level until you reach the level of the department manager but beyond that it begins levelling off "so that the average president is not a whole lot smarter than the average department manager." Others have found that presidents often are less bright in terms of IQ than the subordinates heading their research departments.

Some departments within companies tend to attract men with higher IQs than others. Robert F. Moore, vice president of Richardson, Bellows, Henry & Co., reveals that department managers tend to fall within the following top percentages of the population on IQ tests:

Managers in manufacturing	in top 15%
Managers in personnel	in top 15%
Marketing managers	in top 8%
Finance managers	in top 5%
Research and Development managers	in top 2%

With the growth of technological complexity and world-wide markets, however, we may be seeing a growing emphasis on qualities of mind. Prof. Harold J. Leavitt of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, who has done a good deal of looking out onto the business horizon, states: "The directions in American management over the course of the next decade or so will make greater demands on top managers to treat problems more analytically than they have in the past."

COMING . . .

GEORGE WASHINGTON: HERO WITHOUT A HALO

He drank and he gambled, he eyed a pretty ankle—and he still became father of our land. Don't miss this provocative story about the man behind the image.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

What, then, do I mean by saying an executive needs "the ability to marshal a competent mind against the problems peculiar to executives?"

He especially needs to be able to immerse all his thoughts into an analysis of whatever problem is at hand, to get to the heart of each matter, and to think of alternative solutions. Dr. Charles D. Flory of Rohrer, Hibler and Replogle puts it this way: "The good executive doesn't get lost in detail. He is a man of action, not research. He cuts through a mass of detail and comes to the central facts in order to give someone else a sense of direction."

The good executive also has an orderly mind. He needs to be able to bring order out of near chaos, to organize what psychologists call unstructured situations. He needs to have a patience for pulling loose ends into place.

Michigan State's Professor Jennings believes that the modern fast-rising executive is likely to be strong in a very special kind of mental ability that he calls "maze-brightness." The maze-bright man knows his way around structures. He quickly perceives passages that lead nowhere. He knows how to adjust quickly to strange terrain, and how to get things done through and around channels. In short he is at home in a multi-layered hierarchy. The growing complexity of modern corporate structures, he feels, is tending to make this a crucial skill for the man who wants to advance. When Robert McNamara went from Ford to running the fantastically complex and scrambled U. S. Department of Defense (with an annual budget nearly 10 times Ford's) he looked over the situation for a few weeks and then defined 131 major "tasks" or problems that needed analysis and solving. Within a year, *Newsweek* reported, 112 of these tasks had been completed. And in the process the Department of Defense was transformed. It emerged streamlined and far more flexible.

A man who hopes to rise in responsibility needs, above all, judgment—and nobody seems to know exactly what the word means. It appears to mean the application of several of the skills of mind mentioned above—particularly analysis, assessment and integration—in order to come up with an answer that is right. If you come up with a wrong response your judgment is wrong, no matter how much thought went into it or how appropriate your course of action seemed at the time.

As a matter of actual fact, of course, even the best executives are faulted on judgment too often for comfort. General Dynamics lost hundreds of millions of dollars in the long-range jet transport field largely because of what was later called "fantastic under-estimating of costs" and "gross miscalculation of the market."

The good executive is helped by an ability to make judgments on the basis of lamentably insufficient hard fact—and to work through people he barely knows. Who could know *for sure* how the public was going to respond to color television, or jet flying, or electric can openers or dry soup? Every chief executive at times

must make calculated gambles. The president of an Oklahoma metal products company told me: "You can't think too long about a problem and still do anything about it."

This need to be able to proceed with assurance in situations where, often, there are few hard facts raises a provocative question. Is the ability to proceed on a campaign in some ignorance an overlooked but very real asset in executives? John Hite, Director of the Institute of Management, Johnson & Johnson, believes that it is. He advises: "No matter how intelligent or able a manager is, one day his responsibility will exceed his knowledge. In fact this is *the* problem of modern management and it is an emotional one. Most men cannot bear to be responsible for that which they do not know. Yet they cannot take positions in management unless they can accept such responsibility without paying for it in ulcers or nervous breakdowns."

Mr. Hite made this point to explain why salesmen and merchandising people often make good top executives. He said: "They are used to being unembarrassed in the face of their own ignorance." Many accountants, engineers and scientists, he said, can't stand the thought of proceeding in such a fashion. Mr. Hite's line of logic led him to this interesting, if irreverent, thought for the day:

"One must be half-assed to be a manager."

4. THE ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE—AND PERHAPS ORIGINATE—IDEAS. With managers spending more and more of their time in committee meetings, conferences, conventions and community affairs (as corporate ambassadors), the demand for good communicators at higher levels has grown. This ability received attention on seven of the lists, including a majority of the lists offered by executive recruiters.

Executives lament that they seem to be selling ideas all day long. A former auto executive told Eric Larrabee how it is at the companies in these terms: "All they do is sell to each other. You never saw such a place for conferences. They spend all morning at it, they go upstairs to lunch together and they are back at it all afternoon, making presentations to each other." And then, chances are, many of these men will end their day dictating a memo—preferably confined to one page—advising their bosses with precision how things stand.

Ward Howell, the executive recruiter, stressed that "the ability to express yourself well—verbally and in writing—is tremendously important for these top fellows." And recruiter Ashton Dunn said this ability is so important that he is wary of a candidate who seems unable to explain in clear, interesting fashion what he has been doing at his present job. Dunn said: "We are always suspicious if it is hard to pull out the man's story." He said he had the most trouble with engineers "unless they are administrative engineers."

As corporations increase their number of heirarchial layers the difficulties of communicating with anyone more than two layers away becomes especially formidable. Written thoughts that go through channels tend to get garbled both intentionally and unintentionally. A report in *Nation's Business* put the role of words vividly in these words: "The higher the executive stands in the organization the more his world is one of words. He is walled off from reality by symbolic representations and abstractions. . . ."

Words, then, become tools of the first importance for the rising executive. And the good executives appear to be well-equipped. Johnson O'Connor, whose engineering laboratories across the country have been testing the aptitudes of tens of thousands of people, tells me: "The most important executive characteristic of which we are certain and which we can measure accurately is a large and exact English vocabulary."

He said that top executives score even higher than college professors and lawyers on word meanings. Further, he has pointed out, the higher up the man, the better his vocabulary is likely to be. In a survey of supervisory personnel in 39 plants, presidents and vice presidents scored 236 (out of a possible 272) on the vocabulary test, managers averaged 168, superintendents 114, floor bosses 86.

Mr. O'Connor tells of a study made of a group of college seniors who were about to go into corporations as managerial trainees. "Every man who scored in the top quarter in vocabulary, while still in college, became an executive within five years. Not one in the bottom quarter on vocabulary became an executive. . . ."

This importance of communication probably explains the great interest that rising executives show in courses and books on writing and talking effectively. The awareness of the importance of communicating also perhaps accounts for the current fascination among executives with visual aids. The quip at YPO headquarters is that every time two young YPOers get together you'll find at least one visual aid.

The feature of the office of Carter Burgess, president of American Machine and Foundry, and a YPOer, that remains most vivid in my mind is the huge scrap-paper pad on a stand by his desk. He explained that whenever he wants to explain something to anyone who comes in to confer, he tries to illustrate what he means on the pad. He feels it helps him put across his viewpoint.

To illustrate, he began pulling down pages that had in recent days been flipped up over the back of the stand. Here were Mr. Burgess' comments as he flipped down several pictures:

"This is where I was showing a new idea in handling airline baggage, based on our device for returning bowling balls."

"Here I was talking with our chief engineer about a grasping problem on a missile."

"Here is a boomerang made out of plastic."

"Here is the high curve on a business cycle."

Mr. Burgess explained: "I believe in capturing the eye while I work on the ear."

As for originality in relation to ideas to be communicated, management people frequently talk of the importance of creativity in executives—and profess to yearn for more of it. Creativity, however, does not appear to be a common characteristic of the executives except in such specialized functions as advertising, where they rather shamelessly over-use the word. Creativity is cherished when found at the top levels but somewhat less so at middle management levels. And it is more likely to take the form of an inquiring mind and a willingness to try fresh approaches rather than a bubbling-out of original ideas.

Mr. O'Connor reports that "executives measure low in ideaphoria," the outpouring of ideas. Ideaphoria appears to combine creative imagination and loquacity. The person high in ideaphoria is always going in a new direction. "The executive job," Mr. O'Connor observed, "is to put things through to completion and the fact that executives lack ideaphoria helps them to stick to one direction. . . . Their lack of this trait shows up in their slower and very deliberate speech."

Some executives are very effective in

"It is an Australian wishing stick—after you throw it, you close your eyes and make a wish!"

originating ideas of importance but, more commonly, executives are more effective as gatherers and appraisers of ideas. British authors, Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart, in their study of executives observed: "To say that all an artist's ideas are those of other men is dispraise; to say that a businessman's ideas are those of other men is merely to describe his function."

5. THE ABILITY TO RESPOND TO PROVOCATION OBJECTIVELY AND EFFECTIVELY. This in some form was cited in six of the 16 lists of executive characteristics. Yale's Chris Argyris found many facets of this ability worth stressing: tolerance for frustration, acceptance of signs of "fight," capacity to bounce back, ability to have one's ideas pulled apart.

People who appraise executives make frequent admiring use of the word "objective." The objective executives can keep their personal feelings out of crises and maintain some of the surgeon's approach of emotional detachment. They can be depended upon to be even-handed with subordinates, to be influenced only minimally by their personal likes or dislikes and maximally by what will be best for the organization. One objection that males make to women executives is that the men think many women lack this objectivity when personal feelings become involved.

A high-ranking executive must be prepared to close down plants, take actions that alienate many people and discipline personal acquaintances. Dr. Ward said that for some people "this is very difficult." Such people, he said, are less likely to be successful as executives than the "one who is not bothered if he is convinced that he is right."

Johnson O'Connor, who stressed the importance of vocabulary, advised me that a second important measurable executive characteristic is "an objective personality." He believes that two traits —objectivity and large vocabulary—just about end the obvious *measurable* characteristics of executives.

The fact that an executive has a good grip on his emotions does not mean that he does not speak his mind. Some may maintain a stiff upper lip in response to pleasure or pain and think they are being becomingly "reserved," but the good executive is not distressed by blunt expression of feeling either by himself or others. Dr. Ward put the distinction this way: The objective person who has his feelings hurt might say "Damn it, I don't like it!" but he doesn't get perturbed. "When a person can express himself appropriately other people know where they stand. People are distrustful of the person who doesn't show emotion."

The really good executive, furthermore, tends to thrive on tension. He may be as anxious as the next man, but what is another man's stress is his stimulation.

This distinction perhaps is the answer to conflicting evidence on the role of anxiety—whether it helps or hurts an executive's career. It hurts if it cripples but helps if it propels. Probably the emphasis on "adjustment" went too far even in the business world. Virtually all of the comments made to me recently suggest that some "productive" or well-channeled anxiety helps an executive, at least in his career. And apparently it need not undermine his self-confidence, again at least as far as his work is concerned. Psychologist James Cuff of the executive counseling firm Reed Cuff & Associates observed that, as humans, executives frequently are not confident of themselves, but still they may well be confident in their work roles.

Psychologist Beam distinguished between the "psychologically tough" and the "psychologically soft" person. The tough person, he said, is the man who may feel tense and anxious when he is taking risks or under pressure but he is galvanized by his tensions. He speeds up. A psychologically soft person on the other hand is frozen by tension—he becomes immobilized. (Anxiety also becomes unhealthy, of course, if hostile, destructive tendencies become an important part of the man's response to stress.)

S. Vincent Wilking, vice president of the consulting firm Barrington & Company, told of men freezing under anxiety and developing avoidance reactions. Some, he said, take refuge in being disciplinarians at detail work. He told of the president of a large corporation who was in such an emotional bind that he kept putting off making a tough major decision of whether to authorize a new plant. He spent much of his time instead checking the expense accounts of his associates, and he made quite a splash around the office with his economy wave. Finally mounting pressures forced him to authorize the new plant. During the 16 months that he had dilly-dallied, the estimated cost of the plant rose from six million to 11 million dollars.

6. THE ABILITY TO ENJOY ORGANIZING AND RUNNING LARGE PROJECTS. The key word is "enjoy." Many men are straining to attain high executive office because of the status or money that goes with it. They don't really enjoy responsibility or running things.

The natural executive enjoys making things happen and controlling things, taking on responsibilities and standing accountable for results, and making important decisions even if risky. Our natural born executive is a self-starter who can take the big view. It thrills him to be able to accept a job with a minimum of briefing, do it in record time and surprise management by reporting matter-of-factly that the project is all wrapped up. George Fry, a pioneer in management consulting, told me: "The good executive has the ability to get things done efficiently, quickly and quietly without a lot of fuss and feathers. This is terribly important in the modern corporation."

7. THE ABILITY TO GENERATE CONFIDENCE. The successful executive seems to know where he is going and can make others want to go with him. This in some variant was on six lists.

Dr. McMurry advised a president: "Always give the impression of knowing what you are doing, even when you are not sure at all." He added, with his usual candor, that this is also the consultant's "main stock in trade."

In early 1962, 42-year-old Lynn A. Townsend became president of Chrysler Corporation. In Detroit he was generally regarded as an ambitious and possibly ruthless young man in a hurry. But a friend told a writer for the *Wall Street Journal*: "Yes, Lynn is ambitious. But his ambition is to see this company back up where it belongs. I think that as long as he has been associated with Chrysler he's been convinced he could do a better job than anyone else at the top."

Leadership, in essence, appears to be the art of getting others to want to do something you are convinced should be done. People are more likely to help their leader succeed in a difficult project, in business or elsewhere, if their leader is convincing to them on three points:

—Is he enthusiastic about the project himself? An artist, as Lewis and Stewart have pointed out, may turn out his best work when haunted by doubts and fears, but a business leader must seem to have faith in his judgment. This need for certitude gives some advantage to the leader who exudes self-confidence and enthusiasm. He is a pleasure to work with because he generates others' confidence and excitement. Frequently, he shows little concern about protecting his own job because he is confident he can always get a better one.

Robert Huttemeyer, a recruiter for Thorndike Deland Associates, was one who placed considerable emphasis upon the importance of enthusiasm. "Everybody I know who is a good executive has it."

—Does he have the integrity to be a source of strength through the worst that may be ahead? The "angry joy" that the troopers of *A Distant Trumpet* felt in "belonging to" Lieutenant Hazard clearly was inspired by his most conspicuous traits: utter, single-minded integrity and devotion to honor and duty as he saw them.

—Does he have a dependable vision of the future? From hind-sight and wind-sniffing, has he discerned where the company can be or should be tomorrow? When it comes right down to it, what most managements and subordinates yearn for above all are leaders who seem to know what lies ahead.—**Vance Packard**

Satchel Paige

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those years, I'd see him pitching at Cleveland's League Park in regular Negro League games, whenever possible, because I always enjoyed watching Satch in action.

So I saw Satch when he was close to his peak and I can tell you that the Satchel Paige, of indeterminate age, who helped to pitch Cleveland to the pennant, was only a pale shadow of the Satchel Paige I had seen a decade earlier. The pre-war Paige was the best pitcher I ever saw, and I'm judging him on the way he overpowered and/or outwitted some of the best big-league hitters of the day. The minor leaguers he could strike out at will.

It was an independent promoter—the same guy who ran the bearded House of David club—who first approached me about barnstorming with Paige. Even as an Iowa farm boy I had heard of Satchel Paige, of course. Satch used to barnstorm through Iowa with Earle Mack's All-Stars, and one of the great days of my youth had come when my father took me to Des Moines to see him in the flesh. I knew that Satch had struck out the first two major-leaguers he had ever faced, a couple of fair hitters named Hack Wilson and Babe Herman. I also knew that he had struck out Rogers Hornsby five times in a row and had handled hitters like Jimmy Foxx, Earl Averill and Heinie Manush with ease.

Only two years earlier, in fact, Satch had wiped out the last pockets of resistance by barnstorming against Dizzy Dean and beating him four games out of six. Diz, you understand, had just won 30 games for the St. Louis Cardinals, plus two more games in the World Series. It was during that tour—in Hollywood, appropriately enough—that Diz and Satch locked horns in their 13-inning duel, easily the most famous exhibition game ever played.

At the end of nine scoreless innings, Satch strolled over to Diz and drawled, "Ah don't know what you got in mind, Mr. Dean, but ah don't intend to give up any runs if we stay here all night."

Diz, undoubtedly kicking himself for letting Satch beat him to a typical Dean line, finally gave up a run in the 13th and, in an earthshaking reversal of form, conceded that Satch was a better pitcher than he could ever hope to be. "Between us," he added, shaking off that momentary attack of modesty nicely, "we'd win 60 games easy."

I was only 17 years old and fully prepared to be over-awed when I was brought into the locker room of the Des Moines ballpark, before our first exhibition game, to meet him. For a legendary sports hero, Satch—a tall, round-shouldered, unmuscular man—cuts a rather unimpressive figure. He was still getting into his uniform while we were being introduced, and the thing that caught my eye was that he never seemed to stop pulling on his stockings. Satch, as I was to learn, is so ashamed of his incredibly spindly legs that he always wears two pair of inner socks and two pair of outer socks to try to beef them out.

He had a pleasant, puckish face, though, and a way of drawling out his words that left the impression that he was always looking for something funny to say. "Well, Bob Rapid," he said—a play on the Rapid Robert Feller nickname the sportswriters had hung on me, "I been hearing some things about you."

In the three innings we pitched that night, I struck out eight men and Satch struck out seven.

It was only in the bigger cities that we had the good players behind us. In the smaller towns, we'd have local minor-leaguers or, in the really small towns, local pick-up teams. I'd always bring along my own catcher, usually Rollie Hemsley. Poor Satch would have to take on a local catcher, though, which meant he'd have to gear his speed to the kid's ability to hold him under the dim and shadowy lighting of a Class-C park. But Satch would say, "Just hold your glove on the corner, acrost the knees, and Old Satch will be there." And, believe me, Old Satch would fire the ball into the pocket every time.

Satch claims he developed his control, as a kid, by throwing rocks at birds on the wing. To him, the lowest form of animal life is a pitcher who can't get the ball over the plate. "A pitcher who walks a man, *and don't mean to walk him,*" he would say, with disgust, "is stealin' money from someone."

With his perfect control and his instinct for showmanship, he had developed what amounted to a pre-game act. His most spectacular trick was to set up a thick wooden plank behind home plate, tap three or four heavy spikes into it, and then stroll out to the mound and drive them home by firing his fast ball against them. Another of his favorite tricks was to have a batter hold his bat out over the plate, absolutely still, and literally knock the bat out of his hands.

Satch, of course, was always a natural performer. To entertain the early fans, he'd go through what he called a "pepper show," a sleight-of-hand routine in which he'd roll the ball around his neck and down his back, making the ball disappear and materialize much in the way a magician pulls a coin out of his sleeve.

There was only one thing you couldn't get him to do before a game, and that was to warm up. "All I got to do," he'd say, "is shake hands with the catcher and I'm ready." He'd never dream of running in the outfield either, and he broke out into a cold sweat at the mere thought of calisthenics. I'm well-known to be a nut on conditioning, so any time we had gone a day without playing I'd take myself out to the outfield to do my bends and my push-ups. Old Satch would come strolling past, shake his head gravely and say, "I'm sure glad us young folks don't have to worry about fattening all up." And when I'd try to needle him into joining me for a brisk trot, he'd shudder from head to toe and say, "Ah don't even run to first base, man. Ah just believes in jangling around gentle-like as ah move to keep the juices flowing."

And yet, as with everything else, there is a method in his madness. Satch always takes infield practice, either at third base or shortstop, and this is how he got in his running, his bending and his throwing, all at the same time. When he had his infield from the Kansas City Monarchs, his regular club, with him, they'd put on a terrific pre-game show by holding infield practice without a ball, pan-

TRUE

"Okay, let's reconstruct the crime once more, and this time be sure the gun isn't loaded."

tomiming the diving, acrobatic stops and the leaping, whirling pivots and the unforgivable errors until you'd swear you were really seeing a baseball flying around.

Everybody's favorite gag, though, was the famous one where he'd call in all his infielders and outfielders and then strike out the side. To really appreciate what a masterful showman Satch was you had to see him pull that one in the Negro Leagues. He would start by deliberately walking the first three men, while the fans, who knew darn well what was coming on, filled the park with that electric hum of rising expectancy. When the bases were loaded, Satch would turn like a potentate to left, center and right and with a dramatic flourish of the arm, wave each of his players in. The players would come racing in, kneel down on the grass behind the mound and, with much animation and glee, break out a deck of cards or shoot some craps while Satch went about the serious business of striking out the next three men. If he wasn't too sharp, it might take him 10 pitches.

On our barnstorming tours, though, he would never walk anybody before he called in his players, because he wasn't sure the crowd would take it in the right spirit. The players themselves knew it was part of Satch's show, of course—and they rather enjoyed it—but Satch somehow feared he might be humiliating them before their friends and neighbors if he made a show of loading the bases to get at them.

Since, according to our publicity, Satch and I were engaged in a duel to the death, I'd come to the mound the following inning and uphold my honor by doing the same thing.

One of Paige's great assets is that he doesn't really look as tough on the mound as he actually is. Satch never had much of a curve, you know, because he was so overpowering in his youth that he had never needed one. Many a big-name, big-league player strode confidently to the plate after getting his first glimpse of Satch and then came shuffling back, shaking his head and muttering in his beard. For Satch realized, long before anybody else, that a pitcher's main job is to keep the hitter off balance. Watching him in action was a priceless education for a young kid like me. He threw underhand, overhand and sidearm. He would wiggle the fingers of his glove just before he threw in order to create the illusion that he was starting his delivery about a second before he actually did. He would never come in with quite the same speed on two consecutive pitches or of quite the same motion or, even, from quite the same spot on the rubber. Compared to Satchel Paige, nobody else has even begun to explore the possibilities of using the pitching motion itself to upset the batter's timing.

If you looked closely enough at all those highly-publicized bits of "showmanship," you would find a neat little plan to upset the batter's timing. I can remember Ken Keltner coming back to the bench and moaning, "He gives you his foot and then his shoulder and then his elbow and then his wrist and by the time he lets go of the ball you're getting set for the next pitch." And Keltner hit Paige about as well as any right-hander I ever saw.

His hesitation pitch, which delighted the fans and had all the opposing managers shouting "Balk!" was actually neither a gag nor a balk. I don't think the fans ever really understood what the hesitation pitch was. Satch does *not* hesitate in the sense that he ever interrupts the normal swing of his body. What he does is to *hold his arm back* until his body has completely followed through. The batter, accustomed from childhood to seeing a ball come out of the normal pitching motion (i.e., with the body *following* the arm around), is thrown so completely off balance that usually he is swinging way out in front of the pitch. The first time Mickey Mantle saw that pitch, Mickey, according to all reports, actually broke his wrists before Satch let go of the ball.

Satch taught me how to throw the hesitation pitch in the course of our pre-war touring, which means I must have been the first pitcher to ever use it in the majors. And the funny thing is that nobody ever seemed to notice what I was doing. Of course, I used it very sparingly—only as a pitch to get me out of a tough inning—because I was always a little afraid of it. The technique breaks so completely with the normal rhythm of pitching that I had to balance its effectiveness against the possibility that it might injure my arm. In the end, I decided it just wasn't worth the risk.

Satch doesn't have to worry about holding to a pitching rhythm because, no doubt about it, his arm is made of rubber. He not only has that hesitation pitch, he also has its opposite number, the "sneak pitch"—in which he delivers the ball *before* he begins to bring his body around. Now it should be obvious that any man who is able to release the ball at either end of his motion is also able to release it at any point in between. And that's what drove the hitters nuts. Batting against him left you with the same sense of imbalance and unreality as walking through a House of Mirrors. The result was that when Paige did pick the spot to fire his good fast ball, the batter would be caught, flat-footed and gaping.

By the time he got his chance in the majors, Paige was getting by mostly on savvy. Still, nobody ever stopped Joe DiMaggio as completely as he did. Satch handled Joe with such ease that I've seen him walk a man deliberately to get to him. Being a natural showman, Satch would open the full bag of tricks against DiMaggio, the triple windups and the bloop pitches, the stalling and the hesitation. By the time Satch finally got the ball up to the plate, Joe would be so anxious that he'd lunge out like a rookie just up from the minors. If you know anything about DiMaggio, you know that he would never give Paige, or anybody else, the satisfaction of showing the slightest emotion. To the end of his career, he claimed that no one pitcher bothered him more than any other. (I know I didn't bother him; he was the only right-hander who hit me consistently.) Still, I suspect that if Joe were pushed into a corner today he would admit that Old Satch gave him fits.

I learned another valuable lesson from Paige early in my career; the importance of pacing yourself. Although Satch and I would only pitch our guaranteed two or three innings in the smaller towns, we'd go seven or even nine in the big cities. Pitching almost every day (and you have to remember that Satch had been pitching every day, summer and winter, for years) he had learned how to save himself for tomorrow. Satch would put on the strikeout show for a couple of innings, but after that he was out to make the batter hit the ball. "Why should I throw six pitches trying to strike a man out," he'd ask me, "when I can get him to pop up on the first pitch?"

I am resigned by now to the fact that most fans will always think of me as a strong-arm fire-baller who just tried to blow the ball past every hitter. I wasn't. In my whole career, there was only one period where I tried to strike out every batter. That was over the last two months of 1946, my first full year after I came out of the Navy. I had a chance to break the strikeout record that year, the team was way down in the second division and the ownership wanted me to pile up the strikeouts for publicity purposes. I broke the record. Other than that, I was always a pitcher who, like Paige, tried to save himself.

I never had Paige's needle-eye control, of course; Satch was so perfect that he was ashamed of himself if he had to throw more than 100 pitches in a 9-inning game. But I managed to pace myself well enough so that I was almost always around to finish what I started. In that big year in 1946, I started 42 times and finished 36. Today, a pitcher who finishes half his games is looked upon, in awe and wonder, as a direct descendant of Iron Man McGinnity.

One of the ways Satch and I kept from overburdening our arms, to be frank, was to ease up a little on each other. Since, like all pitchers, we knew deep in our hearts that we had untapped potentialities as hitters, we agreed from the very beginning that if either of us came to bat with nobody on base, we'd give each other a break. (If a hit meant anything, of course, all bets were off.)

I had a nice country-boy swing in those early days, and when I got my pitch—a medium fast ball, high and outside—I could really give it a ride. One of the golden moments in my life came in Wichita, in 1938, when Satch laid the ball in

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for me very nicely and I hit it so high and so deep that the ball disappeared into the darkness above the light towers and landed out in the railroad tracks behind the centerfield fence.

The report of the game—and I stand perfectly willing to believe it—said the ball had landed in an open coal car of a freight train headed for Kansas City, 200 miles away. That, I submit, would make it—with minor assistance from the Missouri Pacific RR—the longest ball ever hit anywhere.

Satch liked the high ball too. He had no particular power, but when he got his pitch he could punch out a lot of line drives. As I have perhaps hinted, he was not exactly a flash of light on the bases. He did have the distance to first base well enough gauged, however, so that he could beat a right-fielder's throw almost every time.

When he came up to the Indians, Satch spun a lot of yarns about his spectacular hitting feats, and Satch could be so persuasive that everybody was inclined to believe him even though he was doing little except striking out. Finally, before one game, he announced, "All right, ah've walked up and down this league and studied the difference. Startin' today, the wraps is off. Today, Ole Satch is gonna go out and show you what kind of a *gooood* hitting pitcher ah've always been."

Satch thereupon went out and showed everybody how to strike out three straight times. It was pitiful. Naturally, a committee of well-wishers was waiting to pounce on him as he came back to the clubhouse. "Tell us one more time," someone yelled, "what a *hell* of a hitter you always been, Satch."

You never could get too far ahead of Satch, though. "Bob Rapid," he said, with that cute grin of his, "tell them what a hell of a hitter I *used* to be."

Although Satch was probably the foremost victim of baseball's color line, he was never a crusader. On the contrary, he was the despair of some of the colored leaders and white do-gooders who were always after him to speak out. I myself have always felt that the great thing about baseball is that it is one of the few professions where nothing can help a man except his own ability, and yet, in all honesty, I have to admit that I had accepted the color line so completely that it never really occurred to me to be any more indignant on Satch's behalf than he seemed to be himself. And, to all appearances, Satch couldn't have cared less.

He and I had one great thing in common. We were both out to make a buck, an interracial, interdenominational and bipartisan pursuit that draws all men of good will together. In a way, we were joined together by the difference in our color. What we were hawking from town to town was a pitching duel between the best colored pitcher and the best white pitcher, and while we were never so lacking in taste as to make mention of the racial angle in our advertising, we thought it only fair to permit the local sportswriters to comment upon it as they wished. And they did, they did.

"Do you have one any idiot can understand?"

As working capitalists, Satch and I were always foraging around for an extra buck. Sometimes, between two night games, we would drive to some town along our route and squeeze in an afternoon exhibition with a couple of pick-up teams for whatever guarantee we could get.

Despite his prejudice against warming up before a game, Satch always took excellent care of that valuable pitching arm. He always carried a beat-up, overgrown suitcase with him, and he would scrounge around inside and come out with all manner of heat lamps and massage machines. (Satch always claimed that his nickname came from that big suitcase not from his big feet, a point much in dispute.)

Part of his act was to rub the arm down with his "snake oil," a magic elixir whose formula had been revealed to him—presumably under a full moon—by some kind of swami. It did smell like something out of the Oriental Nights all right, but having seen him mix it I can tell you that it is composed mostly of wintergreen and alcohol, just like any other rubbing compound. With that sure instinct for the colorful touch, Satch simply adds a few drops of perfume to give it its exotic odor.

After he had rubbed the arm down with his magic balm, he would carefully wash it off with boiling water "to wipe away the miseries." Well, this also happens to be sound medical practice. The hot water, by stimulating circulation, carries away the burned-up fatty tissue which bring on fatigue and soreness. I once tried to explain to Satch that he was perfectly attuned to the best scientific thought of the day, and he just gave me that little grin of his and said, "Yeah, mah mammy 'splained the whole thing to me when I was a tiny little baby."

One of the great misconceptions about Satch is that he is hard to deal with as far as money is concerned. Satch wasn't a particularly good businessman, at least in those days. He had always made good money, and so it meant very little to him. His sole idiosyncrasy was that he wanted to get paid in cash, and since I paid him as much as $6,600 for a single game, you can see that he usually had a full wallet. That never became too much of a problem for him, though. He seemed to have friends in every little town, and often as not he'd just hand the money over to somebody to hold. He spent it fast, and he gave it away even faster. He gave it to friends, he gave it to strangers, he gave it to anybody with a hard luck story.

Once while we were passing through Kansas City, we stopped off at his home, a big, rambling place filled with relatives, friends and, it seemed, perfect strangers. Satch was happy to be of service to one and all. He even had a new car and a pickup truck parked outside for their convenience. He can't possibly have any money left today, and I can't help but wonder how many of the people who lived off him in the old days have been around lately.

He's still pitching, of course. I haven't talked to Satch for perhaps two years now, but I followed him closely when he signed on with Portland in the Pacific Coast League at the end of 1961. In 25 innings he had 19 strikeouts and a 2.88 earned-run average. Last year, at an age when most men are waiting to collect their Social Security, he was out barnstorming with a club called the Harlem Stars, which, I take it, consisted of Satch and eight empty uniforms. I came across the report of one game he pitched in Atlanta. The opposition had three scratch hits in the first inning while Satch was still loosening up and he pitched a no-hitter the rest of the way.

Much of the controversy about Satch's age developed, I think, because he tries to give sportswriters what they want. How old is he? I have one clue. Satch appeared as a witness for me in a Federal court, in 1948, in a suit growing out of

our barnstorming tour. As soon as Satch was sworn in, the judge, obviously a baseball fan, asked him his age. And suddenly there was a silence in that room so heavy that you could have heard a pin drop. Satch, always a performer, milked the silence as long as decently possible, and then he said, "Judge, I'm 44." From the roar of laughter that followed, it was perfectly evident that everybody in the courtroom was sure he was considerably older. Actually, I would have guessed he was somewhat younger. He certainly looked and acted younger.

But Satch plays that age game marvelously. When a reporter pointed out to him that his own mother had publicly stated that he was older than he was claiming, at that moment, to be, Satch told him, with a coolness few other sons could match, "Mah mother doesn't really know." And then, nudging the writer confidentially, he said, "If you really want a story, mah mother is the oldest living mother in Mobile, Alabama."

I suppose he expressed his philosophy about age best in that marvelous dictum of his, "Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you." If that one isn't in *Bartlett's Quotations,* somebody over there isn't doing his job.

Because of my long-time association with Satch, Bill Veeck consulted me before he signed him to a Cleveland contract in 1948. I told Bill that while I didn't think Satch could go nine innings any more, I was sure he would help us in relief. "One thing I can guarantee," I told him. "He'll get the ball over."

I was wrong about one thing. Satch did go nine innings for us. He even pitched two straight shutouts in the heat of the pennant race. And while he was about it, he set all-time attendance records in Washington, Chicago and Cleveland.

I also assured Veeck that despite Satch's reputation for indifference toward such minor items as train schedules, he had never missed a game in all the years we had barnstormed together. I could remember times, on the contrary, when he had slept in a car outside a ballpark all night and come on to pitch perfect ball.

But Satch wasn't used to traveling with a full team and he did mess up a couple of times. The first time, he simply failed to show up for a game at Yankee Stadium. It was a beautiful sunny day when the game started, but after a few innings a light drizzle brought on a brief delay. As the canvas was being taken off the infield after the sun returned, a sudden deluge came down, flooding the infield and forcing the umpires to call the game.

We were leaving for Boston right after the game, and just as the baggage truck was being locked, Satch came strolling into the bus. To Satch's obvious astonishment, Lou Boudreau, our manager, jumped all over him. "Ah knew the game was going to be called," Satch explained patiently. "Ah could feel it in my big toe. So ah figured there wasn't much sense in coming out here and just sittin' around."

Boudreau was so unhinged at this display of witch-doctory that he never got around to slapping a fine on him.

And then there was the time that Satch, maddened by the pangs of hunger, left the bullpen in Boston's Fenway Park and walked, in full uniform, to the concession stand underneath the bleachers to beg, buy or borrow a hot dog and a beer. Now, Satch always had a very sensitive stomach, the legacy of a thousand meals at a thousand roadside inns, and when his stomach was acting up, he would burp away like an outboard motor. No sooner had Satch come back to the bullpen, licking his lips happily, than Boudreau signaled for him to start warming up. A few more minutes and he was being waved into the game. As Satch came burping up to the mound, Lou—who was waiting to hand him the ball—was all but overcome by beer fumes. I don't know whether Lou thought Satch had really been drinking it up out in the bullpen, but I do know that when we got to the park the next day, a huge padlock was on the bullpen gate. It was still on that gate when I retired from baseball seven years later.

It is my firm belief, and I have stated it before, that the Hall of Fame will not be complete until they cut a niche for Satchel Paige. Now that I have been elected myself, I feel it even more strongly.

And yet, in another way, it really doesn't matter whether they vote him in or not, for you can search the whole country without finding anyone who doubts for a moment that he was as great a pitcher as ever lived. Satch has cut his own niche in the history of baseball. The fact that he has not been officially recognized only adds a certain flavor to the telling of the old tales about his great deeds.

In 1951, Bill Veeck—operating out of Miami—brought Satch back into organized baseball by having him drop from the skies in a helicopter, unexpected and unannounced, in the middle of the opening-night game. The helicopter (or, as Satch would call it, "the little bird") landed on the infield dirt instead of the grass, a rather serious miscalculation in that its propeller plate promptly picked up half the infield and blew it away.

When the dust began to clear, there was Satch, in full uniform, like a jinni materializing out of the smoke.

And that, I think, is the way Satchel Paige will be remembered. Not as a bust in the Hall of Fame, but as a sort of mythical figure, dropping from out of the skies and rising from out of the dust. Bigger than life, ageless, indestructible.

—Bob Feller & Ed Linn

The Hour I Struck It Rich

[*Continued from page* 51]

since and so I can permit myself the revelation of these occasional lapses from fastidiousness.

The late Captain Patterson, owner of *The News,* liked to order me off on expeditions with Old Hook and Worms so that my daily sports column, devoted mostly to football, baseball, boxing and college sports, would be lightened by adventures in fishing. There is either a hunter or a fisherman in nearly every man, and those who cannot spare the time to indulge in these delights like to read about them. Fred Fletcher's job was probably the most envied of any on the newspaper, even more so than that of the drama critic or the boxing expert who drew free aisle or ringside seats. And so one day I received orders to proceed to the island of Manteo, North Carolina, on Albemarle Sound to try to catch and write about the redfish or channel bass.

The channel bass is a reddish-gold salt-water game fish running up to 70 pounds or so, though wallopers of 100 pounds and over have been taken commercially. They appear singly in the surf where they can be taken by the beach caster on a hook baited with herring or mossbunker, or in schools of hundreds offshore where they will strike at a spoon, feather, drone lure, or red-and-white wobbler. They are massive, strong-shouldered, powerful fighting fish that strike with a shock that rattles one's teeth and strains the tendons of wrist and arm, and that rip off line from a tight star drag as though it were on free spool. Thereafter they tug, lurch, bull, jerk and run to the last ounce of their strength.

You fought them in those days not from the comfortable chair seat of a Florida or Bahamas fishing cruiser—with your rod settled into a swivel-chair socket and shoulder straps to take the strain off wrist and back—but from a cockleshell boat tossing wildly in the trough of breakers with no seat or foothold, and with tackle no heavier than a six-ounce tip, and if you were a sportsman, a four-ounce tip. You jammed the butt of the rod into your belly, searched for some kind of foothold on the tilting deck, and had it out with your quarry.

The fish is elusive and his presence is dependent upon wind, weather, tide, feed, state of the sea, the season, or nothing at all. There is no point in scheduling a day's fishing for channel bass. Better to set aside a week, for you can drag the ocean two, three or even four days without so much as a sniff of one if conditions are adverse. But man, if you hit 'em one day as we did—

You can fish anywhere where there are fish that will bite, from placid country ponds or rushing brooks to the vast expanse of the sea, far out of sight and land. But often places and things surrounding or connected with the fishing grounds are almost as exciting as the hunt itself.

Manteo is a wildly romantic country, scenically as well as historically. Near there, for instance, occurred that unsolved mystery of the first settlers who touched on those golden shores, the lost colony. An English ship in the late 17th century landed a group of colonists with their supplies and saw them installed and underway. The vessel returned a year later and they were gone. Not a trace of

them or their settlement remained, not a soul living or dead. Much later there was talk of a tribe of Indians some of whose descendants had fair hair and blue eyes.

At Elizabeth City the notorious Capt. Edward Teach, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was hanged in chains, presumably a more uncomfortable method of execution than plain, ordinary old-fashioned hanging. And a few miles northward up the beach from the dunes of Kitty Hawk, the Wright brothers flew their first heavier-than-air machines.

To reach Manteo in those 30's a car was a necessity, though one could get to Norfolk or Elizabeth City by rail. On the way, you crossed innumerable creeks and estuaries over mile-long ancient wooden bridges whose loose slats rumble-rattled under the tires and whose signs warned not to proceed at greater speed than 10 miles an hour. For Manteo is on an island, though not one in the sense we ordinarily think of as a piece of land lying in an ocean entirely surrounded by the sea. The North Carolina shore is a series of inland waterways and complexes of estuaries, sounds and inlets, and the long stretch of beach which comprises a third of North Carolina's coastline is in itself an island.

Codfish Charlie and I proceeded to the appointment with our guide, Capt. Lee Dough, by car and almost at once ran into signal romance.

Both of us had to send back pieces to our papers each night and our first concern was to arrange for the transmission of our copy.

I do not know how things are there now; it is perhaps a quarter of a century since I have been back to Manteo. But in those days communication with the outside world was maintained by a single strand of copper wire which ran into the parlor of the private home of a member of the Coast Guard, who was also the local telegrapher, a long, stringy, elderly tobacco-chewing cracker who, it turned out, was the possessor of a number of astonishing historic documents which the world had all but forgotten and which, aged and yellowed by time and the damp salt climate, he proudly displayed to us.

These were the original manuscripts of the stories written by a handful of reporters who had secretly observed the first sustained controllable flight in history of a powered heavier-than-air machine.

This event occurred on December 17, 1903, and consisted of four flights by the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur. In the first of these, their machine remained in the air for 12 seconds and carried the pilot 120 feet, and in the fourth their plane remained in the air for 59 seconds and covered 852 feet. This took place just a few miles north from a high sand dune at Kitty Hawk known as Kill Devil Hill where a strong wind blowing in from the ocean helped to give lift to these first of man's wing.

As though it had been but yesterday we read how, to witness this miracle, the reporters had lain concealed in the dunes some distance away, spying with field glasses at this contraption of wood and canvas, engine powered, which hovered in the air and actually flew instead of falling to earth like the dead weight it was.

Particularly joyous was the correspondence between the editor of *The New York Times* and their reporter. The *Times* chose to side with the common-sense belief that things heavier than air, attracted by the force of gravity, tumbled to the ground. It therefore judged its reporter, who claimed to have seen the contrary, as being both drunk and a liar and fired him forthwith. The indignant message dismissing him was also among the papers.

Never, it seemed, had I been or felt so close to a milestone in the history of man. For in that particular moment of my career I was myself taking flying lessons from a World War I aviator by the name of Swanee Taylor, in a robin's-egg blue biplane known as a Kitty Hawk. I was feeling half a Wright brother myself. And there the story of the beginning of it all was, in those yellow manuscripts in the hands of the lone telegrapher of Manteo.

The fishing boats started from tottering wharves at a creek side just outside Manteo village. As indicated before, these were not the sleek, luxurious brass-and-mahogany Florida fishing cruisers, but sturdy, stubby, gray-painted, clumsy, yet highly seaworthy little fishing boats, engines operated with high sterns and prows and a central cabin. They rolled, wallowed, yawed, skidded, plunged, pitched and slid down the sides of huge waves like toboggans on a crest, but remained afloat and manageable in the choppiest kind of waves. For that was the kind of sea which favored channel bass, which feed in the breakers or where strong currents roil the waters, and the grinding action of the waves and the small pebbles of the sands break loose the mollusks.

From Manteo to the ocean one winds for miles through narrow channels fringed with sea grass edging the marshes, where the great gray herons stand on stilt-like legs. Brown curlews congregate on a mud spit, sharing it with small gulls with white bodies and coal-black heads who march testily through the ooze, picking at the fiddler crabs and insects. The chugging of our boat disturbed the herons, and they flapped into the air making us think of pterodactyls.

The time of year was May. Marsh gas and salt spray were in our nostrils and the sky was full of gulls. Around yet another corner we came upon a solemn convention of a dozen or so buzzards, looking like red-eyed, sleepless undertakers. They paid no attention to us. We were told that wild horses, wild sheep and wild cattle still ranged some of the island beaches.

Then suddenly there was a quickening of the tidal current. We passed through a stretch of open water, rounded the last bend and passed between the sand spits of Oregon Inlet into the open sea and a splashy ocean.

There we had our first glimpse of the beaches stretching north and south, breaker-lined as far as the eye could reach as huge combers rolled in from the Atlantic, shattering into white foam on the golden sands. At the mouth of the inlet were shallows, creating cross currents, swirls and eddies, and the maddest kind of irregular choppy seas, with the ocean building up into small, pyramidal mountain peaks from which the wind tore the spray in feathers, reminding me of pictures of the snow blown from the top of Alps.

There were other fishing boats out besides ours. It was a curious fact that their motion appeared to be far more horrible, sick-making and dangerous than our own as they rose high into the air on a crest and then hurtled headlong down into the trough, with no more than the tips of their masts showing above the water. They were pitching and rolling all over the place, and we would murmur in awe, "Ooh, look at him!" without being aware that we were doing exactly the same.

We put our lures over the side—one feather, one nickeled spoon to give them a choice—and awaited a strike. Lee Dough, a veteran of many years of this type of game fishing, advised that single fish or pairs of fish might strike at any moment, but he spent all his time atop the cabin looking for a school. The wind, inevitably, was from the wrong direction for fishing and everything else, as usual, was calculated to put the fish down or send them off elsewhere, though naturally last week there had been big catches and next week there would be again when the weather changed.

We trolled up and down, north and south, sometimes no more than 50 yards off the beaches with their grass-topped sand dunes like miniature mountain ranges, and at other times well out to sea, with never so much as a touch. Codfish Charlie crawled on to the top of the cabin and went to sleep. I clung to my rod and watched the feather gliding through the sea 20 yards behind. When I fish, I fish.

There were things to see and marvel at, of course. Several times we sighted huge turtles like small islands of black lava, sunning themselves on the surface. The triangular fins of sharks made sail through the waves, and once a gigantic ray or devilfish came rolling by with a horrid, lolloping motion in the water which was terrifying to behold. It looked as big as a house and I wished I had brought my .38 Special with me, though why I should have wished to shoot it I don't know. The creature was inoffensive and went flapping off.

But channel bass there were none. Just before sundown, with an empty fishing box, we passed through the inlet again and glided through the still waters, ac-

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companied by thousands of gulls going home to roost.

The second day was like the first. No fish. Not even a snapper, sand shark or skate, and we returned home with a sense of persecution and rejection. This quarry we had come so far to seek out and do battle with was avoiding us. They had been there last week, as the captain kept reiterating. It was practically certain that every fishing guide I had ever known, in whatever country and speaking whatever language, filled the disappointing hour of the empty-handed return with tales of catches made by parties taken out just before ours—enormous fish, prize fish, captured usually by women or novices.

However, there is also an optimistic way of regarding such a hiatus or lack of action. The practiced fisherman considers it serving his apprenticeship and paying his taxes to Neptune.

And so it was, for on the third day it happened.

To begin with, the weather changed. The chilly wind died away, the sea dropped and the sun sparkled warmly on a surface which had become pure and translucent. It was close to 11 o'clock in the morning when there occurred the first of the two unforgettable experiences.

We were north of the inlet, some 300 or 400 yards offshore, and the only boat in the vicinity, the others being off to the south testing the waters toward Hatteras. One moment we were alone in an aquamarine and empty sea, and the next we were in the midst of a school of hundreds of channel bass. They rose about us from out of the depths and swam ahead and astern and on each side of us in regimented lines, the topmost layer no more than six feet below the surface.

There they were at last! Row upon row of golden torpedos. And the sunshine, penetrating the sea, illuminated their brazen backs and sides. They appeared to be swimming at the same speed as our boat, neatly and evenly spaced, and in the same direction. Nature and luck, which up to then had been so stingy with us, suddenly presented a most lavish and breath-taking display.

Even today, 30 years after, I can recall the emotion that gripped me at the sight, a tremendous catch in the throat and a singing of the heart.

I remember wishing for music to go with the spectacle, for the silence of it was almost unbearable, the rhythm of those glorious fish in uncounted numbers surrounding us. Once before I had felt this anguished need for music to accompany a phenomenon of nature, and that had been during a total eclipse of the sun when the fiery orange corona had shot out from behind the black disc of the moon. In its own way, this manifestation beneath the surface of the sea was as unearthly and miraculous as the glory in the sky.

Then two of them hit our lures! I saw mine pursuing my feather, its gaping mouth opened into a huge O, rushing now at express-train speed to its own destruction, and so filled was I with the beauty of these creatures on all sides that I momentarily forgot what I had come for and felt impelled almost to cry out, "No, don't!" and snatch the bait away.

But it was too late. There were two simultaneous crashes from our reels as the fish struck and turned, then the line hummed out in that unforgettable whine which falls so thrillingly upon the ears of the deep-sea fisherman.

Old Hook and Worms was shouting, "Let 'em run! Let 'em run!" As though there was anything else we could do! The excitement of playing our first channel bass on light tackle drove all other thoughts from our heads. We worked our fish carefully, pumped them when they left off pulling, and eventually boated both and saw them safely into the fish box. Taken from the water, they were a reddish-copper in hue.

But when we put our lures over the stern again and looked into the sea the fish had gone—disappeared as swiftly and mysteriously as they had come. The school had sounded and returned to the depths. We were again upon an empty ocean. I remember the sense of desolation with which I was left.

We saw no more of them for the rest of that day until just before sundown, when for the second time they rose and staged the most riotous and heart-stopping hour of salt-water fishing I have ever experienced.

No matter how calm the ocean beyond the bars and flats and beaches, the area just outside the entrance to the inlet was always in a turmoil of cross currents, whirlpools and tidal rips which sucked at the boats and slapped at their sides. It was approaching the home-going hour, and some eight or nine of the gray, stubby sports-fishing fleet were converging upon the entrance when the bass arrived without warning in a devastating fury of feeding.

The gulls gave the signal for the outburst as they appeared wheeling, diving and screaming out of the skies by the hundreds. The area at the mouth of the inlet suddenly became a boiling caldron of copper, gold and silver. For the channel bass were on the feed and driving shoals of terrified little fish to the surface where they were pounced upon by screeching gulls.

To the hissing and seething of the waters was added the shouting of the birds, the whirring and flapping of their wings, and the slaplike pistol shots of their headlong dives into the water. Beneath this the great golden fish heaved and twisted, slashing at the bait, so close pressed that the blue waters turned as red as the lowering sun.

The assault upon my nerves was unimaginable as the silvery bait fish leaped from the sea to escape from the copper-colored monsters below, only to fly into the beaks and claws of the ravenous sea birds that kept up an unearthly clamor.

The fishing boats were milling about on the edges of this monstrous banquet, or being sucked toward the middle in pursuit of some hooked fish, getting in each other's way, their captains and fishing parties shouting and cursing at one another. Spoons and feathers and every kind of lure were arching into the middle of the battlefield where every cast meant a strike and a fish.

The excitement mounted in fury and intensity as more and more birds arrived to the feast, and here occurred my big one that got away. I never saw him, I only felt him, for after casting a red-and-white lure, something hit it with a smash that shook me to my heels and then took off.

My reel whined louder and longer than ever it had before as the line ripped from it. There was no stopping the thing that had it, though I raised my tip and the rod bowed almost double. I could follow the arc of the line far, far astern of the boat.

At a hundred yards the fish stopped momentarily, and at that point another fishing boat with three rods aboard, each into a bass, crossed my tight line and cut it off and my great fish was gone. There was no use cursing them. Fish were being cut off right and left. Boats a hundred or so yards away could not possibly see when they were crossing a line. You simply picked up another rod, cast the bait, and almost before you saw it splash, it would be hit and carried off by the ravenous bass that were striking at anything that moved.

We hooked them, played them and pumped them up to the boat until our shoulders ached and our hands felt as though they would break off at the wrists. The next day our bellies were black and blue from our rod butts. Our rods were never free. As fast as we landed one we cast again. Sometimes they shook themselves free or smashed tackle, but the fish box soon was filled with the lovely red-gold bodies, and shortly they were thumping and flopping on the deck of the stern cockpit as well.

We were yelling, cursing, laughing, exulting; even old Codfish Charlie in all his years had never encountered such a fishing rumpus as this, one of those rare moments when for once ALL the conditions were right.

It lasted for about an hour, the central pool of violence moving sometimes closer to the mouth of the inlet or farther out to sea as the panic-stricken bait fish fled this way and that in their attempt to escape the voracious mouths opening to engulf them. And always there was the accompaniment of the screaming gulls, now augmented by a flight of pelicans gorging themselves on the left-overs of the grand banquet of the channel bass.

And then, in the same abrupt and mysterious manner that the first school we had encountered vanished, it was over. The ear-splitting whooping and clamoring of the birds was cut off instantly. The remnants of the silvery shoals of menhaden fled to the bottom. Sated birds flapped off heavily.

Ankle deep in our coppery catch, dripping with sweat, breathless and exhausted, Codfish Charlie and I grinned at one another. We had 19 fish in the boat between 40 and 50 pounds each. My big one cut off by a propeller would have gone 70 at least, but I did not begrudge him his freedom. On the contrary, I was glad of it, glad for all those that had got away, leaving us their less fortunate brothers and sisters, and the story of the best and most exciting day's fishing in a lifetime. **—Paul Gallico**

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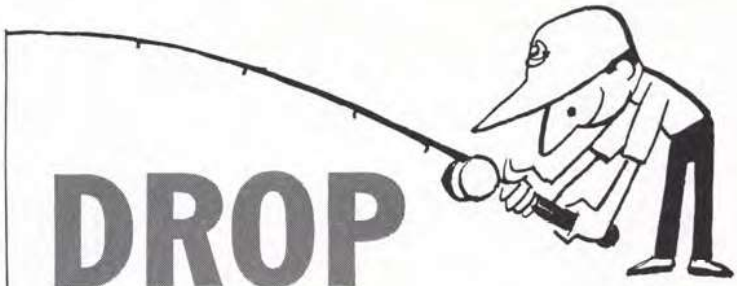

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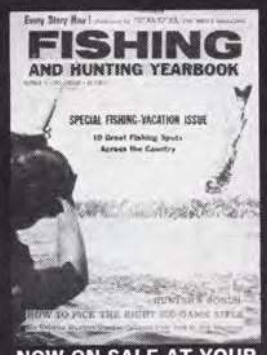

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man to man ANSWERS

When the redoubtable Kit Carson rounded up the entire Navajo tribe in 1863, for deportation to a new reservation, there were 9,000 of them. After that nobody got around to counting Navajos until World War II, when the long arm of Selective Service reached out for recruits. The new census disclosed that something startling had happened to the "vanishing Indian." The 9,000 had increased to 61,000.

Reading about the Navajo population explosion causes Lyle Anderson of Cincinnati to ask how the number of Indians today compares with the number when Columbus first saw them.

Scientists have done a lot of educated guessing about that, and believe that in 1492 there were something like 900,000 Indians living in what is now the U.S. Efforts to hit on an exact figure have led to considerable hair-pulling among the savants, with some arguing the number was over a million.

Anyway, we do know how many Indians there are now. The Bureau of Indian Affairs puts the 1962 figure at 556,000. That's a lot fewer than the lowest estimate for the number of noble redmen who inhabited the forests and plains before the white-skinned invaders arrived. But it's also quite a jump from the all-time low in Indian population, which white man's guns, diseases, firewater, and skulduggery cut to 255,000.

This figure provided considerable satisfaction for a lot of people in a year when, in Congressional debate, a Senator Ingalls vociferously declared that it was too bad *all* these "barriers to civilization" hadn't been exterminated. Just a few years before, up to 1867, many communities were doing their share toward cutting down the Indian population by offering scalp bounties. Central City, Colorado, paid $25. Deadwood City, South Dakota, was more generous, paying $200. At that, the westerners never did anything quite like the job of extermination practiced by their eastern ancestors of a hundred years earlier. Massachusetts at one time offered $400 a scalp, and many respectable citizens made their living as scalp hunters.

Even without the white man's depredations, there were factors in the Indian way of life that always did limit the male population. In 1805, in a census taken of various western tribes, there were only 74 adult males in each thousand, compared to 212 adult women. That's nearly three times as many women as men. Though Indian braves are often depicted as lazy characters who loafed around while their wives did all the work, their job of bringing home the buffalo was both strenuous and dangerous. Hunting accidents and the risks of warfare made being an Indian brave a highly hazardous occupation.

Q: What does the word Dakota mean? ***M. A. Scherffius, Dickinson, N. D.***

A: Dakota is a word used by the northwestern Sioux Indians to signify "confederates" or "friends." It means that these tribes sat around the same council fire and comprised an alliance.

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Q: Are there any circumstances under which someone other than the commander of a naval vessel becomes responsible for the navigation of the ship? ***Philip Rosenstein, New York, N. Y.***

A: As far as the U.S. Navy is concerned this happens in two specific situations. During passage through the Panama Canal the use of a pilot is compulsory and the pilot has complete responsibility for the ship. When a naval ship is entering drydock the ship's commander is relieved of his navigational responsibility once the ship's bow reaches the dock sill. At this point the docking officer assumes control of the ship's movements. In all other situations the commanding officer remains in control and any pilot taken on board serves only as an advisor.

Q: Is it true that lake sturgeon was once fed to pigs? ***Arnold Spratt, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

A: Yes. In the early stages of the settlement of this continent the sturgeon was considered worthless and its waste and destruction were deplorable. There was no market for the fish and, due to its large size and powerful body, it occasionally wreaked havoc with fishermen's nets. All in all, it was pretty unpopular. Today, sturgeon flesh and caviar is strictly a gourmet food. The flesh sells for $1.50 a pound and the caviar for up to $3. One reason for the continuing scarcity of sturgeon is that the fish does not mature until an advanced age. Females do not mature until about 25 years old, males slightly earlier.

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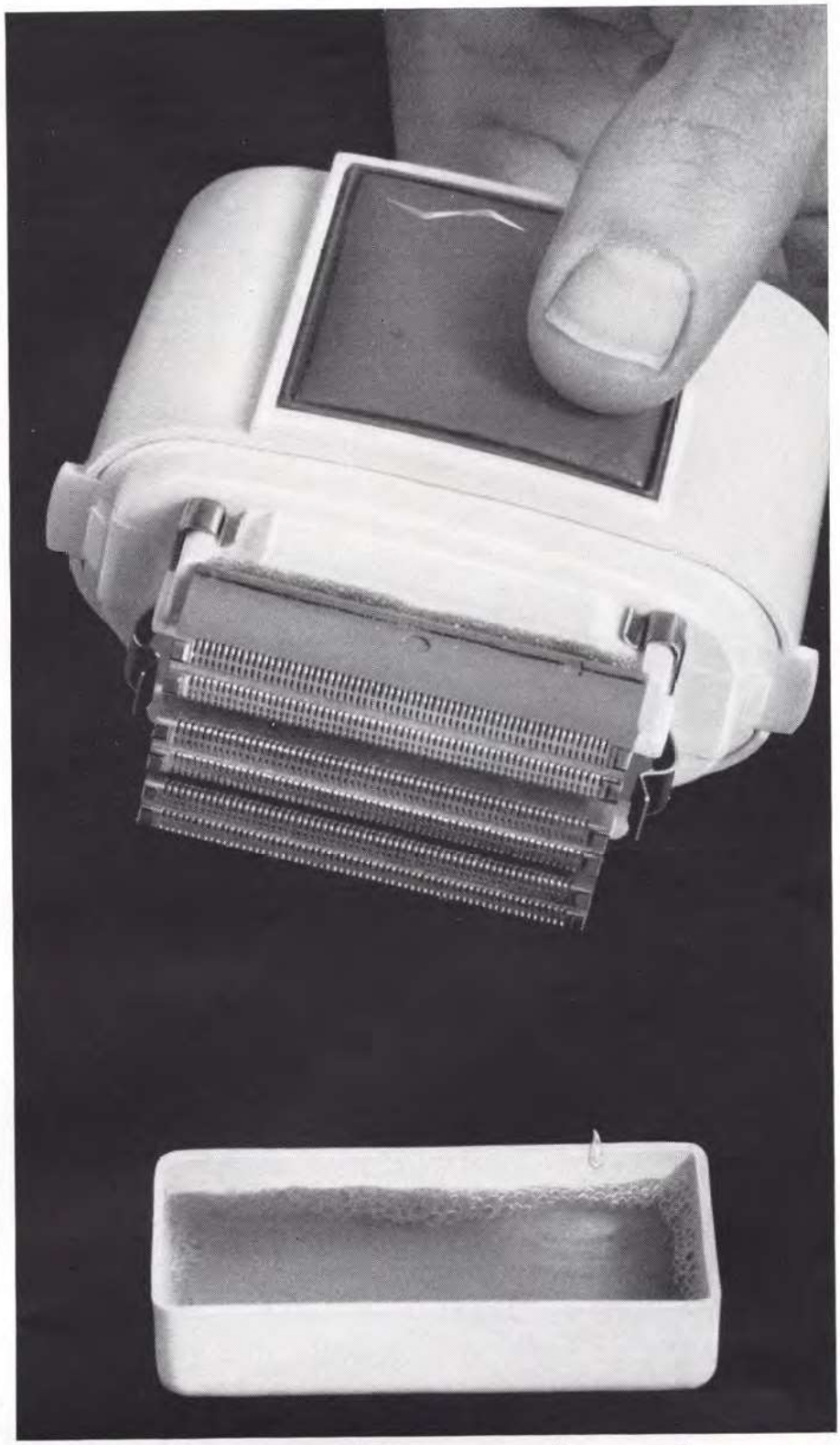

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Safari With a Hollywood Hero

[*Continued from page* 48]

white-toothed male, with a chin like a water-washed boulder, becoming a successful actor. Exuding a kind of invincible force, he descended on New York and an acting school, rustled the first of what were to be many part-time jobs in restaurants, cafeterias, shipping rooms and wherever.

Obviously he made it as an actor, and now we had to find out if he could be made into a hunter. Maybe we should not have doubted, not of a man who insisted on learning to play a saxophone when a part in a movie presented him as a saxophone player, or a guy who learned French so he could dub his own film in that language.

The first shooting lesson was given Kirk by Don Bousfield, our senior hunter. He selected a .22 rifle with scope mount, as we stopped for a leg stretch and beer, 130 miles south of Nairobi. An empty beer can was set up 40 yards away.

Don shot first. "Hold the rifle firmly but without tenseness. Keep your right elbow up. Don't pull the trigger—squeeze your whole hand, trigger finger and all, when you have the cross-hairs centered on the target."

Thereupon Don squeezed the trigger and the can jumped obligingly into the air, drilled through the center, as it should be for a man who has killed more than 200 elephants, almost all with a single shot; a man who has had 11 years in the African Game Service and conducted hundreds of clients on safari.

"I did carry a .45 automatic when I was in the Navy," Kirk confessed, "and I shot it a few times, but I don't expect to hit that can with the first shot."

But he did! Smack in the middle, then missed the second shot, but went on to score 14 consecutive hits. When he finished shooting, the can had been knocked 60 yards away.

"You'll do all right," Don remarked dryly, "and this afternoon we'll try you on a larger rifle."

"Actually," Don observed, "I'd rather have a client who knows he doesn't know how to shoot, wants to learn, and hasn't been spoiled by bad shooting habits he's picked up himself."

So, late that afternoon, while the tents were being put up for camp, we journeyed out to zero-in the armament, two .264 Winchesters, a .375 Winchester and a .458 for elephants. Don also had a shiny new .375 Weatherby which he had never fired. John had a .300 magnum and both men had double-barrel English .500s for elephants.

The two hunters tested all the rifles except the .500s on standard 100-yard targets at a measured 200 yards and found them shooting true, except one of the .264s with a pivot-mount scope which apparently had been jarred in traveling and thus had to be adjusted.

"Now, Kirk," Don said, handing him a .264, "this role calls for you to put a bullet smack in the middle of that bull's-eye." He pointed at the paper target supported on a forked stick, a long 200 yards away. "And if you can't do it, we'll get John Wayne for the part."

"First shot?"

"First shot," said Don.

A seat cushion was put over the hood of the Land Rover to rest the rifle on, a cartridge slipped into the chamber, and Kirk was on his own.

He took longer than an experienced shooter to get comfortable, and he stopped once to ask a question, but he exhaled as he had been instructed, squeezed the trigger and seemed a little surprised when the rifle went off and his shoulder went back with the recoil.

The bullet hole was easy to see through the spotting scope. Dead center in the middle of the bull's-eye. To prove it no fluke, he shot a second time, and this bullet hole was less than half an inch from the first.

"You must have read the script," said Don.

When it came to the harder-hitting .375, Kirk shot offhand, nicked the edge of the 14-inch target and proved his inexperience with high-powered rifles. He permitted his eye to get too close and the recoil slammed the scope back onto the bridge of his nose. Blood flowed.

"Stupid of me," he observed, wiping away the blood. "Let me try it again." Two more shots and he obviously had learned to hold the rifle properly.

"If something like that hadn't happened," said Don, "I wouldn't have been sure you hadn't fired a rifle before, considering those two bull's-eyes. Don't let the scope slam you again and I'll conclude you take direction exceedingly well."

As we rolled back toward camp nature was busy revealing that Africa is even bigger than Texas, and from a seat on top of the hunting car, you could see over the 20-foot thorn trees to the taller trees at the Tana River, some 20 miles away. As if to celebrate the last few moments of daylight, birds were everywhere. Hornbills sailed by, their ivory gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, crested and vulturine guinea fowl ran through the tall grass before the onrushing Land Rover, then rocketed into the sky. Francolins flew overhead, as did sand grouse. On nearby trees doves sat in solemn pairs. . . .

Our camp was spread out around us. Individual tents for each client, a larger tent for dining, a tent for the professional hunters, two canvas "Chic Sales," all under or near a giant acacia tree, and a water hole less than 50 yards away.

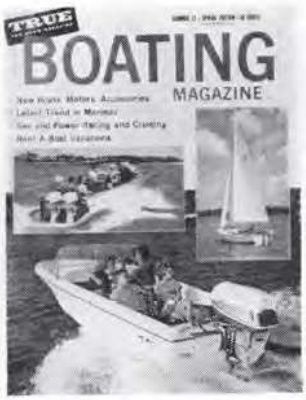
"There's hot water for a tub or a shower," John Fletcher announced, directing each of us to our tents. "We'll meet at the mess tent in 40 minutes for a smash and dinner."

At the dining tent, a structure nearly 30 feet long by 15 wide and open on three sides, we met Hussein, our mess boy, in long green Berber coat and turban. Laid out on a board table were the potables, Scotch, Polish vodka (for Kirk), bourbon,

are you or

aren't you Salty?

— IT DOESN'T MATTER



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soda siphons, lime, lemon and orange squash, and it may well be these delicious ingredients were responsible for a decision we soon made.

It was Bob Halmi, our photographer, his Hungarian-type mind constantly scheming for good pictorial effects, who sprung the trap into which we all fell, like so many small boys playing "follow the leader."

"This is good, Kirk never having shot a rifle," Bob said disarmingly, refilling his vodka glass. "So, why shouldn't his first game animal be an elephant? It'll make a fine picture."

As we stared out into the African night, cuddled our glasses in hand and heard the noises of night birds outside the cone of brightness supplied by four Coleman lamps, we easily warmed to the idea.

"Shouldn't be hard," agreed Don, "judging from the fresh elephant sign on the road as we drove in. Not hard at all. We'd have to radio for the special license, of course."

"How close do you get to an elephant when you shoot him?" inquired Kirk.

"Just as close as you can, then 10 feet closer," replied John.

Kirk took another drink. "How close, really, in feet?"

"Under 40 yards," answered Don. "Side view preferable. You aim about midway between ear-hole and eye. There is a little musk-gland hole in that area. Drips a black liquid down the elephant's cheek. Okay to shoot him in that hole. Quick way to the brain."

"But not just any elephant," Bob put in persuasively, as only a Hungarian can sell an idea. "Kirk's first elephant should be trophy size, each tusk to weigh 100 pounds or more."

He paused a moment.

"Good idea," Halmi agreed with himself contagiously. "What a picture! His first shot at game and he gets a trophy elephant. A great big old bull. Tusks hundred and fifty pounds. That would be better. The real Cecil B. DeMille touch."

"Not a hundred-and-fifty pounder," Don cautioned. "With luck—and there seem to be lots of elephants in this area—we might get a hundred-pounder."

"I'd like that," Kirk agreed. "Might as well start at the top, provided you're right behind me with that double-barrel .500."

All through dinner (clear tomato soup, steaks, salad and canned fruit for dessert) we weighed chances and were lured by the enthusiasm of Halmi for the picture that would result.

The two professional hunters agreed there was a reasonable chance of finding a big bull weighted down with two 100-pound tusks. It would mean hard work, more walking than simply to get a presentable elephant, but a goal almost worthy of a Spartacus. It would mean tracking down and passing up lesser pachyderms, but it would be a mission, something to concentrate on.

Suddenly there were yawns. It had been a full day. A glance at my watch and I was surprised to find it was not yet 9 o'clock.

"We'll be up at 4:30 in the morning," Don said. "Your boy will waken you with hot tea. There are some good water holes near here and we'll want to be at one of them just at dawn, looking for some big tracks to follow."

"What kind of an angel of mercy *are* you, anyway?"

Kirk was first to his feet, his eye now thoroughly puffed and black from the scope injury, a red scab on his nose where the scope had cut the skin. Humming it up a bit, he threw his shoulders back, adjusted an imaginary naval cap, stood at attention and said crisply as if enacting lines from *Mr. Roberts:* "All right, men! Pay attention now. I'm going off to my cabin and study the charts. Carry on!"

As he went stumbling off toward his tent he threw back: "That always used to work in the Navy, even in the middle of the afternoon, and right now I'm pooped."

If you desire to hunt elephant in Kenya, you need water holes, *marfi* and a native boy, somewhere from 12 years of age to 60, one who lives a nomadic life in the vicinity, and someone who talks Swahili, because natives in the bush do not speak English. This boy will tell you with extravagant gestures and shining eyes of elephants he has seen, and he must be talked to very sternly that he not throw in information concerning elephants his grandfather saw as a boy.

The answers are always affirmative. "Big *tembo*. Very big," and he draws a line in the dirt to indicate the length of tusk, a line at least eight feet long.

John explained these reactions as a desire to please the white man, and a hangover from early days in Africa when whites were regarded as gods. And everyone knows, you only tell gods that which will make them happy.

After a little haggling back and forth, the line in the dirt might be cut in half as an estimate of the ivory length, and it might be determined that the elephants were seen weeks or months ago.

Sometimes, though, the boy sticks by his tusk estimate and insists the elephant was seen drinking only a few miles away yesterday. In that case you set out with the Land Rover looking for his tracks and praying you will find *marfi*.

Once *marfi* is found, provided it is eight or 10 inches in diameter, thus indicating a beast at least large at one end, and fresh enough to be moist, the native trackers talk in subdued tones and a bright light shines from the eyes of our two professional hunters, Don and John.

Don, being senior, is awarded the ceremonial honor of dipping one finger in the *marfi* to test its warmth and moisture, and you hope he says: "Mmm, not more than an hour old."

Then into the Land Rover, and away we go. One tracker on the roof peering over the thorn trees for first sight of *tembo*, another leaning from the open side of the hunting car to follow the elephant tracks on the grassy soil.

You may be lucky and follow your quarry to within 100 yards or so, but the chances are it will be necessary to leave the Land Rover, fan the trackers in front and follow the tracks on foot.

Such circumstances brought about invigorating walks of from seven to 18 miles, native trackers in front, followed by Don, then Kirk, Halmi and John. Because such hunts start very early in the morning, the temperature gets progressively warmer as the sun rises, and if you don't finish the jaunt before noon, you may find the thermometer standing at over 100°.

A word must be said about flies: plentiful!

Other experiences for the neophyte include thorn bushes, beautifully camouflaged by a prankish nature so that no thorn is visible to the human eye, but just get close to one of these. It's as if the branches were propelled by unseen muscles to reach out and grab, which is of course not the case. But brush a thorn

bush and it will brush you back and hang on.

It was on such an 18-mile hike, with evidence pointing to the bull of our choice being only a short way ahead, that Halmi stopped his foot in mid-air. A cobra, hooded, erect and swaying was directly in his path and apparently was using the sole of Bob's descending shoe as a mirror.

It is not known whether Bob's reflexes were quicker than those of Kimangut, the native boy directly behind him. Kimangut did grab him by the belt, and Bob says he jumped. Whatever the propelling forces, witnesses will testify Bob landed on his fanny 10 feet back.

"Do we have cobra antitoxin?" inquired Kirk reflectively, aware that the medicine chest was back in the Land Rover some 10 miles. "You know our supply of movie stars is rather limited."

"Ssh!" Don cautioned. "That elephant is close by."

In this case he must have been because within a mile of the spot we found ourselves suddenly and unexplainably in a herd of cows, a herd the old bull had apparently joined.

The bull was not in sight, but two very large cows were grazing within 40 feet, almost entirely hidden by the thorn trees. Sounds of breaking branches informed us there were others nearby.

We backed away successfully without arousing the females, which, had they detected us, would have trumpeted an alarm, dashed at us if they were with calves, or performed some other female-type annoyance.

Kimangut and Muthusi were sent off to reconnoiter the herd and report back, which they did in about an hour on a dead run. Muthusi was without his sandals and blood dripped from a severely lacerated thumb, laid bare to the bone. The story was they had gone around the herd and found the bull we had tracked. He was a big one, but with only one tusk, and that one 90 to 100 pounds.

From this foray we were back to camp by late afternoon, just in time to take the shotguns and .22 and have a go at birds for camp meat. Kirk stayed with the .22 rifle. His bag: 11 guinea fowl, two Francolin, 14 doves, and almost all of them shot through the head, except the doves that were shot at distances up to 60 yards when the birds were in trees or bushes. It was obvious he had quickly developed an uncanny skill with a rifle.

Africa is known to most as a bird-hunter's paradise, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the number of birds or their variety. Most of our bird shooting was for camp meat, but we did manage to be at several water holes around 8 in the morning to meet the regular migration to water of the sand grouse, a tricky speedster that comes in singly, in pairs or even small groups. To score a double on these takes more than luck, a feat Kirk managed several times, although he did score more double misses than double hits with the unfamiliar scatter gun.

Elephants were indeed plentiful, and in a very few days we had observed nine old bulls at distances as close as 30 yards, but always held back from shooting because the ivory was not estimated at more than 70 or 80 pounds.

One of the Land Rovers, poking through an area 35 miles to the north, found signs of very large elephants, so camp was broken and moved to the Redo area, so named from a water hole on the edge of which camped a more or less permanent village of Boran tribesmen, a particularly handsome people, the men consistently occupied in standing about leaning on a staff or gathered in groups for prayers. Unable to read or write, they were nevertheless Mohammedans and possessed of printed copies of the Koran from which they removed pages for sewing into small amulets and hanging from their necks. And while the men stood around, brushing their big and healthy teeth with a twig, or simply looking graceful, the women rushed about, tending babies, building huts, pounding maize or doing anything that needed doing.

"The boys in Hollywood should see this," Kirk observed. "They think we live in a man's world!"

Then, being an outgoing guy, he took a heavy pestle from a more-than-dusky beauty pounding corn with it, and proceeded to try the same himself.

The effect was as startling as though Spartacus had just slain a lion with his bare hands.

The women covered their faces with their hands and grinned.

The native men came to observe on a dead lope, then broke into the only native belly laughs we heard in all of Africa, while they pointed their fingers and jeered.

A man doing woman's work!

Only a crazy white man would do such a thing, but Kirk enjoyed it and kept on pounding while the men did everything but roll in the dirt with amusement.

It was at Redo that Kirk shot his first game, a Grant's gazelle of the Peter's variety, at 150 yards. A nice trophy and good shooting in an area where plains game does not abound. His first shot a bit low, but the second made a clean kill.

"This is the first thing I ever killed," he said. "And just for a moment, when I saw it so clearly through the scope, I didn't know if I could do it."

Later, he confessed to a conscience twinge when the rest of the herd, all females, had run off. "It really hit me for just a moment, the thought of depriving that gent of his harem. But when I saw the camp boys pile into that meat, and saw how they needed it and appreciated it, all twinges left me. I'm a killer now. Bring on that elephant!"

And elephants there were, but no 100-pounders, and we were becoming a bit impatient.

There were good guides among the Boran, willing to walk all day after *arp*, their name for elephant, for the usual five shillings—70 cents. It was their holy season of Ramadan, a lunar month of fasting from sunrise to sunset, and no water or food could cross a Boran's lips in that period. Nevertheless, they would hike all day and stand to one side while we drank cold Coke or beer and our boys drank from the water bag. But a Boran would carefully expectorate cotton-dry saliva because it was forbidden him to swallow even his own spit during Ramadan.

There were other prohibitions, too, in-

TRUE

cluding a ban on sex during the period, or the touching of the more intimate parts of his body. The latter we learned when we saw our Boran guide carefully select two slender rocks, with the aid of which he relieved his bladder without violating the religious taboo.

From that point on, we called him "Rocky."

For three more days we continued to inspect elephant, tracking them from water holes at dawn, where they had watered during the night, walking or riding across the thorn bush veldt, working downwind of the animal and coming up on foot close enough that all agreed we could "stuff one in his ear," as easy as Whitey Ford could perform that feat with a baseball on a batter. But the ivory didn't estimate at 100 pounds.

Then suddenly we couldn't find any elephants, and it was belatedly agreed we would shoot the next one we saw, no matter how big the ivory, and get on the hunting of plains game.

It was as if word had gone out on the jungle wire and all *arp* and *tembo* had pulled up stakes and left. One area of particularly thick thorn bush was scouted with glasses from a 3,000-foot rock mountain that was implausibly placed in the vicinity, and through the glasses we could see three bulls within a mile of each other, but the closest three miles away. The bush was simply too tough to penetrate in the time before sunset, if, indeed, we could do it at all, even on foot.

That night the boys cut a path through the thorns into the area and up to a trail that was much used by elephants in their migrations to water. The next day we hunted in trees, hoisting ourselves 40 feet upward to just sit and wait for *tembo* to come ambling by.

Did you ever sit for seven hours on a narrow, hard and thorny tree limb? We did and by hoisting our shirts and clothing above as protection against the African sun, managed a comfort of sorts, but no elephants came by.

That night, after a shower and dinner, breast of guinea fowl and a delicious form of banana-fritter crepe suzette, flaming brandy and all, for dessert, everyone was suddenly silent and very, very tired. It was remarked on disgustedly that we had not permitted Kirk to shoot one of a dozen respectable elephants we had stalked instead of exerting ourselves silly on the Holy Grail for a 100-pounder.

Even Kirk agreed it wouldn't even be a minor thrill now to shoot an 80-pounder when we had passed up so many opportunities to do just that.

Maybe it was because Don was less tired than the rest, but he suddenly threw his arms about Halmi from the rear and held him firmly.

"Get the .458!" he yelled. "It's open season on Hungarians, and this is the one who suggested waiting for a 100-pound elephant."

Kirk went along with the gag. "I can't shoot a Hungarian," he alibied, "I'd never get another job in Hollywood."

"I'd make a lousy trophy," Bob kidded, squirming free. "Who would want a Hungarian in his house forever?"

And again it was the effervescent Halmi who came up with "the plan," and again

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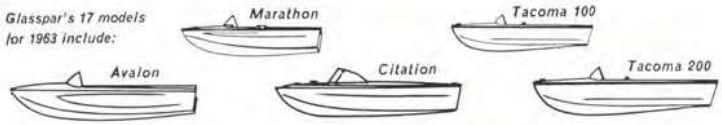

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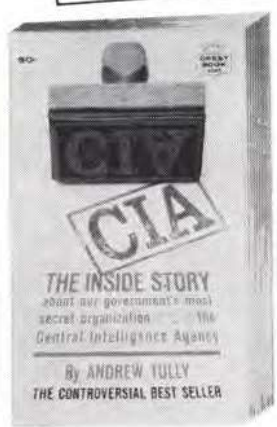

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we went for his suggestion, but this time with both enthusiasm and some degree of sanity.

"Let's move to the plains country of Tanganyika," Bob offered. "We only have six days left, but we can shoot a leopard or buffalo, and all kinds of antelope and plains game."

"It's 400 miles from here," Don put in, "but I can get on the wireless telephone and bring in a small plane to fly you client-types to Arusha in Tanganyika. We'll meet you there with the trucks and Land Rovers."

And so it was done. Jack Block, a partner in Ker and Downey and an owner of the New Stanley Hotel, did the necessary on licenses in the new area and promised a plane at 10 the next morning at the only landing strip nearby, Garissa, some 50 miles away.

At dawn the big Bedford trucks were away, all camp gear packed, and the Land Rovers pointed toward Garissa. As we neared the air strip we could see the plane, an Aero Commander circling and making passes at the strip, but not landing.

We soon found the answer. Giraffes! Fifty or 60 of them were standing spraddle-legged on the airstrip and not to be frightened from the strip by the plane.

Two Land Rovers coming at them at 60 miles an hour proved enough to drive them off the strip, and the plane landed.

Surprisingly, the Safari Hotel at Arusha, Tanganyika, supplied a Dover sole luncheon superior to the same fish served in London's finest.

The hotel bar, complete with dart board, was a bit of transplanted London pub, even to political discussion and argument.

By the following noon, trucks and Land Rovers had rejoined us and camp was being erected 60 miles south of Arusha, at the base of a 3,000-foot rock cone nicknamed "Mt. Baboon" because of the number of those animals that peered down at us.

The country and climate were a complete contrast to the Tana River area. Here were wide and rolling plains, with huge rock cones sticking upward at 10 or 20-mile intervals. No dense forests of thorn bushes, but thin groves of graceful acacia trees, and knee-high grass. The sun was shining brightly but the thermometer was in the low 80's, and went to 50° at night.

By 3:30 p.m. Kirk was back in camp with two beautiful zebra hides for rugs and a larger Grant's gazelle than his first one. He also had a fine head of enthusiasm for hunting.

"We must have seen close to a thousand zebra!" he exclaimed. "Hundreds of wildebeeste, Tommy gazelles, impalas —the whole works, and no hiking at all. Just drive up and walk a couple of hundred yards from the Land Rover and shoot. Boy, am I glad that walking bit's behind us."

A warthog had been shot that first day also, and this fellow with quarters of zebra and Kirk's Grant were hung in trees by Don and John at widely separated spots as bait for leopard, for it was our plot that Kirk must get one of the "big five" of dangerous game on his first hunt.

In the following two days Kirk scored seven one-shot kills on the following game at the estimated yardage.

1 impala	200 yds.
1 zebra	180 yds.
1 oryx	150 yds.
1 Grant's gazelle	280 yds.
1 wildebeeste	300 yds.
1 Thompson's gazelle	140 yds.

Each shot was in the shoulder-lung area and precisely placed. The method of hunting, universally the same, was a nice comfortable ride in the Land Rover until game was sighted, and determination through the glasses if the trophy was worth taking. If so, Don who was driving, would start a long slanting approach to the game, because the plains game is not likely to panic if they see a strange object such as a Land Rover cruising roughly parallel, but not coming directly at them.

Once the game was within stalking distance, Kirk got out with his shooting stick, two five-foot saplings thonged together near the top to make a shooting rest for his rifle. Then the Land Rover would back off or the hunter would creep forward on the stalk, setting up the required legal distance of at least 200 yards between vehicle and hunter.

On the third day, Kirk decided to try an offhand shot, his victim, an eland, 1,200 pounds of antelope at 150 yards.

The eland is the largest of the antelope and requires a big rifle, ideally the .375, but that rifle was not in the car. Instead he took the .458, chiefly used for elephants and rhino or buffalo at distances less than 100 yards.

The first shot, standing and offhand, hit the animal, stunning it and knocking a horn off. But it scrambled to its feet and was off, Kirk after it. The second and third shots hit, but not in a vital spot. And it wasn't until the eland had taken its fourth shot that it was dead. Considering the rifle and the circumstances it was good shooting, but a strong argument in favor of a shooting stick or convenient rock to lean on when shooting big game.

The following day brought good news. One of the many baits hung for leopard two days before had attracted one of the big cats. Kimangut reported the carcass pretty well chewed up, with every indication the leopard would follow its custom and be back at dusk for another go at the bait.

Kirk counted up his trophies and agreed he had enough to decorate the movie projection room in his home, and all agreed it would be the last day in camp. Kirk would have a go at the leopard that evening, and win or lose, we'd break camp the following morning to make our plane connection back to the States.

But it wasn't to be a day without activity. A young man named Neville Stein drove up, a game catcher by profession, with a truck full of boys and his catching car. Neville makes his living catching animals, birds and reptiles for zoos. The catching car was a vintage Ford with a wooden seat bolted to the left front fender, straps to hold the catcher in.

Kirk's curiosity was working full speed. "You sit here," he said, patting the seat of the catching car, "and drop a noose over the animal's head. Right?"

"Right," said Neville. "The loop is on the end of a bamboo stick, and once the loop is in place, you pull the stick loose and the other end of the rope is fastened to the car's chassis."

"What do you catch?" asked Kirk, a gleam of interest in his eye.

"Everything," was the answer. "Young elephants, rhino, buffalo, zebras."

"Zebras!" broke in Kirk. "Could I catch a zebra?"

"You can try," said Neville, and the expedition was on.

A convenient herd was found a few miles from camp. Kirk was strapped into the hunting chair, and with Neville at the wheel the old Ford chugged closer and closer to the herd, but always at an angle, until it was but 50 yards away. Then the herd stampeded.

No longer did the hunting car chug. Neville threw it into second gear, stepped on the gas and the old car took off with a high-pitched whine over the open veldt. He quickly went into third and was hitting 60 miles an hour on the rough terrain when he closed in on the stragglers of the herd, particularly a male yearling.

"Faster!" Kirk yelled, extending the loop just a few feet short of the galloping animal's head, and Neville obliged. Then Kirk dropped the loop over the zebra's head, let out a rebel yell and Neville started to brake until he had pulled both car and the plunging animal to a stop.

Kirk got into the hand-to-hoof struggle, avoided hoofs and teeth and the capture was complete. Once pictures were taken, the young zebra was released. He hung around for a moment, then bolted for the herd in the distance.

"Must be a sort of exciting business," Kirk opined of game catching. "Enjoyable, but I'd draw the line at rhino."

Back at camp for lunch, Don explained the leopard hunt upcoming for Kirk.

"We'll leave here by 3 p.m. and get into the blind before 4. These cats usually nap during the heat of the afternoon and come out to feed just before dusk."

It should be explained that Tanganyika does not permit construction of a true blind for shooting leopards. The hiding place selected was behind a low-hanging tree, in tall grass, some 30 yards from the bait suspended 20 feet above ground from a strong limb.

The Land Rover was parked half a mile from the blind and the party went on foot, crouching very low in the tall grass the last hundred yards just in case the cat might be on the bait.

All was serene. The bait, supported by strong ropes, bore more claw and fang marks, indicating a leopard must have returned once more after the bait had been observed that morning.

Kirk pointed his .264 through the tangle of branches before him, put a cartridge in the chamber and clicked on the safety, then lay the rifle on its side so that it could be picked up easily.

The two native boys crouched on their haunches and stared at the dirt. Don lay

at full length on his back and looked up at the sky, and Kirk opened a best-selling book and started to read.

Three hours passed. The only sound was that of birds, whose song and cackling seems to take on greater intensity as night threatens. By now the light was failing and Kirk put aside the book, picked up the rifle, trained it in the general direction of the bait and waited.

"It seemed a sort of dream world," Kirk said later. "Shadows were getting deeper and I was a little sleepy from reading. Then, as if he had materialized out of nowhere, the leopard was there. I never saw him climb the tree. He was just there. The light was too poor to distinguish his spots. He was standing erect, directly over the bait, and seemingly looking directly at me. Then he looked the other way, around his whole horizon, hunched belly down on the limb and clawed below him to reach the bait.

"Don was kneeling beside me now. 'Wait till he stands again,' Don said. 'Pick a rosette on his shoulder and hit it.'

"Through the scope the animal seemed almost close enough to touch, and was much more clearly visible than with the naked eye. His white fangs gleamed in the half-light as he snarled in his effort to pull the large carcass upward.

"Then he stood up, his tail twitching. I shifted the cross-hairs to his shoulders, directly on one of the rosettes on his hide, squeezed and the rifle went off.

"I saw him move and thought for a moment he had jumped to safety and I had missed."

" 'You got him!' said Don. 'We'll wait a moment for him to lose his steam.'

"I was aware now that when I squeezed the trigger I had experienced a thrilling surge of emotion that was somehow vaguely familiar. There had been a warm and elemental satisfaction. Perhaps it was somehow connected with my killing a killer. Certainly I had felt nothing like this when I killed other game. For a moment there was a nagging suggestion, *You've been here before, Kirk,* but that didn't make sense. No matter what or why, the experience left me strangely satisfied, warm and completely relaxed."

The leopard was stone dead when he was picked up by the flashlight beam in the brush, because now it was dark. He had died quickly where he had fallen.

It was a triumphant, horn-blowing ride back to camp with the leopard over the hood of the Land Rover. Warned by the horn, the native boys in camp were ready for the traditional celebration for the hunter who has killed one of the "big five."

Kirk was hoisted on eager shoulders, and around and around the boys paraded, singing a native Swahili song reserved for such occasions.

For sure Kirk was now a hunter, and he proved it next morning when camp was broken and we headed back to Nairobi. It was then he announced plans to return for another hunt, this time with his two older boys.

"I'm hooked," he confessed. "I don't know how I ever got along all those years without hunting. I don't want my kids to wait as long as I did." —**Ralph Daigh**

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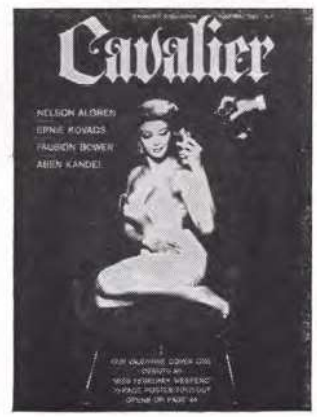

The Pressure Peddlers

[*Continued from page* 45]

(the anti-vivisection groups), for biscuit makers and bowling ball manufacturers, for church organizations and for crap-shooters (people trying to get federal laws legalizing gambling), for dogs (ASPCA) and diamonds. for—well. it would be possible to go all through the alphabet and list at least a dozen categories under each letter.

The efforts of lobbyists have caused some goofy bills to be introduced into Congress, some that seemingly would be beneath the attention of the Olympics body. Last year one of the most world-minded members of the Senate, J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, provoked a certain amount of mirth when he introduced a bill to remove the excise tax on croquet balls and mallets. Previously, pressure on the part of manufacturers of football, basketball and baseball had caused the excise taxes on those items to be removed. But the manufacturers of croquet equipment, pool cues, curling stones and other items used in less popular sports had never used a lobbyist—until a manufacturer in Arkansas, Fulbright's home state, pointed this out to the Senator. The manufacturer could be called a lobbyist. And so, loosely speaking, could Senator Fulbright, who incidentally was one of the loudest speakers against the sugar-producer lobbyists mentioned in the first paragraphs of this piece. The bill went to the Senate Finance Committee.

Nearly every Indian tribe employs a lobbyist to take up the tomahawk for it in Washington. A law firm called Strasser, Spiegelberg, Fried, Frank and Kampelman represents The Blackfeet Tribe of Browning, Montana; the Hualpai Tribe of Peach Springs, Arizona; the Nez Perce Tribe of Lapwai, Idaho; the Oglala Sioux Tribe of Pine Ridge, South Dakota; the Salt River Pima-Maricopa Indian Community, Scottsdale, Arizona; and the Tuscarora Nation of Indians of Lewiston, New York. There are no Indians in the firm of Strasser, Spiegelberg, Fried, Frank, and Kampelman, and the man there to whom I spoke could not tell me exactly how he and his fellow attorneys attracted so much redskin trade. "One Indian must have told another, I guess," he said.

This man distinguished himself by admitting that his firm did lobbying work. The best way to tell the average lobbyist in Washington is to wait for him to deny that he is one. "Lobbying is a tent term," said Steve Walter, who used to be a registered lobbyist but now writes speeches for presidents of power companies (he once was registered for the National Association of Electric Companies). "Lobbying covers a whole multitude of sins and virtues," he went on. "There are all kinds of guys who practice lobbying—public relations men, lawyers—and they all call themselves 'Washington representatives.' There was one guy not too long ago who called himself a 'legislative engineer.' He was almost laughed out of Washington."

During 1961 and 1962 I made 13 trips to Washington; there was a new, brisk air there, brought on by Mr. Kennedy. Only the lobbyists remained unchanged. They were as silent as ever.

A lobbyist named Michael Deane, at the time of one of my visits, represented American Finance Conference, Inc., and a number of other clients. He agreed to see me one week and called long-distance the following week to cancel our date. "It wouldn't be practical for me to discuss my work," he said, nervously. Donald Dawson, ex-Air Force officer, ex-Truman aide, and current defender of the sugar producers, whose firm, Dawson, Pickens, Griffin and Riddell was registered as representative for CIT Financial Corporation, DC Transit System Inc., Hilton Hotels Corp., two life insurance companies, the Air Transport Association of America, the American Industrial Bankers Association and other groups, said he "might" see me.

"So you're going to expose me, are you?" he said, jauntily. "I've been exposed so many times. . . ."

But he was not in the mood for it just then; he was busy every time I called him; he may have been figuring out how to explain to Congress what he was trying to do for the sugar men.

Clinton M. Hester was another lobbyist recommended to me. Hester is a wool-gatherer of the first order: he represents the Boston Wool Trade Association, the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and other woolly bunches. He also stands for the National Football League and the U.S. Brewers' Association. He was out every time I called! I had made the mistake of telling his secretary I was a reporter.

After a while, I was ready to give up. In 10 years of writing for TRUE I never had encountered such reticence. Even *Otis T. Carr, The King of the Non-Flying Saucers (January, 1961)* was more voluble than any lobbyist. Currently-active lobbyists are reluctant even to speak of such old-timers as Sam Ward, who operated until the 1890's and used to say, "The way to a man's 'Aye' is through his stomach." Ward spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in behalf of bankers and railroad men, and once gave the Speaker of the House a loving cup engraved as having come from *Rex Vestiari,* or King of the Lobby. Henry Adams, whose autobiography, the famous *Education,* is regarded as a classic, was also a lobbyist for civil service reform; he gave breakfasts and dinners for congressmen regularly. The railroad lobbies in the years just after the Civil War were so powerful that Senator J. S. Morrill once stood up near the end of a session and mentioned that the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad was in the lobby, and that the Senate ought to find out if there was anything else he wanted before adjournment.

The old-timers actually did work in the lobbies—hence the word—and were called "bagmen" because of the black bags of money they carried. Some congressmen, according to Steve Walter, had receptacles for the contents of the bags: one was known as Umbrella Mike because he carried same unfurled, rain or shine, so that lobbyists could shove money into it as he walked through the lobby.

Whether or not they have worked in lobbies, these diligent exercises of the right of petition have accomplished some spectacular feats. The reason that you and I are prevented by law from returning whisky bottles to manufacturers is not because there is anything harmful in a distillery refilling them, but because years ago a glass lobby convinced Congress that we needed a law against refilling. This, of course, meant that more bottles than were needed would have to be made. The law is still in effect. Simi-

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"She's probably got a face that would stop a clock."

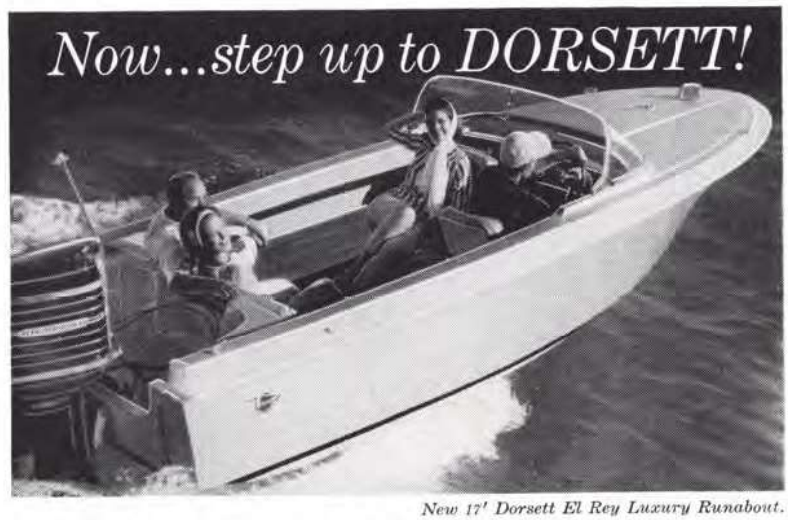
larly, there is a law that says that bonded bourbon must be aged in brand-new barrels. There is no good reason for this, distillers say—except in the eyes of the barrel manufacturers and lumbermen, whose lobbies put the law on the books.

The three major television networks—ABC, CBS, and NBC—have spent an estimated $500,000 to keep pay-TV from becoming a reality. Only a small part of that sum ever has been reported to Congress. One lobbyist told me that "the most massive lobbying efforts in recent years" occurred when CBS threw a party for its affiliated stations at the Sheraton-Park Hotel. They planned a dinner; they flew in Art Linkletter to be m.c. and had other stars on hand. Each affiliate had a "hospitality suite" to welcome his home congressman. "There were more congressmen at that banquet," said this lobbyist, "than there were when Queen Elizabeth visited and addressed the combined houses."

During the Eisenhower administration, when there was a shameful need for schools all over the nation (a need that still exists, by the way), the school-building program was minimized down to a point of virtual non-existence, while the road-building program was pushed and passed. "The schools had no effective lobbyists," one representative from Pennsylvania told me. "There were no big organized groups behind them, except labor—and labor lobbies for *everything* that may benefit its members. But it lobbies on so many issues it can't put out a real hard campaign against legislation that isn't intimately connected with labor laws. On the other hand, look who lobbied for roads. The truckers. Manufacturers who shipped things from state to state. Concrete companies. Heavy-equipment manufacturers. And even the military—they were concerned with more roads for better troop movements. Roads took priority. However," he added, "we have one consolation. It's a hell of a lot easier, with all these new roads, to get our kids to the schools that aren't there . . . but just might be, some day."

Every time one piece of military equipment is passed up in favor of another, one lobbyist told me, it is a safe bet that the civilian manufacturer, operating on a cost-plus basis, has used lobbyists, both his own and those in the military lobby he has been able to reach. It does not matter if the passed-up piece is better than the one that is selected. What does matter is whether the lobbyists have handcuffed enough votes in, first, the committees, and then in the two houses.

Even when lobbyists fight each other, as they often do, the rest of us sitting out here in the hinterlands wind up losers. The reason we pay more today for poultry than we did prior to 1957 can be laid partly to inflation, but only partly. Arnold Mayer, a Yale man (there must be something about the air in New Haven that spawns lobbyists), working as a lobbyist for the Amalgamated Meat Cutters Union, believed that people might buy more meat if poultry cost more. He got health experts to testify that poultry ought to be inspected, and planted warning articles in the gullible women's magazines claiming there was



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danger in eating poultry that was not inspected. The result was the first compulsory poultry inspection law—passed in spite of opposition from two other powerful lobbying groups, the American Farm Bureau Federation and The National Grange.

The size of a lobby is not important. The tinier groups can be effective if they set their minds to it. Heaven alone knows why your wife might want an imported clothespin, but if she should take that odd notion into her head, she would find that the Clothespin Manufacturers' lobby against tariff reduction has rendered it all but impossible for her to buy one.

An individual also can be effective in lobbying. Mrs. Christine Stevens, wife of a New York real estate man, took up the fight against inhumane slaughter of meat animals and finally succeeded in having a bill passed outlawing it in 1958. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey remarked, "Man, I've never seen anything like it . . . 35, 45 thousand letters." Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana added that he never had seen so much pressure for a bill's passage in 22 years on the Hill. All Mrs. Stevens did was muster the animal lovers of America, and then go to see every last one of the members of Congress personally. Once she sent in a note to Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Kansas and had him called off the floor so that she could state her case against inhumane slaughter.

Mrs. Stevens used both direct pressure on her victims, and indirect in the form of letters from their constituents. There are three methods of lobbying in use in Washington: direct pressure, indirect pressure, and pressure by bribery and entertainment. It cannot be denied, not even by the most pious lobbyists who claim that they are not lobbyists, that all three work against the interests of *some* segment of the public; for every pro there is a con. Here is how the three generally are applied:

Direct Pressure: There is a famous story about the late Senator Henry F. Ashurst, who after railing against a certain bill for days suddenly got up on the floor and made a speech in favor of it. "I see you've seen the light," a friend said. "No, I've felt the heat," the senator said.

The direct heat is turned on these days mainly by younger lobbyists. "We're like applied political scientists, we know Congress so well," one bragged recently. "It's not a matter of back-slapping and selling influence or bribery. It's a matter of knowing. Hell, we know a congressman's district as well as he does—we've made studies of every congressman's district in the nation. We know what his problems are with his constituents and how he gets his major support. He's only got one thing in his head. He wants to be re-elected. If we can show him that his constituents want the same thing we're trying to persuade him to vote for, we've got the guy where we want him. Of course he's going to vote for our program. Of course he's going to get others to vote for it. . . ."

One such applied political scientist is the aforementioned Mike Daniels, who is primarily concerned with trying to get tariff rates reduced so that stuff from Japan can come in at lower rates. "When we want to introduce legislation we go to the right congressman to do it because we know his interests will be in line with ours," Daniels has said. "We work with his staff people and sometimes we even help draft the bills. We have to know where the whirlpools of interest are—that is, the groups who might be interested in our bills. And we go for them. Sometimes we go for the congressmen's assistants."

Another legislative importuner is Jack Golodner, 29, who represents Actors' Equity. In behalf of his mummer clients he is trying to get various legislation through—government support of the arts, lower taxes, that sort of thing. Golodner also is a practical politician.

"It's a hell of a lot easier to work in the House than it is in the Senate," he told me. "The Senate is made up of individualists and each senator votes more on his own. In the House there is more voting by blocs, and if you get the right congressman to support your bill he can get others to go along. Congressmen don't have time to read every bill, or even most bills. They never know what the hell's in them, specifically. A lot of the time we go for the assistant, too. Sometimes he will draw up the bill and present it to the congressman.

"The ideal situation is to have the representative introduce your bill exactly as you have written it. . . ."

The badgered congressmen's assistants spend a good portion of their time listening to lobbyists. "I'm always being approached," said Jim Taylor, assistant to Rep. James C. Corman (D.), California. "No congressman has time to be up on every bill, and it's my job to keep my man informed. All I do is present the facts.

"Because he's on the Space Committee, the lobbyists from A.T. & T. are pretty interested in him. They, of course, want the communications satellite program to be under their jurisdiction. They don't exert any *undue* influence, but they do come and present their arguments. I don't have any trouble with the telephone company any more," Taylor continued, thereby becoming one of the few men in the United States able to make that claim. "If we want another phone put in, all I have to do is call and I get *three* nicely-dressed young men over here to put in *one* phone."

Some lobbyists do not talk to congressmen themselves. They are more delicately forceful. They take in one of his constituents with an ax to grind, knowing full well the lawmaker cannot refuse to see him; they get paid for opening doors—which, by the way, the constituent most certainly could open himself, simply with a letter or a telephone call, thereby saving his lobbyist's fee. Other lobbyists put pressure on congressmen from their constituents' home fronts by organizing letter-writing campaigns, making speeches and urging the public to act, visiting newspaper editors, and the like. Many lobbyists, representatives of such big public relations firms as Carl Byoir, a registered lobbyist, actually have gone

into congressmen's home district and run their campaigns for them.

Some congressmen, seeing the easy money that is made by men putting the screws to them, resolve to become lobbyists themselves in the event of defeat or retirement. Former Senator Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois, is on record as of June, 1962, as representing such clients as the National Association of Chain Drug Stores and the Mobile Homes Manufacturers Association. Former Representative Andrew J. Biemiller is listed as representing the AFL-CIO.

"Ex-senators are the worst lobbyists," says one of the young Turks, "because they dupe their clients into thinking they can rely on old friendships. They say, 'Sure, I'll talk to Lyndon about that' but what's Lyndon going to do? He isn't going to draft a bill. And if a piece of legislation is big enough for him to take a personal interest in, nobody's friendship with him is going to help a client."

Strangely, congressmen do not appear to mind the methods of the far-from-hidden persuaders. In 1956, the *Congressional Quarterly*, an independent publication that tells congressmen what they themselves are doing and periodically reports on lobbyists, surveyed congressmen to find out how they felt. The majority said they felt "little unreasonable pressure" from lobby groups; this was like Frank Sinatra saying he feels little unreasonable pressure from a pretty face and a delicious figure. Some said they often received valuable information on complicated subjects from lobbyists; they did not add, and perhaps were not even aware that, the information always was one-sided and on the side of the lobbyists' clients. Forty-three percent said lobbyists helped them "to legislate with maximum intelligence," whatever that is. Only five percent of those polled said that Congress would be better off without lobbyists. Presumably this could mean that 95 percent were confessing to relative ineptitude.

Indirect Pressure: Paul A. Porter was pointed out to me by several congressmen and an ex-president of the National Press Club as the most effective lobbyist in Washington. At 58, Porter has a long, distinguished record of Government service—Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, OPA Administrator, jobs like that. He is married to Kathleen Winsor, who wrote *Forever Amber*. Now a member of the firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter, he is a thickset, broad-shouldered man with a scholarly air (he lectures on the law in universities) and an amiable, gregarious disposition. The *Congressional Record* of June 5, 1962, lists the firm as representing the National Retail Merchants Association and the Commissioner of Baseball. Previously the *Record* had listed Porter as acting in behalf of the California Wine Institute.

Porter told me that his main function was "advising his clients how to conduct themselves in Congressional hearings" and interpreting the law to them. He handed me a pamphlet entitled *Organized Baseball and the Congress*. During the past 10 or 12 years, some members of Congress, principally Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, have been insisting that organized baseball ought to come under the jurisdiction of the anti-trust laws. There have been six formal committee hearings on the subject. Porter's job, he told me, has been to help Commissioner Ford C. Frick present his side against this in an orderly and logical fashion, well-grounded in legality. As a result, baseball still has not been made subject to the anti-trust laws.

A man like Paul Porter can be a lobbyist—or, as he insists, a non-lobbyist—without going directly to a congressman and stating his case. He can do it simply by being Paul Porter. It has been estimated that there are over 40 cocktail parties per day in Washington. Porter finds a stack of invitations on his desk every morning. He is in demand because of his relaxed personality and his quiet humor, as well as the air of integrity he exudes, and he is listened to with respect because of his background of government service. Simply by speaking his mind while standing around at a party having a drink with a senator or two, he can influence opinion as effectively as if he were to go directly to the man in his office and buttonhole him. Also, it cannot be said that the beautiful Mrs. Porter is a handicap in his work. After a talk with her, Senator Barry Goldwater conceivably might vote for a pro-labor bill.

Another man often regarded by many Washingtonians as a high-level lobbyist is George E. Allen, the ex-Presidential Friend, who after being an intimate companion of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower was retired by President Kennedy. Allen currently is a member of the boards of 34 corporations. Some time ago, when I wrote a piece about him for TRUE (July, 1960), I spent months trying to find out ways in which he might have used his friendship and board membership together to influence legislation favorable to his companies. Several veteran Washington reporters had been working on Allen for years, trying to "get" him. We compared notes and finally came to the conclusion that Allen was clean.

Yet the rumor persists that Allen has only to pick up the telephone and talk to one of his scores of friends in Congress in order to influence legislation in favor of one of his many companies. Everybody knows old George.

Allen declared to me that not only had he never been registered as a lobbyist but also that during the entire eight Eisenhower years he never had spoken to one member of Congress except to pass a friendly greeting.

"Oh," he said, "I might, if it was a company I was on the board of, go to a man and say, 'Look, our company sees this situation as unfair and we hope you will see it that way too,' because I have the right of petition . . . but I've never been paid as a lobbyist and I've never acted as one. They had me in *Fortune* some years ago as a lobbyist. That's hogwash. What a really good lobbyist does is be a lawyer, keep abreast of things, advise his clients."

Sometimes, Allen might have added, a good lobbyist—if indeed there is such

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"Of course you can have a raise, Hurley—see me about it first thing Monday morning!"

a thing—can affect international relations. If he had not known of one who had done just that, he could have looked in his own building, in Suite 500, the lair of Charles Patrick Clark, lobbyist for Spain and the Franco government. Clark says he is not a lobbyist; he is a legal counsel, he declares. However, he was registered as of June 5, 1962, but not for Franco. He said recently that in 1962 he would "take in" over $200,000 from Spain, or double the amount he got in 1948, when he first began working for Franco.

"Everybody was against Spain when we first started working," Clark said, as though puzzled that the free world should be against Fascism. "The Jews were against her, the Protestants were against her, the President—Truman—was against her. But we told Spain's story. She was not a part of the Marshall Plan. In 1949 a resolution was introduced to give Spain $100 million and it was voted down. Then it was voted down again, but this time by less of a margin. Both times Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, introduced the bill."

Clark did not indicate specifically that he had asked McCarran to introduce it, but it is inconceivable that he did not. "I said, 'Pat, let's go again,' and he said, 'No, we've been licked twice.' Well, I talked him into going once again during that Congress and we got it through on August 1, 1950, and then it passed the House on August 25."

How much had Clark done to get this done? "Well, I played a part in telling Spain's story," he said, "but the story was there to be told." To whom he told it, apart from the dead senator, Clark would not say. On the walls of his office are autographed pictures of Truman, President Kennedy, various other high officials and, naturally enough, Francisco Franco.

Countries other than Spain have been known to pay well to have their stories "told," too. Free China's tab to an American firm ran to $150,000; Portugal's was $207,000 for one six-month period.

Pressure by bribery and entertainment: Sam Stavisky told me that he had heard of congressmen who had been offered between $25,000 and $30,000 to vote a certain way. "Of course, I couldn't prove it," he added, hastily. In the past, there have been many scandals over bribing by lobbyists. A famous one occurred in 1913, when Col. Martin M. Mulhall, the National Association of Manufacturers' man in Washington, confessed that he had a number of congressmen on his payroll. The ensuing investigation, according to one Washington reporter, opened up "an almost incredible history of intrigue, intimidation, bribery and solicitation by the NAM's high-pressure lobbyists." (Today, by the way, the NAM does not file a spending report; it claims that its "principal purpose" is *not* to influence legislation.)

When I asked one lobbyist acquaintance if he could recall any instances in recent years of bribes or attempted bribes, he appeared to be shocked. "Why, the easiest way for a lobbyist to undo something he was trying to do would be to attempt to put in the fix in a big way," he said.

He did not deny the fact that big companies and pressure groups often send presents to legislators and heads of bureaus and their staffs at Christmas time "just as reminders that they're on the scene." And Paul Porter told me how Mike V. DiSalle, when he was head of the Office of Price Stabilization, dealt with the problem of these presents that kept coming into his staff. "Mike issued an ukase that said that his people could keep anything they could eat or drink inside of 48 hours."

Entertaining is still the principal form of attempted influence. In March 1962, Charles Patrick Clark gave a huge party at the Mayflower Hotel and welcomed President Kennedy to it. It was the twentieth anniversary of the old Truman Committee, for which Clark had worked and had been given a commendation by the former President. Chief Justice Earl Warren, Vice President Johnson and the late Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House, were on hand.

Before Rayburn died, he was the guest of honor at a huge annual party given by Dale Miller, who represented many Texas oil companies and interests. The party was one of "the" social events in the Washington year. Yet Miller, although registered as a lobbyist, reported that he had not spent any money for entertainment. He says that he is in "public relations."

Few lobbyists in Washington have to resort to the use of call girls, all the lobbyists I spoke to assured me. For one thing, most congressmen are married, and those who do go in for extracurricular activities can find plenty of local free talent. Single congressmen have no problem whatever; there are too many secretaries and other government girls who are dying to marry into official society. The only time a lobbyist acts as a procurer is either when a client asks him to find him a girl or when he is asked to do a favor by someone who might help him later on. One ex-lobbyist told me, "One of my favorite stories about lobbyists and call girls happened when there was a delegation of guys from the Middle East—Arabians or some such—over here and they hadn't brought along a harem, as they usually do. One of the lobbyists for one of our oil companies was asked to get call girls for the delegation. They finally imported a covey from New York, sure they were doing a favor. The only trouble was our ambassador to that country called up next day filled with ire. The delegation was incensed, he said, because the lobbyist had no knowledge of their customs. The girls he sent them were not shaved."

The three areas of lobbyist pressure overlap each other. No lobbyist uses one exclusively. All lobbyists—especially the big ones—use any means at hand to get their legislation passed. And there are some big ones. The labor lobby, for example, is regarded as perhaps the most powerful in Washington. In March, 1961, its chief lobbyist, a dynamic fellow named Hyman H. Bookbinder, was said to have a budget of over $100,000 to spend. That was not what made him powerful, however. Behind him were the more than 17 million members of the AFL-CIO, all ready to exert pressure on their congressmen to get what the organization was interested in getting.

"A postcard to a congressman from a man in his home district is more important than money spent or than a polished, convincing speech by a professional lobbyist," Bookbinder said.

Still, he does not take chances. When

he is instructed to put on the pressure by George Meany and other labor chiefs, he musters his storm troops of 35 full-time personal contact men, who are supplemented by over a hundred part-time workers.

Similarly, the American Medical Association also depends not so much on money spent as on support from the field. There are around 177,000 doctors on its rolls. They see 2 million patients each day, perhaps many more than that. Each doctor is assumed to be—or hoped to be—talking against the AMA's chief abominations, what it calls "socialized medicine" and other attributes of the "welfare state," such as free medical care for the aged and infirm.

Thus far the AMA has prevailed. The President's social legislation program has fared badly. This is not the only instance in which a lobby has prevailed. An incident that took place in August, 1961, in Washington illustrates how a combination of lobbyists can work against the public interest.

At Hanford, Washington, the government is building a huge plutonium reactor to manufacture fissionable material to be used for atomic bombs. This plant, when it is completed late in 1962, will release tremendous surplus energy in the form of heat which can be converted into steam, which in turn can produce 900,000 kilowatts of energy, or twice that of Grand Coulee Dam. Houses, office buildings and factories all over the Pacific Northwest will benefit if this project materializes. It probably never will. In the atomic energy authorization bill, a budget of $95 million was set aside for the construction of the electric power plant. This, of course, threatened the profits of the private companies in the area, and they began putting their lobbyists to work. Those lobbyists were joined by other lobbyists for private power companies scattered all over the country, operating on the theory that if public power is bad for one, it's bad for all. On July 13, 1961, the House turned down the power plant proposal by 176 to 140. Then the Senate put the plant back in the bill by a vote of 54 to 36. The two bodies had to adjust their differences, but by then the private power lobby was working at full steam, if the pun will be pardoned. A motion was made in the House to instruct its conferees to stand firm against the power plant while the differences were being worked out. This passed by 235 to 164. Senator Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, immediately called for an investigation. He said that the maneuvers of the private power interests had been "one of the most outrageous lobbying efforts I have ever witnessed." At this date the investigation has not come off, and presumably the names of the lobbyists responsible will not come to light for a long time, if ever.

Another immensely powerful Washington lobby is that maintained by munitions manufacturers, made up of a number of organizations which, on the surface at least, have no formal connection, although all of them have one interest: selling ammunition, aircraft, missiles, etc. to the Defense Department.

A Washington reporter has estimated that more than 800 retired officers are employed by the 50 biggest contractors who are selling to the Pentagon. The Aerospace Industries Association, a lobby group for those who make rockets and missiles, is headed by a retired general, Orval R. Cook. The armed forces declare piously that the retired officers have no influence with those still wearing uniform. This is nonsense; old friendships do not die as soon as officers retire, and there is nothing in the world as clannish as a group of ex-regulars. Specifically, both the Army and Navy prohibit their retirees from selling the services directly, but it cannot prevent friendship—and friendship frequently leads to business.

Not all lobbyists serve selfish interests, lobbyists proclaim, as though that will take the stigma off those that do. They point to the League of Women Voters, for example, who are trying to teach everyone how to vote intelligently. But for every one of those, there is another one that is infringing upon men's rights. The Women's Christian Temperance Union is registered to lobby, for example.

To the average man, looking at this pressurized city from the outside, there is just too much lobbying going on. This is a point of view that is, of course, opposed by the lobbyists. They wish that we all would understand that they are just trying, as they say, to help us. They feel misunderstood. Although the average lobbyist's salary is between $15,000 and $25,000 a year, and although most of the top ones earn in excess of $50,000, they still feel unwanted and misunderstood. They wish that we would call them by some other name. One told me that he feels that the word "lobbyist" is out of date.

"I believe we ought to be called something else," this lobbyist said. "One representative, I forget who it was, suggested a new name for us, and I wish you could get it into the language in the article you're writing. He said, 'You boys all represent parts of the capitalist system, and you operate in the capital. You ought to call yourself 'Capitalists.' I wish the public would think of us that way. Or that we could get some other word to describe us."

After careful thought, I gave him a few suggestions. None seemed to appeal to him.

—Richard Gehman

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My Love Affair With a Tarantula

[*Continued from page 53*]

as a goldfinch." He went on to express his conviction that the tarantula will soon displace the canary and the goldfish as a household pet, although if the professor is interested in making a little side bet on the probability of this event I can get him some very attractive odds. He points out that tarantulas are more intelligent than goldfish (which is damning with faint praise if I ever heard it) and unlike birds they don't mind being kept in captivity. The reason is that tarantulas are almost blind and don't know they're in captivity; they even have to touch their prey before they know it's there.

"If a grasshopper touches a front leg, the tarantula rears up on his four hind legs and strikes with great swiftness," the professor says. "One can observe this reaction by touching a hungry tarantula on the front leg. It is well to use a little caution here for the tarantula bites soon after striking." I'll take his word for it.

But what finally decided me to invest in a few tarantulas were childhood memories of the notorious Dr. Fu-Manchu who, as described by Sax Rohmer, would have as soon appeared in public without his pants as without a few tarantulas to drop down his enemies' coat collars. What with income-tax examiners, bill collectors and people who ring my doorbell trying to get me to contribute to the Home for Underprivileged Homicidal Maniacs, I felt that I could use a few tarantulas.

As, according to Professor Baerg, all a tarantula needs is a little sympathetic love and kindness and he will follow you around like a dog—pausing only to eat its nearest relations—I decided that personally I wouldn't have to worry. Of course, there remained the problem of my wife and children, but they're a bunch of lazy slobs anyhow, and being chased around the house by a pack of hungry tarantulas would probably do them a world of good. So with an easy conscience I dropped into our friendly neighborhood pet shop and asked them to wrap up a couple of their finest.

Well, you'll never believe it, but they were fresh out of tarantulas. Claimed they had very little demand for them. But I wasn't discouraged, and it wasn't until two years and several dozen letters to animal dealers later that I had to acknowledge that the bottom had indeed fallen out of the tarantula market.

Then I went to Argentina. South America is the home of the biggest tarantulas in the world, and through the good graces of the Buenos Aires Natural History Museum, I was able to meet Dr. Addalberto H. Ibarra-Grasso of the National Institution of Microbiology. The doctor is a slender, quick-moving man who feels about tarantulas the way most people feel about Elizabeth Taylor. He has a collection of over a hundred which he keeps in little wire cages about two feet square. Although the doctor loves tarantulas for their own sake, he has an ulterior motive. He milks them of their venom and manufactures serums which have saved the lives of many thoughtless Indians who made the mistake of slipping on their boots without shaking them out first.

"Milking a tarantula is quite simple," the doctor said in a matter-of-fact way. "You merely pick one up—taking care, of course, that she doesn't waste her venom by biting you—and hold her fangs over the edge of a small glass. You then touch the last segment of her abdomen with two electrodes and turn on the current. The venom comes flying out of her."

"Yes, I can imagine that it would," I said. "I can also imagine that if she managed to get hold of the man manipulating the electrodes, a lot of stuff would come flying out of him too. How do you avoid that possibility?"

"Actually most spiders are very reluctant to bite. There are exceptions, of course. For example, in this cage I have a specimen of the so-called 'jumping spider,' or as she is better known *araña homicida*. This spider is particularly interesting as her venom is both neurotoxin and hematoxin; it affects both the nervous system and blood stream. She will often jump on a man, bite him, and then escape."

"Not on me she won't, doctor," I said firmly. "She couldn't jump far enough."

"In contrast, here we have one of the wolf or hunting spiders, known as *Grammostola pulchripes*." The doctor opened a cage and disclosed a gigantic monster about 10 inches long, covered with long, reddish hair, legs sprouting in all directions. When the door opened she reared back on her hind legs, brandishing her front legs in the air like a boxer leading with his left. Under her devil's face I could see the horizontal, sickle-like fangs moving suggestively back and forth as though she were sharpening one on the other.

Then to my horrified amazement, Dr. Ibarra-Grasso casually reached into the cage and put his cupped hand around the monster. The tarantula tested the doctor's hand with her forelegs and, apparently recognizing him as an old and tried friend, relaxed. The doctor carefully folded her legs against her furry body and lifted her out. Then he opened his hand and allowed the creature to sit on his bare palm.

"Perfectly tame, as you can see," said the doctor proudly. "Curious about the eyes, isn't it? She has eight pairs yet we're reasonably sure that a tarantula can barely tell dark from light. But they know their friends. Here, hold her yourself."

Before I could do more than emit a shrill scream, the doctor had placed the hairy horror in my hand. Some people might have been nervous but—beyond bursting into a cold sweat, developing a curious paralysis and feeling my hair stand on end—I was perfectly calm. The giant spider tapped my hand experimentally with her forefeet a few times, as though calculating the best place to take a nip, but finally she settled down.

"What do you feed them?" I asked, hoping it wasn't human flesh.

"Rats. They are very fond of small mammals."

"How long do they live?"

"Twenty-five to 30 years," he said. "I read not so long ago that Belinda, a 'bird-eating' spider at the London Zoo, had died at the age of 15. Her passing was naturally greatly mourned. However, with proper treatment they should live much longer than that. The tarantula you are holding is 12. Now here is another who is only seven."

He removed his pet and hauled out another. The newcomer was somewhat smaller and jet black. She seemed to have even longer legs. The doctor got out a toothbrush and began to curry her. The tarantula didn't object.

"*Grammostola burzaquensis*," the doctor explained as he carefully brushed out the loose hairs. "If the hairs get in the folds of your skin they are quite painful for two or three days. In fact, these hairs are the tarantula's main means of defense against her enemies. I regret to say that money-mad individuals even kill these tarantulas, mince the hairs, and sell them to novelty stores as 'itching powder.' What an atrocious thing to do!"

He handed me Grammostola etc. and she too settled down on my hand after a little preliminary sounding around. She seemed quite friendly.

When I asked the doctor if he had a couple of spare tarantulas he could let me have, he reacted as though I had asked him for a couple of his children. But when I explained that for years I had longed for some pet tarantulas, I would feed these only on the choicest of rats, keep them at a carefully regulated temperature of between 70° and 80°, and use them to make America tarantula-conscious, he began to soften.

"I am a little over-stocked at present," he admitted. "I suppose I could let you have the two you've just been handling. They seem to like you. Be sure their cages have ample ventilation, are kept slightly damp, and they have a bath once a week. Most important of all, don't let them get chilled on the trip north."

As I was leaving that afternoon for New York by jet, I felt that transporting the tarantulas would present no problem. Had I known what lay ahead, there's a couple of Grammostolas who'd still be living peacefully in Buenos Aires.

The first part of the flight was simple enough. The tarantulas were riding in the overnight bag under my seat. Not being able to pronounce their names, I'd christened the red-haired one Winnie, after a stunning auburn babe I'd once known, and the smaller Doreen, in honor of a lively brunette.

As the plane came in for a landing at Idlewild, the pilot announced over the loudspeaker how honored he was to have had the pleasure of our company (he didn't mention Winnie and Doreen as I had decided that the air lines might have some ridiculous objection to passengers carrying giant poisonous spiders and so had not remarked on their presence) but I felt that my journey was over. Then suddenly the plane shot up and we heard the pilot's voice again.

"Friends, I am sorry to say weather conditions make landing in the United States impossible so we are going instead to Bermuda. You will love this beautiful island, but I must warn you that the British custom officials are very strict and will carefully check all your luggage."

I could imagine the reaction of the British custom officials when they ran into Winnie and Doreen—to say nothing of the tarantulas' reaction when they ran into the British custom officials. As we would land in Bermuda within an hour, this was a situation that required some fast work. A quick canvass of my fellow passengers revealed that one lady had a Plexiglas container for her toilet articles which would hold Doreen and still fit in my inside pocket, while a gentleman had a small cardboard box, ideal for Winnie. Explaining that I was a dangerous homicidal maniac who had to be pampered or I would run amuck—a story everyone was only too ready to believe—I managed to promote both articles and hastily if gingerly loaded the tarantulas into them. Then I settled back in my seat, ready for the inspectors.

In spite of the pilot's warning, the Bermuda inspectors waved everyone past except me. With an example of ESP which would have fascinated Doctor Rhine, a blond youngster who looked about 12 but was wearing a uniform asked me politely, "Excuse me, sir, but are you sure you aren't carrying anything in those bulging pockets? Liquor? Cigars? Narcotics?"

"Nonsense, sonny," I replied easily, casually touching a match to a cigarette and then sticking the lighted end in my mouth. "I never use tobacco in any form and am a strict teetotaler. Why, next you'll be claiming that I'm trying to smuggle in poisonous tarantulas or some such rot. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" agreed the Englishman thoughtfully. "But if you don't mind my saying so, it *is* fantastic what you souvenir-mad Yanks will try. Last week we had a chap who wanted to bring in a brace of fer-de-lance."

I laughed heartily and swept past him, just making it to the airport bus. Once at the hotel, I hurried to my room. Both Winnie and Doreen seemed to be in top form, although it's a little difficult to tell whether a tarantula is in top form or not. Dr. Ibarra-Grasso had warned me that although tarantulas can fast for long periods they require plenty of water, so I took Winnie out of the cardboard box

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and offered her some water in the palm of my hand. To my surprise, she sank her head in it and drank two tablespoonfuls.

Not wanting to keep her confined in the little box, I put her in the top drawer of my dresser, closed the drawer, and took out Doreen. Doreen was obviously nervous and refused to drink. I put her in the second drawer because as tarantulas are highly cannibalistic, putting two of them together would be like locking up the John Birch Society with the staff of *The Worker*.

Feeling that I had done everything possible for my dumb chums, I headed for the bar and was just about to dunk my tonsils when a scream rang out that froze the daiquiri in my hand. I'm a bit psychic at times and this was one of the times: I covered the distance from the bar to my bedroom with a speed that would have interested a scalded cat. As I thought, there was a chambermaid making an honest attempt to climb up the side of the wall. I'd hung a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door, but I've never met a chambermaid yet who believed in signs and this one had not only entered the room but had opened the dresser to put away the scanty contents of my overnight bag. However, I'll guarantee this: that maid will never ignore another DO NOT DISTURB sign; at least, not one displayed by an American returning from Argentina.

By combining a dazzling bribe with the threat to report her to the management as a dangerous psychopath who was seeing giant scarlet spiders, I managed to get the woman out of the room. After her hysteric sobs had died away down the corridor, I locked the door and spent the rest of the night in my room. The next morning I boarded the plane without incident and headed for New York.

I now had to get through the United States customs.

With a tarantula in either trouser pocket, I confidently started through the line. The inspector glanced at my passport and was transfigured.

"Say, aren't you the Dan Mannix who writes for TRUE?" he demanded. "I read everything you write and my golly, you sure make plenty of mistakes."

I'll say this for that man, he was an encyclopedia of information and possessed the memory of an adding machine. I'm always glad to meet a devoted fan, but after 15 minutes I began to have an uneasy feeling that Winnie was chewing her way out of the cardboard box and into my pocket. Winnie was obviously annoyed and I can think of few more bloodcurdling experiences than having an infuriated tarantula in your trouser pocket. The inspector had just remarked, "Now I know that you don't keep all the animals you say you do," and I was about to pull out Winnie and put her down his coat collar as proof of my veracity, when he waved me on with the tribute that next to Baron Munchausen I was his favorite author.

My wife was waiting for me and rushed forward with open arms. I gave her a quick kick in the slats. "One side, woman, I'm spinning with spiders!" I bellowed as I ran for the car.

Inside the car and safe from observation, I carefully unloaded Winnie. She'd cut through the box all right and was loose in my pocket. Dropping her on the seat, I hissed, "Quick, Jule, the overnight bag!"

Jule's eyes were bulging out on the ends of stalks, a phenomenon usually noticeable only among sea urchins, but 20 years of association with me has hardened her to any emergency. She pulled back the zipper on the overnight bag and I reached for Winnie.

Dr. Ibarra-Grasso had not brushed off Winnie and although he had warned me that tarantulas use their long, wiry hair as a means of defense I wasn't prepared for what followed. Winnie was now thoroughly annoyed. Concerned only with her fangs, I came swooping down on her from behind but Winnie was ready for me. She stuck the rear section of her body into the air and with her hind legs quickly rubbed off a quantity of hair and threw it—"brushed" it would be more correct—over my fingers. Imitating Dr. Ibarra-Grasso I carefully pressed her legs to her side, making sure that she couldn't grab a fold of my skin in her rapidly working falces, and dropped her into the bag. Jule quickly zippered the top shut, asking anxiously, "She didn't bite you, did she?"

"Only got some hair on my fingers," I explained. "Dr. Ibarra-Grasso in Buenos Aires claims the hair is a major irritant, inflaming the skin and causing feverish itching. But you know how these South Americans are—always imagining a lot of crazy nonsense."

There are exactly 58 gas stations between the Idlewild airport and our farm. I know because I had to stop at every one to wash my hands in a desperate attempt to get Winnie's hairs off. If you have ever run several semi-microscopic filaments of glass wool into your fingers, you have a dim idea of the sensation—especially if the wool had been dipped in whatever a mosquito uses to make its bites itch.

Once home, we put the tarantulas in two separate aquariums with quarter-inch screening over the top and damp sand on the bottom. We also provided them with small saucers full of water for bathing, and cardboard boxes so they could retire from the public eye if they wished. Both promptly retired and stayed retired for a week. I had to shake them out to make sure they were still alive.

Meanwhile, I was doing some reading on spiders and discovered that Winnie and Doreen weren't really tarantulas. The true tarantula *(Lycosa tarantula)* comes from the neighborhood of Taranto, in southern Italy. Supposedly when a tarantula bit you, your only hope was to go into a violent dance called the tarantella until you sweated out the poison. As a result of this yarn, the European tarantula got quite a reputation, although they're a comparatively small spider and not particularly poisonous. Soon every large spider became known as a tarantula and got the reputation of being deadly poisonous.

Our western tarantulas, actually wolf spiders, are comparatively harmless creatures and seldom bite. When they do, it's no worse than a bee sting. Indian children used to carry them around on the end of a string as pets. Some years ago, roadside zoos staged fights between tarantulas and scorpions or poisonous centipedes. (Tarantulas, by the way, are not insects, which have six legs, but arachnids, which have eight. Scorpions are arachnids, so you might say these fights were among blood brothers, if these little fellows had any blood.) People would go wild and bet their shirts on the outcome. Or they'd fight two tarantulas together. The winner got to eat the loser.

I was proud to find that my Grammostola are among the biggest and toughest of the giant spiders. Although they don't catch birds in webs, they often climb trees at night and seize a bird sleeping on a limb. There's an authoritative record of one Grammostola that killed a small rattlesnake, two frogs, and a jararaca snake in quick succession. They live almost entirely on vertebrates, seldom bothering with such puny prey as insects.

Enthusiastic as I became about my Grammostola, I can't say much for their breeding habits. When a male tarantula feels that urge, he starts by spinning himself a "sheet web"; a flat web of solid silk usually stretched between two stones and just clear of the ground. Then he makes a hole in the middle. He climbs through the hole, turns over, and deposits a single drop of sperm on the bottom of the web. He then climbs back through the hole, reaches through it and dips his palpals (two appendages on either side of his head which look like spare legs) into the sperm until they're saturated with it. Then he goes looking for a female.

The next part of the operation requires caution, as there's nothing a female tarantula would rather eat than a male—they are, in short, almost human. The male goes around and looks for a female whose apartment has plenty of silk woven around the door. This silk doesn't serve as a trap; the female simply likes it the way human females hang up curtains. The male taps at the silk like ringing a doorbell. Right away the female rushes out with her front legs raised and open fangs. The male deftly slaps her on the back, which renders her passionate; (if it doesn't, there's one less male tarantula in the world).

While the female is purring happily under his caresses, the male quietly slips the spurs on the inside of his front feet under her fangs so she can't bite him, and then sticks his sperm-saturated palpals into two openings on her body which connect to her genital organs. After making sure she's been bred, he withdraws the palpals, gently releases her fangs and then runs like hell. Some males play it smart. They bring along some prey, hurriedly hand it to the female when she charges them, and breed her while she's eating it and can't use her fangs.

It was my idea that once they got used to their new home, we could let Winnie and Doreen run around the house and serve as animated mousetraps. Jule couldn't see it that way. She has devel-

oped a fondness for cleaning women and had a pretty good idea that with the tarantulas running around the house, getting a cleaning woman into the place would be a problem. I had to admit she had a point, and agreed to supply the mice myself.

If there's one thing we've got around our place it's mice and I was able to secure several fine specimens in a wire cage. Winnie had decided that it might be safe to trust herself outside the cardboard box after all and was sitting on top of it.

When I lifted the wire lid Winnie reared, assuming her defensive position with upraised forelegs and extended fangs. I dropped the mouse in. The mouse ran around paying no attention to Winnie until it accidentally brushed against one of her raised legs. Winnie flinched away and then gently tapped the mouse with both legs. That would have been a good time for that mouse to make tracks, but he seemed fascinated by this strange creature and smelt at her, trying to decide if she were good to eat.

Suddenly Winnie sprang on him. I'm not sure that "sprang" is the proper word; perhaps it would be better to say that she suddenly seemed to envelop him with her whole body. She moved so fast that I couldn't see what was happening; the mouse's body nearly disappeared under the spider. Then I saw that Winnie had him by the back of the neck and had paralyzed him with one bite. Whether he had been disabled by the poison or by the force of the terrible falces, I couldn't tell, but he was good and dead.

I knew the mouse was finished but Winnie didn't. She continued to hold him by the back of the neck for at least half an hour. I finally got tired watching and left the room. When I returned, I found that Winnie had spun a sheet web under the mouse, apparently to use as a tablecloth. Then, just to make sure, she covered the entire corpse with a shroud of silk. Even then she wasn't prepared to start eating. She carried the mouse around with her, guarding it like the late W. C. Fields guarding the world's last bottle of whisky. The mouse lasted a couple of weeks, growing steadily smaller each day, although as far as I could see Winnie didn't eat it in the conventional sense of the word. She seemed to suck the juices out of it, using her poison and the natural process of decay to soften the meat until it was a fluid she could easily absorb.

Doreen would never eat a mouse, but she would tackle small birds. As a select committee of the ASPCA is doubtless already preparing to picket my home, I will hurriedly say here that I never gave her a live bird, feeling somewhat more attached to birds than to mice, but I did give her dead sparrows. They had to be moved slightly to convince Doreen that they were alive, but once the dead bird rubbed against her forelegs, Doreen would pour all over it. Once she got her fangs locked on the quarry, it was impossible to get it away from her. Although the bird was bigger than the spider—not counting the full spread of Doreen's legs—she could carry it up the side of a wall easily and would if she got the idea that somebody was trying to rob her. Tarantulas have hooks on the ends of their legs, and with these hooks they can get an astonishingly firm grip on plaster. Trying to pull a reluctant tarantula off a plaster wall is quite a project.

Neither ever made a really determined effort to bite me. Frankly, I never tried sticking my finger in their mouths or giving them too much of an opportunity, but I could put either of them on my bare arm or in my palm without danger. The wolf spiders, like Winnie and Doreen, are not particularly venomous. Although they possess venom, they kill mainly by the power of their jaws, probably using their venom as much as an aid to digestion as anything else.

Winnie and Doreen have grown so tame that they'll take meat from my fingers now with a minimum of sparring, and have only given me one real scare. I went to Winnie's cage one morning and saw her sitting on top of her cardboard box house as usual but she didn't seem quite right. I reached in to pick her up and as I did so, another Winnie came charging out of the box. I'm not a superstitious man, and the ridiculous tale my wife is spreading that when she came in my eyeballs were turned inside out, my ears were flapping wildly and I was gibbering hysterically, is pure hogwash.

I must admit, however, to having been somewhat surprised. I was almost equally surprised to find that I was holding Winnie's skin. During the night she had shed her skin and left it sitting on top of the box while she retired to bed. But the skin instead of being limp and tangled like a snake's shed skin was standing up on its eight legs and looked exactly like Winnie.

I haven't been able to use my tarantulas as animated mousetraps due to Jule's views but I've received several requests from wives who want to rent them for an evening to wean their husbands away from the fatal curse of drink. The sight of a couple of giant spiders climbing up the side of a highball glass will, so these women feel, do the trick. I've always refused. Knowing their husbands drink regularly with a friendly set composed of pink elephants, lavender alligators and flying boa constrictors, a couple of tarantulas would merely add to the gaiety of the occasion. Also, the tarantulas might pick up bad habits, and having to drive a couple of soused tarantulas home night after night is a grim prospect.

But even if it's difficult to cash in on the current spider crop, spiders are important members of the community. Spiders are the main factor in keeping down such pests as the gypsy moth, the cotton worm, pea aphids and the common house fly. In 1924, there was a dangerous epidemic of bedbugs in the refugee camps around Athens, Greece. The bedbugs were wiped out by an army of crab spiders (so-called because they look something like a crab) who ate 30 to 40 bedbugs a day. If it wasn't for the spiders, human life on this planet would be impossible; the insects would take over. Me, I'll settle for Winnie and Doreen.

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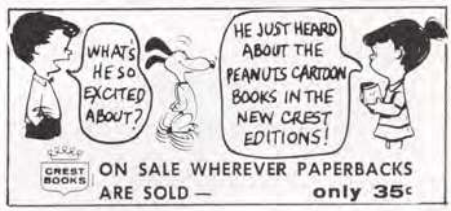
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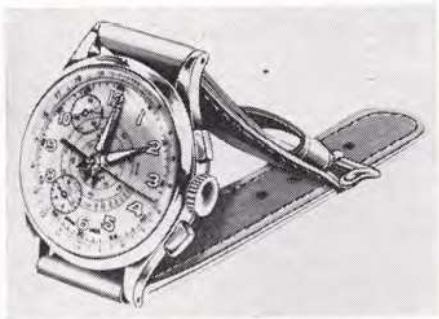

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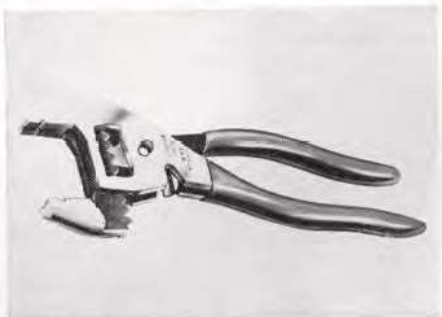

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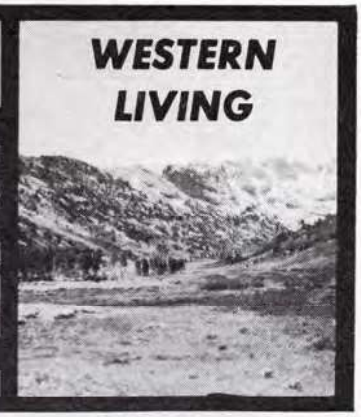

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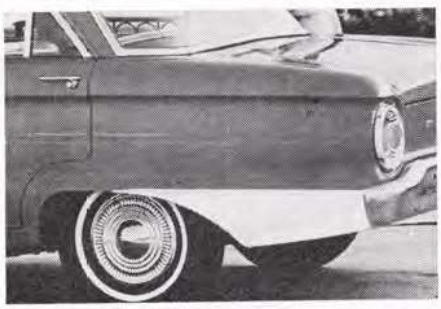

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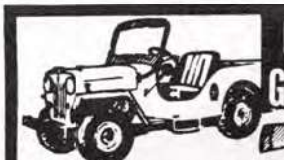

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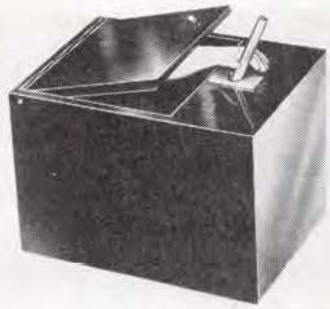

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goes shopping

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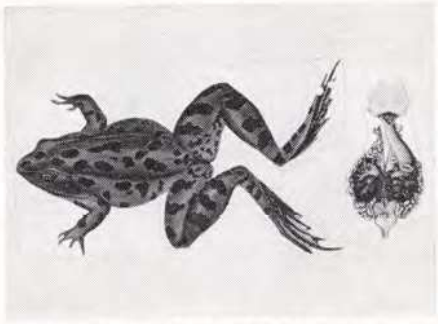
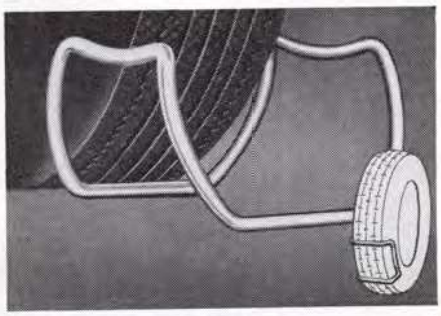


FROG DISSECTING KIT. Here is an anatomically accurate replica of a frog. When assembled, it is more than 10" long. Clear plastic skin enables you to see all the vital organs, skeleton, respiration, digestive systems. Each kit comes complete with an illustrated booklet, dissecting tweezers, lily pad stand. $1.98 plus 27¢ shipping. Honor House, Dept. TR, Lynbrook, N. Y.



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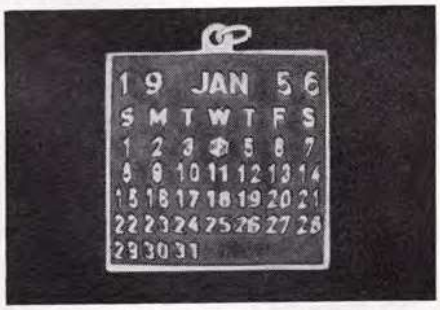
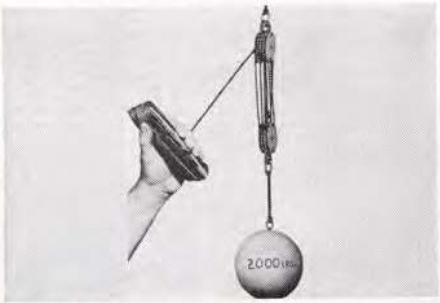


MARK A MEMORABLE OCCASION and give this calendar charm to your favorite. You can specify any date from 1800 to 1976. A semi-precious stone in the color of that month will be set in to mark the date. Charm with link can be worn on bracelet, keychain, neck chain, etc. Sterling silver, $6; 14K gold, $15. Jamaica Silversmith, 50-T Delancey St., New York 2, N. Y.



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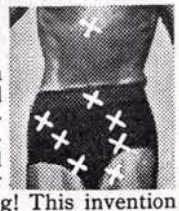

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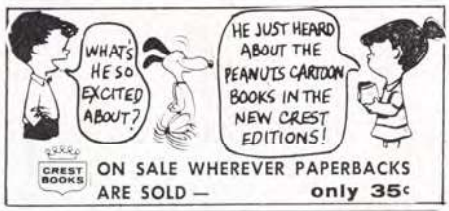

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FLORENTINE GOLD BALL. This solid sphere has a circumference of ½". The gold ball is delicately suspended from a gold chain. All the gold is 14Kt. It can be worn with a fine necklace or as a single pendant. This handsome gold orb makes a solid, yet sensitive gift. Made of hand-cut Florentine gold. Price, including gold chain, $7.50. Mandarin House, Box 148, Syosset, N. Y.

VITAMIN SAVINGS can be found in this new 48-page catalog. You will see listings of more than 100 popular vitamins and vitamin-mineral combinations. Compare prices, but make certain that you compare with other reputable firms. Hudson has made a specialty of vitamins for many years. Catalog is free. Hudson Vitamins, Dept. V-89, 89 Seventh Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

MAN-MADE Kenya gems look very much like the real thing. Gems pictured here are just two of the styles. The mounting of 14 kt. white or yellow gold carries a handsome and fashionable finish and it can be purchased for $11. down. Write for free booklet with full details on gems plus selection of rings for men and women. Kenya Gem, Department 539, Philadelphia 22, Pa.

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this funny Life

Mel, a press agent friend of mine, deplores idle gossip or banal conversation. Recently, while sitting in the bar at the airport in Chicago waiting for his flight, Mel was being badgered by a jabbering idiot. Mel sat quietly, drinking a double Scotch while the man babbled on interminably about nothing in particular.

Mel finally administered the coup de grace to the bore by inquiring where the man was going. "Seattle, huh," Mel said. "What flight are you on?"

The man gave the flight number.

Mel raised his glass of Scotch in a toast and said in his best fuzzy alcoholic voice, "Welcome aboard! I'm your pilot."

Jack Macdonald
Seattle, Wash.

A well-stacked female employee in our office wore clothes that showed off her figure to good advantage, and also had a habit of walking with a very exaggerated motion of her hips.

One of the old-timers, having frequently viewed her backfield in motion, gazed thoughtfully after her one day then called her back.

Pointing at her rump, he asked, "Is that for sale?"

"Of course not!" she snapped, blushing furiously.

The old-timer replied quietly, "Then quit advertising it!"

Harry J. Steele
Columbus, Ohio

My dental assistant was ill, so in order to help out, my wife Gloria agreed to act as my receptionist.

The first patient that afternoon was an exceptionally beautiful young woman with platinum blonde hair and a few other attributes which were enough to make any wife nervous.

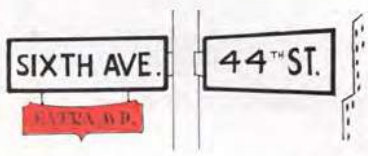
The dental procedures required my using a local anesthetic which numbed the lip and tongue of my pretty patient. This numbness together with some of my chairside remarks amused her, and every now and then she would giggle.

In the meantime my next patient, a friend of ours named Buster, was talking to my wife outside in the waiting room.

I finally dismissed the giggling girl and had Buster come into the operating room. He didn't say a word until I was ready to begin his dental work. Then he gave me a knowing look and whispered, "Doc, you sure better make *me* laugh!"

Lawrence E. Du Pont, DDS
Gretna, La.

One day, as I was walking down the street with my father, who was a well-known physician in our home town, a man approached him and asked, "Excuse me, Doctor, but I have this severe pain here in my groin. Can you tell me what might be the trouble?"



"Well," said my father, "I'd have to examine you before giving my opinion. . . Pull down your pants."

The man was horrified. "Right here in public, Doctor?"

My father nodded. "Aren't you consulting me in public?"

Eugenio Vera
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

When the car-wash at one of southern California's largest shopping centers changed hands recently, the public relations director for the center paid a courtesy call on the new owner to welcome him and to check the copy for the car-wash advertisement in the center's weekly free paper.

The old ad was fine with the new owner, but the PR man, anxious to protect the integrity of the center, drew specific attention to a line of text inserted by the previous management:

"Owned & operated by a veteran of World War II."

"Fine," said the newcomer. "Leave it in."

Just to be sure of the facts, the public relations director asked, pointedly, "*Are* you a veteran of World War II?"

"I sure am," said the new owner. "I was a major in the Luftwaffe!"

Bob Suhosky
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Back when helicopters were a novelty, a whirlybird pilot who landed his machine on a certain aircraft carrier was severely reprimanded by her captain for landing as informally as he did.

"Now when you get ready to take off from my ship," the captain told the pilot, "you notify the O.D. and request permission, and the proper measures will be taken."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the pilot.

When he requested permission to take off, the captain, who knew nothing about helicopters, ordered the usual take-off preparations. The helicopter was hauled to the extreme after end of the runway and pointed forward, the carrier was headed into the wind and brought up to high speed. Then the pilot was authorized to take off.

He did—backward over the stern.

A. H. Taylor
Read Island, Canada

Last week when I had occasion to return to the office late one evening, I met one of the cleaning women in the hall. I stopped to chat with her for a moment, and in the course of our conversation I remarked that I was out of cigarettes and had better go back out and buy some before beginning my work. The cleaning woman told me that her oldest son was helping her and that he'd be glad to do the errand.

"Your oldest son!" I said, surprised. "Why, Jennie, I thought you were an old maid!"

"I am," Jennie replied with great dignity. "But I ain't a *fussy* old maid!"

P. F. Calkin
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Two Army privates spotted a dead animal lying alongside a camp road and stopped to look at it. "The thing has two stripes," said one.

"That settles it," said the other. "It's either a skunk or a corporal."

Wilfred E. Beaver
Chicago, Ill.

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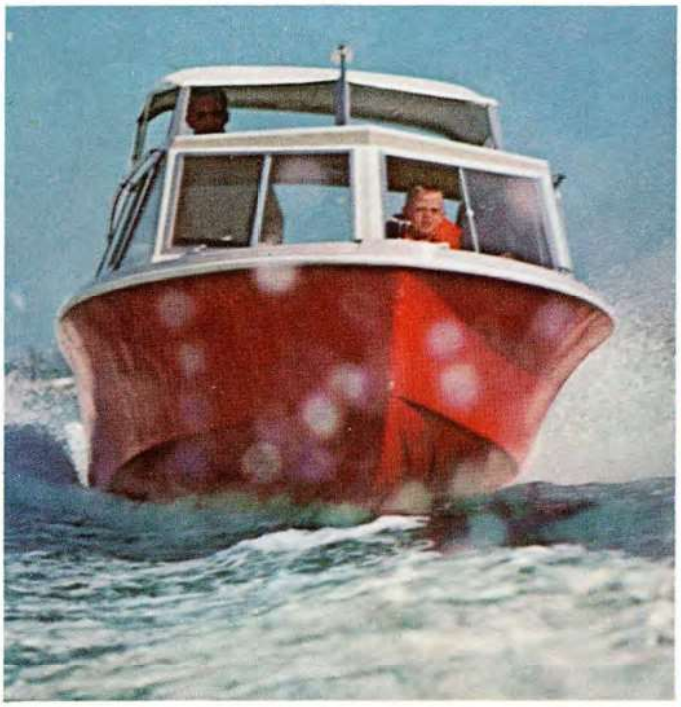
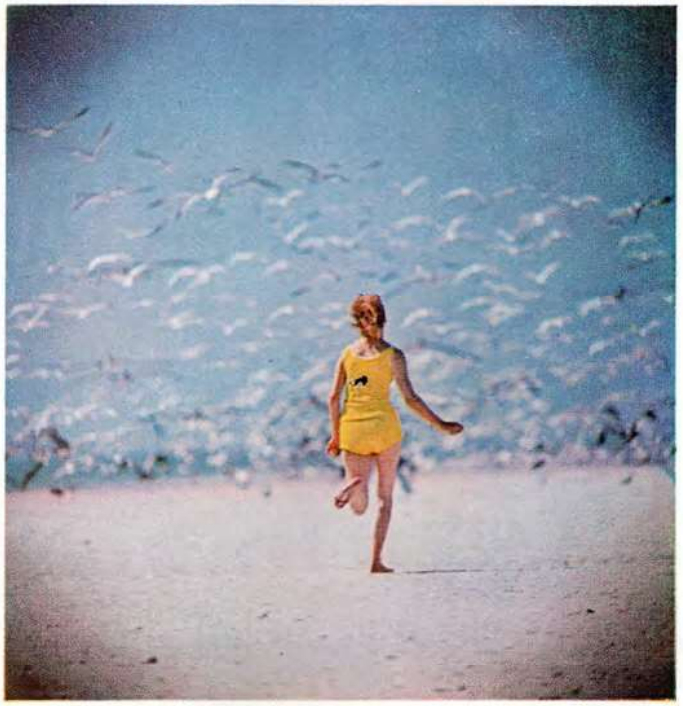
FEB.—TRUE—EASTERN





Bored with Outboards? Faint hearts, look out! Think fiberglass boats are all alike? Watch closely: Larson boats ride smooth, turn flat, plane easily. The hull's a lapline, with Larson's famous Million-Bubble ride. What's your pleasure? Skiing, skin-diving? How about a cruise up the Chickahominy to see Uncle Mort? There's a Larson for it—from 14′ Sprite to 19′ Caribe Cruiser—designed specially to meet a need. Yours! Topside equipment includes a vinyl-covered convertible top, upholstered back-to-back seats, safety-plate windshield, molded dash panel, even new hardware—all standard. Optional equipment? If you think it's necessary! Look at everybody's outboard, runabout or cruiser. You'll 'ho-hum' your way straight to a new Larson by Brunswick! **Larson**

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